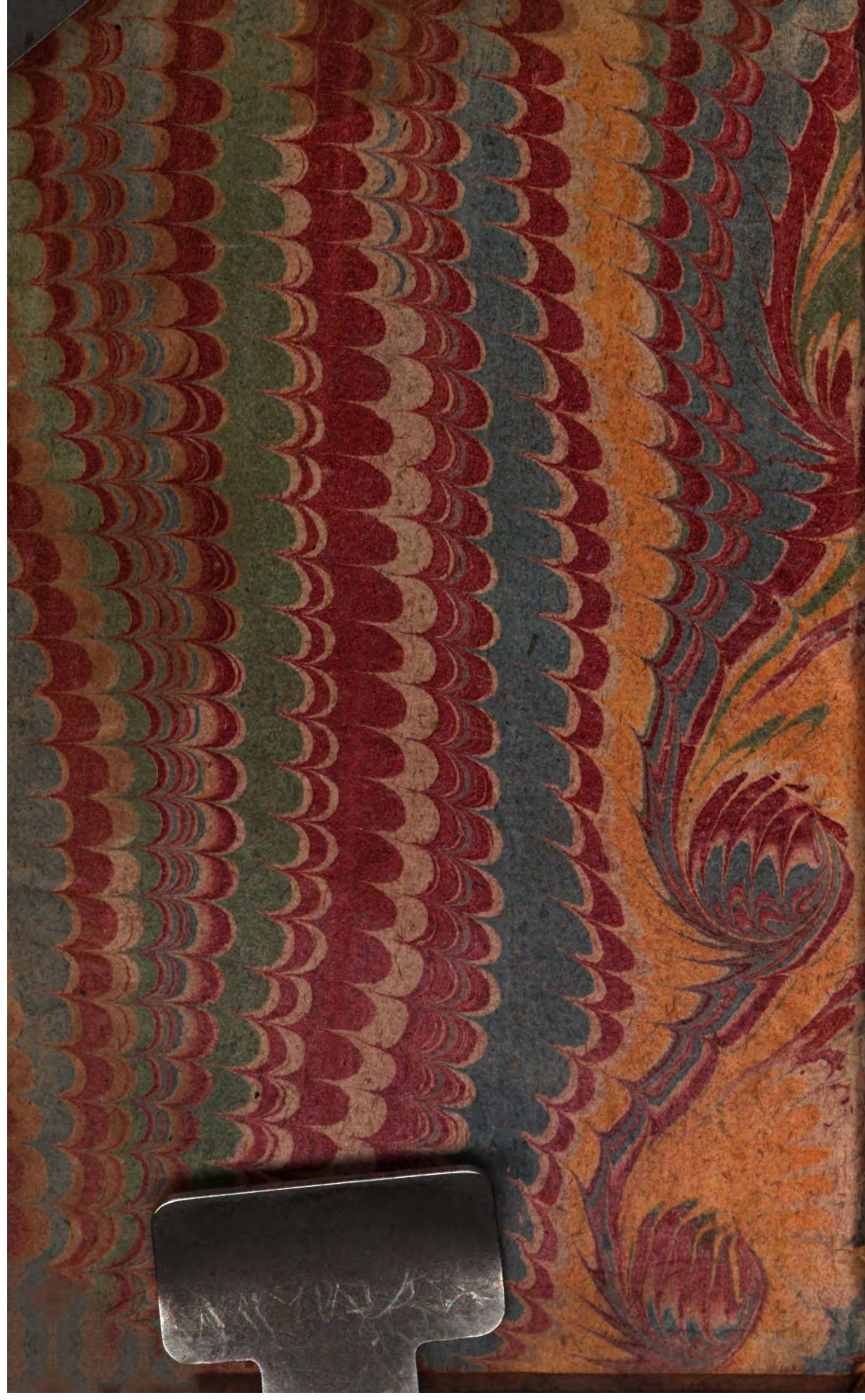








P. o. angl. 395.
=6

<36631159210018

<36631159210018

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

OK 2780

B. L. angl. pag. 179.

THE
BRITISH STAGE.

IN
SIX VOLUMES.

BEING A
COLLECTION
OF THE

Best Modern ENGLISH Acting PLAYS:

Selected from the WORKS of

ADDISSON.	BANKS.	SMITH.
DRYDEN.	THOMSON.	VAN BRUGH.
ROWE.	SHAKESPEAR.	CIBBER.
FARQUHAR.	HOWARD.	WHITEHEAD.

VOL. VI. Contains,

SHE-GALLANTS.	DRUMMER or the Haunted House.
MARIAMNE.	ROMAN FATHER.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, *New-Bond-Street.*

M DCC LII.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

ADDISON.	BANKS.	SMITH.
DAYTON.	THOMSON.	VAN BRUGH.
HOWE.	SHAKESPEARE.	CARRER.
FARGUHAN.	HOWARD.	WHITHEAD.

VOL. VI. Contains.

MARIAMNE.	THE GALILEANS.	DRUMMER OF THE HORN.
		THE HORN.
		ROMAN FATHER.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, New Bond-Street.

M DCC LII.

THE
SHE-GALLANTS:
A
COMEDY.

Written by the Honourable
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
Now LORD LANSDOWN.



LONDON,
PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY.

211 E. GALLATY ST.

C. O. M. D. I.

A. B. H. H. H.

GEORGE W. H. H.

Author of "The

History of the

City of New York

and its Environs

from the Earliest

Period to the Present

Time. By George

W. H. H. H.

Author of "The

History of the

City of New York

and its Environs

from the Earliest

Period to the Present

Time. By George

W. H. H. H.

PREFACE TO THE READER:

same as at first, even to the Songs, and the Epilogue as it is printed. If his Friend has had a third Day to his satisfaction, it is all the end that the Author propos'd to himself: And if before the ordinary age of manhood, he shall be allow'd not to have been wholly impotent, it is all the commendation he expects. Of which the Reader is left to judge as he thinks fit.

Mr. JACOBS, *Author of the Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets,* gives the following character of this Play.

The *She Gallants* a Comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal in Little Lincoln's Inn-fields, 1696. This Play tho' writ at an age when some persons are but beginning to spell, has a great deal more witt than the stage is generally used to; dialogue equal'd by few; and more just satirical observations, than most of our modern Comedies.



PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE SHE-GALLANTS,

Spoke by MR. BETTERTON.

*AS quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones
In sports and revels long had reign'd like Drones,
Rousing at length, reflect with guilt and shame,
That not one stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame,
Wars they proclaim, and to redeem the past,
To bold attempts and rugged labours haste.
Our Poet so: with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of his love-sick Muse.
To amorous toils, and to the silent grove;
To beauty's snares, and to deceitful love,
He bids farewell: His shield and lance prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid immortal wars.*

*Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none t' escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her shape.
Here, like a General, she struts in state,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait.
There, like some pensive Statesman, walks demure,
And smiles and hugs, to make destruction sure.
Now under high commodores with looks erect,
Bare-fac'd devours in gawdy colours deckt,
Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom but to see the face.*

*In Pulpits and at Bar, she wears a gown;
In Camps a sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to combat with this motly Beast,
Our Poet comes to strike one stroke at least.*

*His glass he means not for this Tilt or Beam,
Some features of you all he hopes to shew;
On chosen heads nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his artillery at all.*

Yet to the Fair he fain wou'd quarter show;
His tender heart recoils at every blow.
If unawares he give too smart a stroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

PERSONS NAMES.

BELLAMOUR, Formerly contracted to *Angelica*,
to be marry'd to *Lucinda*.

PHILABEL, In love with *Lucinda*.

FREDERICK, In love with *Constantia*.

SIR TOBY CUSIFLE, A Knight a Pimp.

SIR JOHN AERY, } Two egregious Fops.
VAUNTER, }

COURTALL, Brother to *Constantia*.

LADY DORIMEN, *Aunt* to *Lucinda*.

ANGELICA, In love with *Bellamour*, daughter
to *Sir Toby*.

CONSTANTIA, In love with *Frederick*.

LUCINDA, In love with *Philabel*.

DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA, MIRANDA,
Sisters to *Frederic*.

PLACKETT, Waiting-woman to *Lady Dorimen*.

A Frenchman, that dresses heads for Ladies.

Women that sell *Indian* ware.

Page and Servant, to *Lady Dorimen*.

Dancers and Fiddlers.

SCENE, ST. JAMES's.



THE



THE SHE-GALLANTS.

ACT the first.

SCENE I.

Company walking to and fro as in the Mall.

Enter ANGELICA and CONSTANTIA in Man's apparell.

Angel. { *Disguise your inclinations as you can,*
repeating. { *Yet every Woman's business is a Man.*

Conf. Notwithstanding the Poet's opinion, I declare for my part, I wou'd have seen all mankind at the Devil, before I'd have taken so much pains for any one of 'em.

Ang. Ah *Constantia*! when once a Woman has got a Man in her head - - -

Conf. She never leaves till she has him --- well, I say no more; but faith 'tis hard that Men should desert at this rate, & put us to such pains to bring 'em back to their Colours.

Ang. An old *Roman*, as I have read, began an Oration to this purpose: If we could break off all communication with Women, we shou'd be freed from many troubles. Now, I say, if we Women wou'd renounce Mankind, we shou'd avoid many evils, and be reveng'd for the past; for what cou'd they do without us?

Conf. Not so fast neither -- Rather what cou'd we do without them?

8 THE SHE-GALLANTS.

Ang. It might be somewhat uneasy, I confess, but they wou'd have the worst on 't.

Conf. Not so much as you may imagine, for they have a thousand other diversions: Nor, wou'd Love it self be altogether excluded; for in this wicked age, a young, spruce, handsom Fellow, is become a Rival for a fine Woman. And I'll pawn my breeches, and all that belongs to 'em, if in this dress we are not as much courted by the Men themselves, as when we appear'd to be Women.

Ang. Fy, *Constantia*, thy breeches have made thee strangely extravagant.

Conf. Why don't you see as we walk along, how they stop and look back -- Demme' Jack, says one, a pretty young Fellow -- By *Jove* as good as a Wench -- And then a Lady with a languishing cast, ogles over her shoulder, & whispers her Companion -- I vow, my dear, a most agreeable Creature. Upon my reputation, such a Man is not at all my aversion.

Ang. Of all the conquests I have made in this habit, that which pleases me best, is my adventure with my Lady *Dorimen*. It is, you know, to her Neece *Lucinda*, that my faithless *Bellamour* is to be marry'd; wherefore if I can but get into her Ladyship's family, and have some power over her inclinations, I hope to find an expedient to break off a Match, which, if concluded, undoes me.

Conf. Exceeding wise and politick.

Ang. My trusty Friend and Counsellor in this Intrigue, (with reverence be it spoken) is my own lewd old Father *Sir Toby Cusfle*, with whom thus disguis'd, I have contracted a particular intimacy: Whoring and pimping have been always his occupation -- The kind offices he does of that sort, make him every where a welcom person. He knows me not, nor indeed is it possible he shou'd, having left me at ten years old in the country, at random, to the care of an old Nurse, and never seen nor scarce enquir'd after me since.

Conf.

Conf. A hopeful Father truly.

Ang. How unkind soever he has been, if by his assistance I can be so introduc'd to my Lady *Dorimen*, as to undermine *Bellamour*, and reclaim his infidelity, he will then be a Father to me indeed; & I expect him here every minute, to give me some account of the progress he has made in it.

Conf. This Father of yours is a most necessary man, and has likewise been particularly useful to me upon a like occasion; for, to confess the truth to you freely, there is some other meaning in my wearing breeches, besides keeping you company.

Ang. Indeed I always suspected some secret self-interest in your disguise, you put it on so willingly: But may not a Friend be inquisitive, and ask your secret?

Conf. Yes, and be told it. Know then, my dear *Angelica*, that tho' in publick I have been an enemy declar'd to Love, yet we have held a private correspondence together. And what may seem yet more *bizarre*, the Man in the world whom I have always us'd worst, is he whom I have lov'd best. I know what dissemblers Men are, & am resolv'd to enquire thorowly into my Lover, before I discover my inclinations. If I find *Frederic* loves me sincerely, and is a Man of honour, I will then explain myself in his favour: But if I prove him unworthy, my aversion, that is now but pretence, shall be real, and he shall never so much as suspect that I have had the least good thought of him.

Ang. This caution is much to be prais'd; and the more, because it is so very unusual to love, and be discreet at the same time.

Conf. In pursuance therefore of this design, I have already made a friendship with him, passing for my own Brother *Courtall*, whom every one knows to resemble me so entirely, that we have often, by changing of habits, been mistaken the one for the other.

Thus have I many opportunities to pry into his most secret affections, to examin his humour, & found him to the bottom. But the jest on 't is, that he has propos'd a cross match to me, proffering me the choice of his four Sisters, provided I will undertake to persuade *Constantia* to relent; to which I have agreed, & have accordingly made formal address to all four.

Ang. How! to all four!

Conf. Yes, and am hugely diverted; for, you must know, their Brother has strictly instructed 'em to be wanting in no kind of encouragement: I never rise in a morning, but I find my Toilette cover'd with presents, rings, bracelets, perfumes, and a world of fine things; for which I make equal acknowledgments to all, and protest it most impossible to know which to chuse.

Ang. And are you not very malicious, to triumph in this manner over the weakness of your own sex? Besides, what can this exposing the Sisters, profit any thing with the Brother?

Conf. O let me alone to manage it; if I fail in my ends, I'll be bound to renounce my petticoats for ever, & never to find any thing more substantial in breeches than what you can give me. For your plot I don't see how it can fail; for faith I cou'd be in love with you my self, but that I know your credentials are counterfeit, and 'tis a false pass which you shew.

Ang. Prithee tell me truly, what manner of a Man do I make?

Conf. A very Spark, upon honour; and, to all outward appearances, as much a man as the best. Any thing that's well periwig'd, and powder'd, & Steenkirk'd, and embroider'd, is a Man. Singing and dancing, and dress, is breeding. Noise, familiarity and impertinence, is wit. Whistling to one's self -- as thus -- or taking snuff gravely -- as thus -- passes for thought, and serious consideration: And all this put together, is a Man.

Ang.

Ang. At least as much as is necessary for us two at this time -- But however one is a little awkward at first -- How do I walk?

Conf. Ha, an air *fier & déterminé* - - -

(They strut about the Stage.)

Ang. And then my legs, *Constantia*!

Conf. 'Tis true, the Ladies love good supporters -- They'll do, they'll do, 'Sbud fear nothing.

Ang. Why how now Bully, what, thou swear'st too?

Conf. Damm your whinings & formalities: „ Confound me, Madam, I adore you; Thunder rivet me, I must enjoy you -- How much better this sounds than -- „ Durst I presume, Madam; or might I be permitted -- Zoons, how many a modest Fool has lost his longing, for want of damning, sinking, & confounding handsomly, & like a Gentleman.

Ang. Peace, Madcap -- here comes my old bawdy Father, according to appointment.

Enter Sir TOBY, who runs and embraces them.

Sir Toby. My *Ganimesd* -- My *Hylas* --

Ang. My *Jupiter*.

Conf. My *Hercules*.

Sir Toby. My dear little sparks of love, let me kiss ye. You'r lucky Rogues both -- Wrapt in your Mothers smocks begad -- There's not a Lady in Town but lies at your mercy -- *(to Ang.)* For your part, my little *Cupid*, my Lady *Dorimen's* your own; the least thrust throws her flat e'gad, just you know how -- I met her this minute, and she gave me such a look, such sweet ogles, as thus d'ye see, & thus; so very dying egad, it made my heart ake to see it.

Ang. Alas! poor Lady -- If she languishes in earnest, she knows her remedy, *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. And that's heartily said i' faith: Well, she for a willing Mistress, and old *Toby* for a hearty Pimp, I'll say't we are the best in Christendom: But hark -- I had like to have forgot -- This 'tis to have

have so much occupation at a time -- (*to Conf.*) see here my *Mark* -- *Anthony*. (*Pulls out a Bracelet.*

*Twice twenty slender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine.*

Your four Mistresses beg you to accept of this bracelet; 'tis the work of all four, compos'd of their own hairs, and wrought with their own hands.

Conf. A thousand thanks, dear *Sir Toby* -- all your offices are friendly.

Sir Toby. Hush! hush! who comes here? what, a swarm of Beaux and Froes?

(*Company continuing to walk in the Mall.*

My Lord, your Lordship's -- Madam, your most obedient -- That's my little Lord *Wagfan* -- That's fine Mrs. *Wriggleburn*.

*Sir John Airy, Vaunter, and Ladies crossing over;
Sir John and Vaunter run to Sir Toby.*

Vaun. Ha, Chevalier *Ferny*, dear rogue, let me kiss thee.

Sir J. Airy. Dear *Toby*, let me kiss thee. Thou'lt excuse me, *Geddemme'*, that I don't stay with thee, but the Ladies would never forgive me: Let me go this once, and I'll make what haste I can to come to thee again, begged. (*Exeunt singing.*

Sir Toby. Let thee go? Who the Devil keeps thee. --

Ang. What fools are those, *Sir Toby*!

Sir Toby. Such fools as are to be seen, but not to be describ'd; adzooks, the Town swarms with them; one is call'd *Vaunter*, and the other *Sir John Airy*, Fops, with great estates; Cullies to the Women, & Bubbles to the Men. -- But who have we here. -- Ay, 'tis she her self by Jove. -- My Lady *Dorimen in propria persona*, with her Neice *Lucinda*; and just behind 'em, my little *Courtall*, your four *Cleopatra's*; stay you and meet them, while we follow my Lady *Dorimen*. -- Make your best leg, bow, bow, & let her

her pass, we'll catch her the next turn. -- Now follow, --
adzooks, I love pimping dearly.

*(Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Placket cross over
the Stage; Sir Toby and Angelica follow.*

*Enter DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA, and MIRANDA;
CONSTANTIA joyns them with the bracelet in her hand.*

*Conf. re- J As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,
peating. \ Soft as their hand, and various as their thought.*

And did you think my heart, Ladies, not enough
your own, before that you have sent me this pretty
chain to bind it faster?

Diana. The Ladies who sent you that bracelet, sure
meant it for a reproach, and not for a favour; & it
seems to say, *Unconstant Man, can no one colour please
you?*

Conf. Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable
interpretation, and concluded, that the Ladies, who
have been so kind to present me their hair, meant to
deliver up their strength with it.

Mel. You Men interpret every thing with vanity to
your selves.

Conf. Alas, Madam, take away hope and vanity,
you kill us; they are the cordials that kind Nature
has provided for our comfort upon all occasions of
disgrace and discouragement.

Dor. If vanity could keep you alive, the Men of
this Age are so stock'd, they would be immortal.

Dia. Really, Sister, we give our Lover too many
occasions to feed his vanity, see how plump & ruddy
it keeps him.

Mel. Let us resolve then for the future, to be seen
only in frowns.

Dia. Till we make him look like a Lover in earnest.

Mir. A Lover in earnest would be a strange sight
indeed.

Dor. As strange as many other things that are often
discours'd of, but never seen.

Dia.

Dia. Love is the pretence of all mankind, as common in their mouths, --

Mir. As snush in their noses; --

Dor. But is never to be found in their hearts.

Mel. Besides, Men are grown such self-enamour'd things, that they neither like nor love any thing but themselves.

Conf. And what is the whole world sway'd by, but self-affection; the Courtier fides with the great Man in hopes of preferment; the great Man is diligent about his Prince, because he rises by him; and there is scarce a Priest who serves God, but for the sake of a Benefice.

Dor. Pray, are not your Lovers the same? for when a Man pretends a passion, what is it he intends, but to content his own desires? You seek not to give, but to receive pleasure, and that you call Love. -- Love of your selves, indeed.

Mir. The friendship, loyalty, religion, & love of Men serve only to cover private ends.

Dia. And the virtues of Mankind are all but vices in disguise.

Conf. Very smart and satyrical; 'tis pity Ladies, but this humour of bitterness were encouraged. What say you to an *extempore* Lampoon by word of mouth upon the whole *Mall*?

All Women. With all our hearts.

Dia. Really nothing's so diverting, as to rail at folks behind their backs.

Conf. See yonder for the purpose, a Legion of Lords and Ladies tossing their heads, & jetting their tails; -- let's follow, and be exceeding severe.

All Women. We'll not spare a Man.

Conf. Nor I a Woman.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter LUCINDA and PLACKET.

Lucin. We'll take a turn or two by our selves: my Aunt is among the Men, and won't miss us. Did you deliver the note I sent to *Bellamour*?

Plac.

Plac. Yes, Madam, but I vow it went against my heart.

Lucin. The truth is, he has been so arrogant of late, especially since he thought there were no longer any obstacles to our marriage, that I begin to be tir'd of him; & when a Woman begins to be tir'd of a Man whilst he is a Lover, she has but little encouragement to take him for a Husband.

Plac. But there is this to be consider'd, Madam; you have your Aunt's instructions to love him; you have given him your self great encouragement; the whole Town has talkt of it, & what can you expect the World will think?

Lucin. Why let it think; this fear of the World destroys all the satisfactions of a Woman's life: Hang the World, a Woman that minds what the World thinks or says, had better never have been in the World.

Plac. But what can be the reason of this sudden alteration?

Lucin. I confess the absence of *Philabel* had almost made me forget him; and I began insensibly to feel a kind of inclination for *Bellamour*. If my old Lover had not return'd, I might have made my new one the happy Man; but since I hear *Philabel* came last night to town, I find my self more inclin'd to my first promise than my last, & in this have only acted like a Woman of the age; if one Lover had fail'd, I entertain'd another in case of necessity.

Plac. Then you are resolv'd to break with poor Mr. *Bellamour*.

Lucin. Not absolutely break with him, but suspend my resolution till I know how *Philabel* continues inclin'd; for as I told you before, I must not lose both; and tho the uneasiness and jealousy of *Bellamour's* temper has lost him some part of my good will, he is yet in the ballance.

Plac. Well, I vow Madam, methinks nothing's so pleasing as to see one's Lover jealous; sometimes in
fury,

fury, then presently at your feet; now raging to part, then submissive for a reconciliation; for, what's a Woman's pow'r, unless she could master a Lover of all humours?

Lucin. Yes, I would master him: I would have my Lover my slave; a thing cast to please & obey me; like my glove, to draw on or off as I think fitting: But then this Lover must not be jealous; that shews too much like a contention for the mastery; every look and action is to be enquir'd into, and a strict account exacted of all that's done or said. No, give me the Lover that's free, who never pries into my affairs; who has his secrets, and lets me have mine; for so all private reck'nings are handsomely discharg'd, no matter for the rest; that's the Husband for me.

Plac. But while you suffer so much main stock to be spent abroad, there must needs run a great deal behind-hand to you. Lord! I should be so sorry to see you pick up a Husband from a side-box at a Play, or the gallery in St. James's Church, and so after the first year be forc'd to live in the *Fleet*, or the *King's Bench*.

Lucin. And why not, rather than marry a dull, fat Fool, with a great estate, whose faculties are all choak'd up with flegm; a lump, whose only sign of life is sweating; we may melt his grease, but not extract one wholesome drop out of him. -- No, give me a Man without a fortune, rather than a fortune without a Man. I had rather beg with a brisk, lively, young fellow, than reign with a heavy, bloated, overgrown blockhead.

Plac. Your Aunt, Madam.

Enter Lady DORIMEN, Sir TOBY, ANGELICA,
as in discourse.

Lady Dor. Your Wits are never seen in publick with their Wives; 'tis become a point of scandal, & passes for a demonstration of a Fool.

Sir

Sir Toby. To be seen with a Wife, may be one demonstration; to have a Wife, adzooks, is another.

Ang. *Sir Toby*, you have been marri'd your self, as great an antagonist to marriage as you pretend to be; and as I have heard, was so pious a Husband, that in honour to your Wifes memory, you spent a thousand pounds in her Funeral.

Sir Toby. Yes, sweat-heart, for joy; & would have spent five times that sum to have purchas'd so glorious a day.

Ang. Methinks you should at least express more respect for a condition of life, which this young Lady has determin'd so suddenly to make choice of for her self.

Lucin. Not so fully determin'd, Sir, but I shall take some time to consider of it.

(Lady Dorimen takes Sir Toby aside.)

Lady Dor. *Sir Toby*, if you please, a word with you in private.

Ang. to Lucin.) This would be very ill news, Madam, for Mr. *Bellamour*, whose impatience must needs be great to be possess'd of so much happiness.

Enter BELLAMOUR, observing them.

Lucin. I am not, I assure you, in such haste for a Husband, as to venture any part of my own repose to satisfy Mr. *Bellamour's* impatience.

Bell. coming up.) And do you think it such a venture, Madam?

Luc. There is no judging of Men, Mr. *Bellamour*, by what they appear to be, while they court us.

Bell. Give me leave, Madam, to add, nor of Women, while they are courted (*softly to her*) at least of an unconstant Woman, if I may compare your former encouragements, with your indifference to-day.

(Lady Dorimen talking aside with Sir Toby.)

Lady Dor. But are you sure he is such a one, as a Lady may with safety repose her honour in his hands?

B

Sir

Sir Toby. Her honour, ay, adzooks, or any thing else that she has.

To *Ang.*) Hark ye, young Gentleman, my Lady desires to know if you are a Gamester; she wants a Man sometimes to pass an evening, or so, at *Piquette*. -- You understand me.

Ang. You might have answer'd for me; I'll never stick out at any game my Lady shall propose.

Sir Toby. Look ye, Madam, he will never stick out; and adzooks, I think that's as much as any reasonable Woman can desire.

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, shall I venture my self a turn with you and your friend alone: Neice, you won't be angry to be left with Mr. *Bellamour*, your servant; we shall meet the next turn.

(*Bellamour bows.* -- *Exeunt* Lady Dor. Sir Toby, & Ang.)

Bell. Yes, Women are unintelligible to the most piercing and quick-sighted: Nothing is sincere in whatever they say or do: They are all artifice and disguise: resolving & altering without sense or reason; nothing is constant either in their mind, or in their bodies. As these are a prey to age and infirmities, so are those to every frivolous interest & idle temptation. Their love is never so firm and well-establish'd, but it is sacrific'd every hour to their folly, or their pride. --

Lucin. Enough, enough, Mr. *Bellamour*, -- if these are your opinions of our sex, how are you to be believ'd, when you say you love us? For how can any thing so deform'd, as you describe Women, be belov'd?

Bell. There is a secret enchantment in your persons, that bewitches us to our own destruction. -- Inconstant *Lucinda*, after so many obliging encouragements! Why was this cruel letter sent me this morning.

Reads.

Reads .

YOU have been too confident of my consent; presume no longer on my Aunts authority: My heart is yet my own, & while it continues so, my person shall never be dispos'd of. -- Come not near me to-day.

Speaks.) Why am I thus abus'd?

Lucin. Come not near me to-day. -- Mark that command. Why am I disobey'd?

Bell. If any mistake has happen'd to cause this alteration, or if in ought unknowing I've transgress, may I not be permitted to clear my innocence?

Lucin. To make your self more guilty, is that to clear your innocence? I will have you take notice, that I expect to be obey'd in every trifle: Let my commands seem never so unjust or unreasonable, I say, I will be obey'd; nor will I have my Lover dare to examine the reason of what I do, but submit patiently, & expect with resignation. While I am your Mistress, learn to behave your self like my Vassal; when I am your Wife, you may have your revenge.

(Re-enter Lady Dorimen, Angelica, & Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Well, I'll say't, of a Critick, my *Lady Dorimen's* the Critick of Criticks.

Bell. aside to Luc.) There is a secret mystery in your words and actions, that must be explain'd, -- but this is no time for it, -- your company returns. -- I know not how to suspect your virtue, & therefore I entreat you, Madam, if I have in any thing ignorantly offended, condemn me not unheard.

(Bows, and is going.

Lady Dor. Stealing off? Mr. *Bellamour*, do we drive you away?

Eell. I beg your Ladiship to excuse me, I will wait on you the next turn.

(Seems to go out, but turns short, & talks aside to the Maid.

Lady Dor. Neice, What have you been doing to Mr. Bellamour? he seem'd to leave us in a strange disorder.

Ang. He looks already with the careful face of a marry'd man.

Lucin. He's in one of his splenatick fits: 'Tis an affectation the Men have got to disguise ill humour, and ill manners.

Ang. See, he's return'd, and is whispering with your Maid.

Sir Toby. Giving her some private directions, Madam, where you may see the pearl necklace, the diamond lockets and pendants, and the plate for your toilet that are to be presented upon the wedding-day.

Ang. That if there is any thing amiss, such alterations may be made before-hand as are suitable to your own fancy.

Lucin. Rather bribing my Maid, to discover to him who are my visitants, what correspondences I keep, and a thousand such jealous enquiries.

(*Placket talking aside to Bellamour.*)

Plac. He a Rival! what shou'd my Mistress do with such a whiffler? He signifies no more to a Woman, than a fly to a camel.

Bell. Mrs. *Placket*, I repose entirely upon your sincerity, and shall gratefully reward all your services.

(*Exit. Bellamour.*)

Lady Dor. *Placket* come hither; what has Mr. *Bellamour* been whispering to you?

Plac. Nothing, Madam, but only to know whether my young Lady designs for the Play or the Park, that he may accordingly order his business to be where she is to be ogl'd.

Lady Dor. Some such amorous enquiry I durst have sworn -- Neice, is not our time come to be going?

Lucin. When your Ladyship pleases.

Ang. The Park, Madam, is still full --

Lady Dor. An invincible necessity obliges us at this time.

Ang

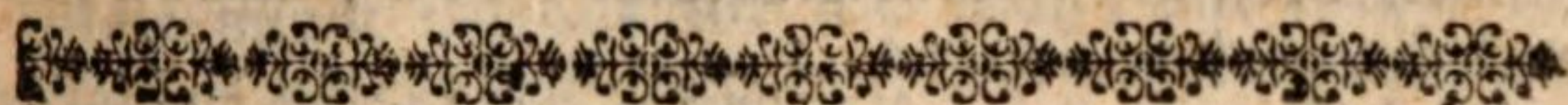
Ang. That invincible necessity is infinitely disobliging.

Sir Toby. We must not part, Madam, but at your coachside.

Ang. Sir Toby, you are one of those happy Men who have leave to go any where with the Ladies.

Sir Toby. Ay child, they'll let me go as far as their Lap-Dogs or Squirrels, the Doctor or the Midwife. Alas! I may peep where I please: An old Man is like a beast tam'd, my paw frights no body.

(Exeunt, leading the Ladies.)



A C T the Second.

S C E N E I.

The Scene of the PARK continues.

*Enter FREDERICK, DIANA, MELISSA,
DORINDA, MIRANDA.*

Fred. **L**OVE is an universal invader: Whatever Women pretend they are all sensible alike: the best livers as much as the loosest prostitutes; only with this difference, those whom we call virtuous & chaste, have more pride, or a greater force of dissimulation.

Dia. Really, Brother, you'r a strange Man: I say 'tis impossible for a Woman to be in love, and I'll maintain it.

Mel. In Love! Lord, with what! with a filthy Man! Phogh.

Dor. With a stiff beard, that fetches blood with every kiss.

Mel. A great pot belly, a broad back, & huge legs and arms, enough to squeeze one to pieces.

Fred. There is another sort of Man, my good Sisters, that, perhaps, may not be so disagreeable: I mean your smooth beau, who's as tender & gentle as any Lady; always trickt and perfum'd like a Lady; and were it not for his breeches, a very Lady.

Dia. Really I should as soon have a passion for a shadow.

Mir. Truly, Sisters, methinks you'r too nice; I have seen very proper handsom men of all sorts & sizes.

Dia. Really, Sister, such a confession do's not become the mouth of one who values her reputation.

Mel. Men are odious creatures I vow, and I'll live and die in the assertion.

Fred. Young *Courtall* will soon make profelytes of you all.

Dia. He! Harmless insignificant thing.

Fred. One of you, if you love me, must love him. I have already told you how passionately I adore his Sister, and that he has promis'd to put me in possession of her, when ever one of you four will consent to be his Wife. Upon this article depends my life & happiness; if not perform'd, I am miserable; but if perform'd, am blest for ever.

Dia. To save a Brother's life, really much shou'd be done; but, I vow, a Man is strangely my aversion.

Mel. True, Sister; but when a Brother's life's in jeopardy.

Fred. To-day he has promis'd to determine which of the four is most his inclination; wherefore I beseech her, whom ever it is he fixes upon, to consider she has a Brother's life and fortune in her hands.

Dia. If I am the person, really I cannot agree to it, unless you confess that you are verily persuaded that I consent out of pure love and kindness to you, and not any carnal affection to the man -- And I don't at all doubt but I am the person.

Mel. You the person?

Dor. Sure he has more wit than to chuse the oldest.

Dia.

Dia. The oldest? You insipid creature --

Fred. Pray cease these untimely dissensions.

Enter a Boy to FREDERICK.

Boy. Mr. *Courtall*, Sir, is at your Honour's house, and has directed me to acquaint the young Ladies, that he will wait there till they have done walking.

Fred. Tell him they are coming -- *Exit Boy.*
Your Lover is waiting for you at home; I find he cannot be very disagreeable to you, since you are so ready to quarrel for him.

Dia. For him! Really, Brother, if you think so, I will concern my self no more in this affair: my Sisters might fall out for the Man, but I vow my disorder proceeded from nothing but an inordinate desire to be the instrument of your happiness.

Fred. Pray no more words -- Go home, agree among your selves, and make me happy, by making *Courtall* so. *Exeunt Women.*

How awkwardly we strive to conceal our passions! (*Solus.*
And how apparent is the love of these Women, in spite of their affected aversion! it is as hard to hide true love, as it is to dissemble feign'd. (*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN AERY and VAUNTER.

Sir J. Aery. *Lucinda* to be marry'd to *Bellamour*! *Geddemme*, as I hope to be sav'd, sure she wont serve me so: But hang't, all Women are jilts, and I don't care this pinch of snuff who has her.

Vaun. Nor I, beged; for I have taken pains to make the Town believe I have had her, &, beged, that's all I desire with any woman.

Sir J. Aery. And, demme, she has made me believe a thousand times that I shou'd have her; for by all the great Geds and the little, she never sees me, but she laughs full in my face; & if to smile is a sign of being pleas'd, beged to laugh is at least as much again.

Vaun. Well interpreted, dear *Sir Jecky*, beged! for where-ever I go, I observe every body laugh, and I always us'd to take it for an affront.

Sir J. Aery. That's very foolish, geddemme: Now, I never take any thing for an affront. If a Man calls me Son of a whore, beged I always take it for a mark of familiarity and kindness. If any one kicks, or gives me a box on the ear, I take it all in good part. A very good jest, i'faith, and I laugh till I hold my sides.

Vaun. Thour't i'th' right, beged; for why the Devil shou'd I suppose any man would affront a Man of my parts? Beged, 'tis less'ning one's self, & I thank thee, dear *Jecky*, from my soul, for reforming me in this error; But prithee tell me, dear *Aery*, didst thou ever speak to *Lucinda*, that she has ever given such hopes?

Sir J. Aery. Speak to her, Geddemme', No: Was ever any thing so foolish? What signifies speaking? If speaking wou'd do, why none but Men of sense wou'd be happy; and when the Devil didst thou ever know a man of sense well receiv'd by a Woman?

Vaun. That's true, by all the great Geds & the little; for I have observ'd all my life, that my Gilt-coach and six horses, & Footmen in lace-liveries, have got me more Women, than all my fine speeches; and, beged, I know what to say too as well as another.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme, Paux there is more Rhetorick in a Tune on the Flute passionately play'd, or a song languishingly humour'd, than in all *Cicero*. And tho' I can speak sense as well as another, yet, demme, I'm too well bred to offend the Ladies -- But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, tell me how thou hast made the Town believe thou hast had *Lucinda*; for, beged, that's a pretty sort of vanity that I shou'd be exceeding fond of.

Vaun. Why, beged, no otherwise than thus: At Church, I always sit in the same pew; at the Play, in the same box; at the Musick-meeting, I contrive to be the next Man to her, & never fail to lead her out upon all these occasions. In the Park, I turn as she turns; I go out, when she goes out; I drive by
her

her Coach, then stop, & go softly, till she goes by again; then gallop, beged, till I overtake her once more; and so twenty times together, ogling like a Devil, till I see where she alights, there I alight too; and, beged, she never makes a Visit, but I am up stairs as soon as she. The World takes notices of these affiduities, and being always glad of any opportunity to defame, my happiness is every where publiht; my friends give me joy of my success, which I receive with an O Gad, why shou'd you think so? What can a Woman see in me? This Town is a strange place, that a man can do nothing in secret; Geddemme, I can't imagin how this came to be found out; for, beged, I took all the care in the world to be discreet, but these foolish Women always betray themselves -- And so, Geddemme, half avowing, & half denying, I palm my self upon a Woman --

Sir J. Aery. That wou'd sooner spit in thy face, than let thee kiss her --

Vaun. Ha! Ha! Ha! Right, Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd, by all the great Geds and the little, and a very good jest it is; & thus I got the name of the Ladies fine Gentleman.

Sir J. Aery. But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, wilt not thou look like an Ass, when the world knows another man has got thy suppos'd Mistress from thee?

Vaun. Demme not at all, for I'll swear I gave my consent, & that the Fool has nothing but my leavings; and that I was seeking some handsom occasion to get rid of her, and, beged, you know the Town is always ready to believe any ill that's said of a Woman: But however, Geddemme, if I cou'd meet with this *Bellamour*, I shou'd be provok'd to forbid the banes, beged, by mincing the dog to atoms.

Sir J. Aery. Say'st thou so, Bully-Rock, beged yonder he comes -- And but that it wou'd not be like men of Honour for two to fall upon one, I'd stay & help thee; so, dear *Vaunter*, fare thee well.

Vaun. Demme, *Aery*, thou wilt not leave me so -- See, there comes a spruce Prigg with him, that thou shalt mince.

Sir J. Aery. I'm heartily sorry, dear *Vaunter*, that I can't serve thee; but beged, I engag'd my person but last night to a great Lady for all this day, & my person not being my own at this time, dear rogue, you must needs excuse me. Besides, my Lady *Gobble* tipt me the wink just now to follow her.

Vaun. Now I think better on't, why a Devil shou'd I make a noise of this matter? that wou'd look to the world like resenting some disappointment; &, demme, I scorn the world shou'd think I was ever disappointed -- But I'll tell thee what I'll do better, I'll write her a Letter by the Penny-Post, that shall give such a character of him as shall infallibly do his business; so, dear *Aery*, let's about it, & then come back, and rally the poor dog to death. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter BELLAMOUR and ANGELICA.

Bell. Women grow troublesom when they are so fond: Your Cousin *Angelica* might have spar'd you this trouble; I'd as live see a Ghost, as receive a remembrance from a cast Mistress.

Ang. You say you lov'd her once, and it is by that Love she now conjures you not to give way to any other passion which will make her desperate, & you perjur'd.

Bell. I shou'd be sorry to make a Lady desperate; but if to change a Mistress is perjury, who is innocent?

Ang. What reason can you give for your change?

Bell. Faith none at all: Our inclinations are our masters, & we wander but as our stars lead us; if they are false lights, and shew us out of the way, let them answer for't. It was my fortune to see *Angelica*, and to love her. It was my fortune to be absent from her, and to forget her: What is there new in all this?
I con=

I confess she has beauty and wit, and I wish her a great deal of happiness; but there is a luck which over-rules all, the deserving are not always the successful.

Ang. Sure Fortune will never fide with falsehood and perjury --

Bell. O you mistake Fortune: Fortune is, as it were, an hospital for villany and folly, where all are provided for, whom Nature has maim'd and disfigur'd. Mark every rude unpolish'd owl you meet, he's sure to be some minion of Fortune's; and every nauseous ill-favour'd Hagg, is not her name a Fortune? The children of this world have all different portions; some have wit, others beauty: But where there is no merit to be found, those have Fortune, which is the cordial drop prescrib'd by Providence to comfort 'em, for the severity and unkindness of Nature.

Ang. And so by consequence, because my Cousin *Angelica* has some merit, therefore she must be unfortunate.

Bell. Besides, to confess the truth, I cannot but think two years absence has made as great an alteration in her, as in me: Women are seldom behind hand with us; and two years was time enough for a Woman to have chang'd two dozen of Lovers.

Ang. And is this the best answer she is to expect from you?

Bell. It is. Yet, if you please, you may give it some kinder turn: I would not deal too roughly with one whom I had once lov'd, and whose beauty and virtues I still admire; therefore, pray, chuse the gentlest terms you can to comfort her; & advise her to forget one who cannot but confess he has been ungrateful.

Ang. And if 'tis possible, she shall hate as much as ever she lov'd you.

Bell. Not hate me: I would not have her hate me; only not love so much; & not injure her self by any extravagance of passion, nor by any over-fondness be burthen some to me.

Enter.

Enter Sir J. AERY and VAUNTER.

Sir J. Aery. Ha, *Bellamour*! Give thee joy, dear rogue; give thee joy. The Town says thou'rt going to be marry'd, 'tis talk'd of, *Geddemme* by every body at the chocolate-house.

Vaun. By all the great Geds, and the little, is the Man posselt, to condemn himself for all the days and nights of his life to one body; to be bound never to change her, tho she change never so much, tho she grows never so old, so odious, so stinking, and ill-favour'd, phogh, *Geddemme*', to live under an eternal persecution?

Sir J. Aery. Let me be torn by wild horses, rack'd alive, bury'd quick; but save me, Heaven, save me from this holy Inquisition, call'd Marriage, beged.

Ang. aside. These Fools for once may be useful; I'll encourage the humour. -- Do not you know, *Mr. Bellamour*, that let the person be never so lovely, or so much belov'd, as soon as she becomes your Wife, the charm ends? Like enchanted Palaces that we approach with admiration, but in the instant when we think we are entring into Paradise, we find ourselves in some dark dungeon inhabited by toads and adders.

Sir J. Aery. Do not you know, *Geddemme*', that let a person be never so much an Angel before enjoyment, she is the Devil afterwards?

Ang. Perhaps, by the continual presence of the person, by considering her deliberately, & examining her in all lights, we find many things wanting to our first expectation. Perhaps a quiet & peaceable enjoyment of any thing makes it the less valued: Or it may be, by a frequent and customary commerce, the pleasures of the sense lose their quickness & vivacity.

Vaun. Women are riddles, *Geddemme*, past all expounding.

Ang. To-day they are one thing.

Sir

Sir J. Aery. To-morrow another.

Vaun. Constant to nothing.

Ang. A compound of whimsies, tofs'd to and fro by as many humours, as the Ocean by winds.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme, there is no Woman's mind, but is past a Man's understanding.

Vaun. There is no being certain of what is always uncertain, beged.

Ang. And in a country full of precipices, who but Mad-men will leap blindfold? In a word, I can imagine no such lively emblem of marriage, as the punishment for Parricides among the Ancients; where the offender was sow'd into a bag with a Monkey, a Dog, and a Serpent; these three companions truly represent the character of a Wife; who is an eternal chatterer, and full of tricks like a Monkey; or howling and snarling like a Dog; or with a forked tongue & in-venom'd teeth, stinging and biting like a Serpent.

Sir J. Aery. But perhaps the poor dog has a mind to a Son and heir, and to see himself growing up in a little Monkey-fac'd representative; but, hark ye, my dear friend *Bell.* take this saying of the Poet's along with you, and treasure it up;

Though Solomon with a thousand Wives,

To get a wise successor, strives;

But one, and he a Fool, survives. Geddemme.

Bell. Gentlemen, I thank you; I was once beginning to be very angry, but I find so much reason in your remonstrances, that I esteem my self much oblig'd to you. The counsel of Fools is not to be despis'd when 'tis good; and so your Servant.

(Exit Bellamour.)

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme', Fools! who do's the unmannerly puppy mean?

Vaun. Beged, not me; for all the world knows I am none.

Ang.

Ang. I am much mistaken, Gentlemen, if he did not mean you both. (*aside*) Two such originals I never saw.

Sir J. Aery. Demme, a very smart Lad. -- Dear rogue, let me kiss thee.

Vaun. Ay, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for thou and I must be better acquainted. Beged, thou'rt a Rump-Jewel for a Prince.

Ang. By your leave, Gentlemen, these lips are reserv'd for better occasions.

Sir J. Aery. Ah, *le petit malitieux*! I never saw a *Steenkirk* better put on.

Enter Sir TOBY and PHILABEL.

Vaun. *Sir Toby Cusfle*, my most illustrious Patron, great Master of the mysteries of pimperlomp, Geddemme', your humble servant.

Sir J. Aery. My dear Brother Knight Baronet, your humble servant, beged.

Sir Toby. Adzookers, when I have such servants, they shall never be seen without broken heads.

Sir J. Aery. A very good jest; by the great Geds and the little. -- Let me kiss thee.

Sir Toby. Stand off you cur, -- thy breath smells farther than a brick-kiln.

Sir J. Aery. Demme', thou'rt so plaguy witty. -- But, what fool do'st think I have been rallying to death?

Sir Toby. I see no fool, adzooks, here, but *Vaunter*.

Sir J. Aery. No, demme, a greater fool than *Vaunter*.

Sir Toby. Thy self.

Sir J. Aery. Thou'lt make me angry one time or other with these true jests, Geddemme.

Sir Toby. Geddemme thou liest, thou can'st not be angry. (*He canes him.*)

Sir J. Aery. Nay, prithee don't be so damnable witty: Pox, I hate these jests that make one's sides ake without laughing.

Ang.

Ang. Spare him, good *Sir Toby*, for this time, he has been lately very useful.

Sir J. Aery. By your leave, *Geddemme*, I'll tell my own merits. You must know then, *Bellamour* has been here; poor fellow, how we rally'd him; never was Dog with a bottle at his tail so persecuted: For as you know, and as all the Town knows; for if 'twere a secret no body should know, and how it came not to be a secret, *Geddemme* if I know; for upon these occasions I am always mum; -- but Women, beged, are strange indiscreet things, & a Man can't be always stopping their mouths, *Geddemme*. --

Vaun. Dear Rogue, now I adore him; he speaks like an Angel, beged.

Sir J. Aery. As I was saying then, to omit all farther Tropes and Figures, circumstance of Elocution, and flower of Circumlocution. -- *Bellamour* is going to be married to *Lucinda* -- Now this *Lucinda*, beged, *Vaunter* and I have had twenty times. --

Vaun. Ay, beged, a thousand, whenever we thought fit, by the great Geds and the little.

Phil. Why, you brace of toads, whose breath is poyson. --

Sir Toby. Ye vermine, that live by gnawing upon the reputation of Ladies. -- (They beat 'em.

Sir J. Aery and *Vaunter*.) Demme, no more of these jests, or we'll keep you company no longer.

(They run out.

Phil. Rascals, -- Vipers. --

How unhappy are Women, whose fame depends on the breath of such fools!

Sir Toby. Rather unhappy, adzooks, for trusting their fame with such fools. And now, noble Collonel, give me leave to present you to this young Friend of mine; -- a pretty Fellow, as you see, and worth a better acquaintance. This, my little spark of love, is Collonel *Philabel*, a brave metled Fellow, newly arrived from *Flanders*, where he has been most heroickly, adzooks,

adzooks, learning to ride -- the flying-horse in a *Dutch Troop*.

Phil. I shall be glad of your acquaintance, Sir, and desire to be look'd upon as your Friend.

Sir Toby. Pox o' speeches, -- kiss you Rogues, -- Kissing makes the best Friends; -- one kiss is worth half a dozen speeches; Pox o' speeches, -- would 'twere a girl, old *Phil.* gad I'd hold the door, tho' 'twere my own daughter.

Ang. Well said old iniquity. -- Thou hast nick'd it, if thou knew'st all.

Phil. Now Gentlemen, that I may not be absolutely a stranger to this Town, instruct me how this side of the world is alter'd since I left it. What are the diversions in vogue? How do the Men behave themselves? And how are the Ladies to be govern'd?

Sir Toby. Why, faith, the Men are as abominable rogues as ever, always drunk, & always pox'd, begad; nothing is heard of but tavern-brawls & midnight rapes & murders; nothing to be met but Sharpers & Cullies, Pickpockets and Politicians, Cutpurses & Lawyers; Parsons that point out roads they ne'er go; Physicians that prescribe what they never take; Courtiers that promise what they never perform; Colonels that tell of Battels they never saw; Beaux that lie with women they never could come near; Pocky Lords, bloated Commoners, and pale-fac'd Catamites.

Phil. Most illustriously sum'd up; -- but the Women, *Sir Toby*, the Women.

Sir Toby. Why, of them too, there are of all sorts, good and bad. -- Good, did I say, very few good, but very devout, and great frequenters of St. James's Church; whoever goes that road, can't fail of Heaven, at least of Heavenly joys.

Phil. None are so devout, I hope, as to renounce the pleasures and conversations of the world.

Sir Toby. No, ne'er trouble your self, the Saints themselves have failings; human flesh is frail. So you
lift

lift up one hand to Heaven, you may lift up the petticoat with t'other: Let their heads be never so full of devotion, the Devil is sure to be in their tails.

Phil. But which are the ways most in practice and observ'd to be most prevailing over their frailty?

Sir Toby. Why Money, adzooks, nothing like Money; be free of your purse, & your presents, your settlements, & your jointures, & you may be as free as you please, with whom you please: *All, all are Danaes*, by this light; and the Golden Ravisher is never deni'd entrance.

Phil. This indeed is a great incroachment upon love: In matters of love, love only should prevail.

Sir Toby. Thus we have been so long ill us'd by the Sex: There are so many examples of Estates mortgag'd, and honest Fellows undone by their treachery and expensiveness, that we begin to leave 'em off, and resolve to stick to one another. For my own part, I am resolv'd not to care one farthing for the Sex more, not I, igad, *Bacchus* shall have all my Gold.

Phil. And *Venus* shall neves starve while I can furnish her; you old Fellows always rail at pleasures you are past. Nothing relishes when the appetite is gone. For my part, I have quite another idea of the Sex; at least, I will delay censuring till I have examin'd into *Lucinda's* truth. If *Lucinda* has been false, I will then turn railer like you, & conclude the worst of 'em all.

Ang. See here, an informer for your purpose; -- *Mrs. Placket* can give you the best intelligence of that.

Enter PLACKET.

Phil. *Mrs. Placket*, I am overjoy'd to see you.

Plack. Mr. *Philabel*, you are welcome from the Wars. My young Lady is distracted to see you; -- she has been in such frights for you, poor thing, -- but was overjoy'd to hear how well you carried your self in the last Battle. --

Sir Toby. How well his Horse carri'd him, adzooks, thou mean'st.

Plack. This note will better inform you.

(*Delivers a note.*
Phil. Reads.) Be not surpriz'd at any discourse you may hear of me in the Town: I am the same you left me, and shall be pleas'd to find no alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this afternoon at my Aunts.

Ang. aside) *Lucinda* returning to an old Lover; -- that's good news. -- Now for some trick to secure the Aunt against *Bellamour*; -- but that one stroke more, and Fortune I adore thee.

Phil. If this kindness is sincere, why was *Bellamour* so well receiv'd in my absence?

Plack. Why don't you know that the best receiv'd are seldom the most welcome, and that the civilities a Woman shews in publick to one Man, are only to cover private familiarities with another?

Phil. And my *Lady Dorimen*, we may have leave to wait upon her too?

Plac. Yes; this is her day.

Phil. Her day! for what?

Plack. Why to receive visits: All your great Ladies keep their days for visitants.

Sir Toby. And so by laying apart one day for publick ceremony, all the rest of the week is secur'd for private intrigue.

Phil. The Men & Women all visit the same day?

Plack. They have different methods? my Lady has days apart. This is her day for the Men.

Phil. Very fine. And so we visit as we go into the *Bagnio*, where the Men and Women have their particular days of admittance.

Sir Toby. And find hotter work in some of their Ruels, adzooks, than in any *Bagnio* in Town. -- What think you Mrs. *Placket* of my young Friend here? he's most desperately in love with my *Lady Dorimen*.

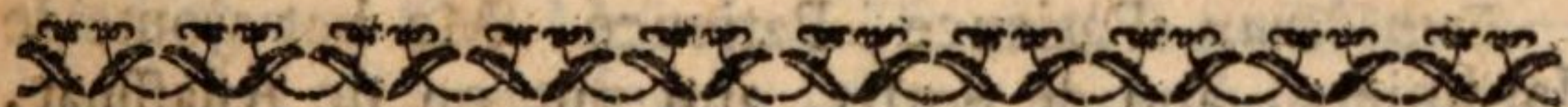
Plack.

Plack. That's desperate indeed : Alas , such little Gentlemen may pass upon unexperienc'd persons ; but Widows have beef-stomacks , such a chick is not half a mouthful -- The *Frenchman* is now dressing my Lady's head ; he has been yet but two hours about it , in two more you may make your visit ; till when , Gentlemen , your Servant , I will be sure to make all your complements.

Phil. Fare ye well good Mrs. *Placket*. (*Exit Placket.* Now let's adjourn to some place , where I may cast this filthy camp coat , take one encouraging glass , and then for Love and the Ladies.

Sir Toby. I'll go before , taste some wine , & bespeak a relishing bit .

Phil. Thus Heroe-like , we from the Wars remove ,
To crown our toils , and still that crown is Love.
(*Exeunt.*)



A C T I I I.

S C E N E I.

Lady DORIMEN at her Toilette. *A Frenchman* dressing her Head. *Women* with Indian silks , and China ware. *PAGE* , & *Waiting-Women* knotting Fringe .

Frenchman. O N E , two , tree story more , begar , and dat be ver vell.

Lad. Dor. Not quite so high , Monsieur , I shan't be able to get into my Chair , nor my Coach ; nor come in , or go out at doors , without leaving some of my Head behind me .

Frenchman. Dat be no my fault begar : me no make de shaire , nor de coche , nor de dore : me dress de Head , and me mos show all mine arts. Parbleu , let de dam

Bricklaer Englise make de house fit for de Ladies head: me no make de head for de house.

Lad. Dor. My Head's in your hands, do with it as you please.

Frenchman. Me doe defy de valet de chambre of de vole Christen World, to ajuste de Commode, ty de Fontange, handle de Petticoate, or put on de Smock begar --

Lad. Dor. You think your self in your own Country, the *English* Ladies don't give so great privileges.

Frenchman. Ha! Ha! Dat be ver good jest -- Parbleu, now we be come to de Englis Head, ve shall soon come to de -- Ay, begar, dat ve shall.

Enter PLACKET.

Plack. Sir Toby, Madam is coming up: All your Visitants will be here before your *Frenchman* will have done.

Frenchman. Patience, Patience. Me bot ajoute de Jardinier, and de Sortis, and put on de Assassinat, and me make done.

Lad. Dor. Pray dispatch.

Frenchman. 'Tis make don: And now, begar, der be no Lady in *France* nor *England* more propre -- Parbleu, your Lady-ship be de ver beautiful Lady; de *English* Lady be ver handsom, begar.

Lad. Dor. Your ten Guinea's are upon the table.

Frenchman. Ah! Madam -- Votre tres humble Valeet -- De honour of serving de *English* Lady, be more dan de profit -- (*Aside.*) Now, begar, me vill go into *Hollande*, & make Farce of de *Engliss* Lady vid deir greate Top-knot; me have got deir mony, and now me vill laugh at dem vid all mine 'earts. Ha! Ha! Ha!

(*Exit Frenchman.*)

First Ind. Woman. Pray be pleas'd, Madam, to order us to be paid before Sir Toby comes up.

Second Ind. Woman. We had rather lose our money, than be expos'd to his foul-mouth'd raillery.

Enter

Enter Sir TOBY.

Sir Toby repeating. { *Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill:
'Tis like the poy'sning of a dart,
Too ap't before to kill.*

What! adzooks, always these Pedlars at your Toilette.

Ind. Women. Pedlars! adzooks, no more than your Worship's a Pimp, if you go to that.

Sir Toby. The Orange Women swear they'll pull you to pieces, since a Note in a tea-pot is found more secure, than at the bottom of a basket of fruit.

Ind. Women. That's your Worship's quarrel to us: you'd have no body seduc'd but by your self - - - Pray, Madam, bid Mrs. Placket pay us.

Lad. Dor. Give them their money - - But hark' ye, Mrs. Fannoway, for the future, be sure you bring me right Indian, I abominate your Dutch trumpery.

Ind. Women. God bless your Honour, we will Madam.

(Exeunt Indian Women with their bundles.)

Lady Dor. Bring Sir Toby a chair - - & wait within call.

(Sir Toby sits, then speaks.)

Sir Toby. Your piquette friend will be here instantly, Madam, according to your direction: He is already so charm'd with your Ladyship, that if you are not merciful in time, his heart will break, quite break; poor thing, he is just at the point of death.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis much for a Lady's honour to have a Lover die.

Sir Toby. True, Madam; but then let those die you don't care for: Tho' it may be for your glory to triumph over some, yet for your pleasure you shou'd be kind to others - - And this is the prettiest loving little rogue - - Adzooks 'twere a thousand pities to let him come to any harm.

Lad. Dor. But suppose he shou'd be one of those modest fools, (for he is very young, *Sir Toby*) who tho' they are never so much in love, yet have not the courage to speak out their minds.

Sir Toby. Why suppose he shou'd, why then you must take some opportunity to squeeze him by the hand; or by some sly insinuation with your eyes, inform him that he need fear nothing. Or what if you shou'd speak first? is any thing more common? Besides, when Women through decency, as they call it, are silent, and Men through fear, how the Devil shall they ever come together? If you observe your Spark to be bold and undertaking, then indeed you may seem shy; but if he is timorous, and under any awe, you must do something to give him courage, or you spoil all. Come, come, adzooks, the Women of this Age are not to be taught these *Lessons*.

Lad. Dor. Fy! I blush for the follies of my Sex.

Sir Toby. Blushing do's infinitely become your Ladyship -- Then there is the secret of secrets, the never-failing Elixir of Love --

Lad. Dor. Hold, hold, *Sir Toby* -- may it become my modesty to hear it?

Sir Toby. Adzooks, I don't know what your modesty may be; but if 'tis so troublesom, I can hold my tongue.

Lad. Dor. No, no, speak; you'r too well bred, to say any thing you shou'd not.

Sir Toby. Then this mighty secret is keeping. The Men naturally love receiving better than paying; & since some great Ladies of late have us'd them to it, it is with great difficulty that they part with their very halfcrown, or give the poor Chambermaid her fee.

Lad. Dor. A Woman, and keep! O hideous!

Sir Toby. Ay, igad, or resolve to lie alone. Why yonder's my Lady *Homely*, 'tis hard to remember when she was young, and yet her doors are always blockt up with Coaches and Chairs; whilst in the mean time my Lady *Lovely* scarce receives a visit from morning to night, & yet is the most beautiful Woman in Town.

Lad.

Lad. Dor. And what say you is the reason of this?

Sir Toby. The reason is plain: The first gives to her Gallants, what the other reserves for a Portion for a Daughter, or bestows in charitable uses to the Poor. Besides, it has been always the fashion for great Ladies when they are a little turn'd of their prime; & your Ladyship is too considerable to be out at any thing that's a fashion.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis true, a Woman of Quality shou'd be in all the Fashions: But pray inform me, how is this keeping? Do Men of Quality take money? Or is it by presents of Jewels, and such things?

Sir Toby. Nothing like ready Money, adzooks: A thousand Guinea's in ready cash, tickles a young Fellow beyond a Jewel of twice the value: Not but that a Jewel now & then by the by, is a pretty provocative; but however a settled Quarteridge is necessary.

Lad. Dor. I protest you are a very learned person.

Sir Toby. Besides the standing Pension, there must be an allowance too for Extraordinaries: for example; for Balls at Court, and publick appearances of that kind. At such times, I say the Courtiers will give themselves to the Devil for a little money, especially in hard times, when salaries are ill paid.

Lad. Dor. *Sir Toby* you have convinc'd me; but yet there remains a main point to be consider'd, which is, how to impose upon the Town. This Town is a prying malicious place; as long as the Town do's not talk, our Honour is safe; and as long as our Honour is safe, there's no harm done; for 'tis a receiv'd maxim among us Ladies, That 'tis the Talk, & not the Intrigue, that's the crime.

Sir Toby. The way to keep the Town civil, is to be openly scandalous and lewd. We never talk out of aversion to the guilty, but spight to the innocent; and care not to expose those who do ill, but defame those who do well. Believe me, the only way to

gain an ill reputation, is to live chaste; the Town abhors modesty and vertue, but impudence and vice are its inseparable companions: Be as wicked as you please, the Town will never expose a Friend.

Enter PAGE.

Page. There's below a young Gentleman desires to speak with *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. I come instantly -- *(Exit Page.*
'Tis our Spark, Madam -- I'll go down to him, & keep him in discourse 'till you are quite ready.

Lad. Dor. *Sir Toby* your Servant, I'll endeavour to profit by your wise lecture. *(Exit Sir Toby.*

(Rises from her Toilette.)

Placket, give me one of my last new Fans -- No -- another; one that has the right flirt, and rides with an air. Ay, this without nudities.

Plack. The Gentleman will be impatient.

Lad. Dor. I go: Is every thing as it shou'd be?

Plack. Most exact, Madam.

Lad. Dor. And d'e hear? *(Whispers.*

Plack. Who? *Sir John Aery*, & *Mr. Vaunter*, I think you call'd 'em; I will not fail, Madam.

Lad. Dor. This young thing will want helps.

Plack. And Fools have an old saying of their side, which makes 'em so welcom, *(Exeunt.*

Enter DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA, MIRANDA, and CONSTANTIA seeming in courtship with all four.

CONSTANTIA repeating.

*Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am struck,
When I on the others look.*

And how is it possible to chuse one, when all are engaging alike? If at any time I seem enclin'd to the
pru-

prudence and nice honour of *Diana*, the gaiety and lively humour of *Melissa* comes in view, and withholds me. And when *Melissa* gets ground, strait *Dorinda* interposes with her admirable shape & mien: And so on to the charming *Miranda*, who, with a song, can turn my fleeting heart which way she pleases.

Mir. Sure *Cupid* shot you with a Blunderbuss; four such dreadful wounds cou'd never be made with a dart.

Mel. Phoo, 'tis the usual ceremony of all Men, to carry themselves equal to the whole company; if he had us single, we shou'd soon know his mind.

Dia. Really my Sister has observ'd with great prudence: It is likely the Gentleman wou'd be particular, if we were single. Pray Sisters retire, and leave us alone.

Dor. Fy, Sister, sure your nice honour wou'd not permit you to be left alone with a Man.

Mel. I was the first who propos'd the expedient, and will be the first to have the benefit of it.

Dia. Really you are very confident; sure there is some respect due to your eldest Sister.

Mel. You might have spar'd the remembrance of your age for your own sake.

Const. Pray, Ladies, let not this debate go any further, I have found out an expedient to close all. Come in with me, and I will seal up four notes, giving one to each of you, three being blanks, and the fourth my determination; which you shall deliver, as soon as I am gone from you, to your Brother, who shall tell you my mind, sparing me the confusion.

Dia. No, No; since I have once said it, Mr. Courtall, really I will be left alone with you.

Const. Pray, Madam, consent to what I have propos'd.

(*Aside to her.*)

You are certain to be my choice.

Mel. I say again - -

C 5

Const.

Const. Dear *Melissa* be contented. (*Aside to her.*)
They shall all have blanks but you.

Dor. For my part I consent to leave you together:
Eldership may be a plea for respect, but 'tis a very
bad one for love.

Const. Peace, good *Dorinda*, and agree to my
method. (*Aside to her.*)

The benefit ticket shall be yours.

Mir. I am clearly for his opinion in writing, 'tis
much the surest way, and not to be retracted.

Const. Most charming *Miranda* a thousand acknow-
ledgments. (*Aside to her.*)

You only are the *Venus* among these Goddesses, the
prize of beauty shall be yours. (*Aloud.*)

Now Ladies let's in, & proceed to election; sure no
Lover since *Paris* was ever so put to it in his choice.

How hardly do's this Tyrant Custom bind?

Forc'd to chuse one, to all alike inclin'd. (*Exeunt.*)

Lady DORIMEN, ANGELICA, LUCINDA,
and PHILABEL all seated.

SONG in Dialogue.

Thirfis. **D**ELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with disdain?
Still to my tender Love severe,
Relentless to my pain.

Delia. When Men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardor sue;

Thirfis you know but one must move us,
Can I be your's and *Strephon's* too?

My ravish'd Eyes view both with pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert;
To both alike Esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my heart.

Thirfis.

*Thirfis. Mysterious guide of inclination,
 Tell me Tyrant, why am I
 With equal merit, equal passion,
 Thus the victim chosen to dye?
 Why am I
 The Victim chosen to dye?*

*Delia. On Fate alone depends success,
 And fancy reason over-rules;
 Or why should Virtue ever-miss
 Reward, so often given to Fools.*

*'Tis not the handsome, nor the witty;
 But who alone is born to please:
 Love do's predestinate our pity;
 We chuse but whom he first decrees.*

Ang. The words, Ladies, are my own; pray, your opinion.

Lad. Dor. You are a Wit then.

Ang. O! we are all Wits. Pray, Madam, by what celebrated Wits are you visited? for there is no way to establish a Reputation like being a Patron to Men of parts.

*Lady Dor. I love Men of parts mightily: A Man without parts is a strange Monster. I have some that are pretty constant Visitants; for Example, the Translator's of *Plutarch's Lives*, *Juvenal's Satyr*. - -*

Ang. Foh, a Lady, and converse with Greek and Latin Wits. No, give me your Wits of the Town, who are above learning; your Wits of Quality that can scarce write or read; your Lampoon-wits.

*Phil. Bold rogues, that spare nothing that's sacred, not even the Majesty of Kings; that can make black, white; and white, black. Take away the reputation of the chastest Woman, and give it to the lewdest Prostitute. Call the Man of sense, a Fool, and the Man of honour, a Coward. Make Religion, Apostacy; and sanctify Rebellion and Parricide. Whose only
 topicks*

topicks are scandal, sedition, & blasphemy. And all they contend for, but who shall be the greatest Rascal, & tell the most plausible lye behind a Man's back.

Lady Dor. However, I know some certain Ladies, who think themselves neglected, to be left out of a Lampoon; & are proud to have their names publish'd, and to be known, and enquir'd after by the whole Town.

Ang. to Lucind. Pray, Madam, did you never write?

Lucin. Who, I, Sir! 'tis not a talent for a Woman.

Phil. And why not for a Woman, Madam? An evenings exercise at Crambo, to get the knack of rhyming, is all that's necessary; 'tis no matter for sense, who cares for sense?

Ang. Besides there are no pains requir'd, as is plain, for when we take all the pains in the world, 'tis just the same thing, we write never the better.

Lady Dor. Mr. *Philabel* you us'd to have good intelligence; what new diversions are preparing for the Town?

Phil. The newest thing that I know of, is a Dictionary that's preparing for the press, at the desire of a certain great Lady, to suit our language to the modesty of the fair Sex, & to castrate the immodest syllables in such words as begin & end obscenely.

Lucinda. Fy, *Philabel*, was ever such an extravagance?

Lady Dor. I vow, a very decent design; I have been strangely put out of countenance myself at the beginning and conclusions of some certain words.

Phil. There is likewise a Cabal of Ladies, who meet daily for the Reformation of good-manners. Another great Grievance is the Nudities upon Fans, worse than the Postures of a *Venetian-snuff-box*.

Lady Dor. I know a Lady, that shall be nameless, whose Fans are always painted with filthy naked Boys, and yet for the world, she would not be perswaded to be seen in *Chelsea-Reach* upon a summers evening.

Phil.

Phil. Likewise, Madam, a Poet is to lose his Maidenhead to day upon the Stage. --

Lady Dorimen. Lord! Mr. *Philabel*, what do you mean?

Phil. Nothing, Madam, but that there is a new Play to be acted. A young Fellow has been drawn in to play the fool without any necessity for it.

Ang. How comes your Ladyship not to be there? You would see rare sport; there is a party already engaged to cry it down.

Lucin. How! engag'd to cry down a Play before they know whether it's good or bad.

Phil. O, no matter for that. I'll tell you their method; they spread themselves in parties all over the house; some in the Pit, some in the Boxes, others in the Galleries, but principally on the Stage; they cough, sneeze, talk loud, & break silly jests; sometimes laughing, sometimes finging, sometimes whistling, till the house is in an uproar; some laugh & clap; some hiss & are angry; Swords are drawn, the Actors interrupted, the Scene broken off, and so the Play's sent to the devil.

Lucin. A very compendious method.

Phil. A new Play never wants enemies. *First*, All your discontented Poets who have been ill-us'd themselves, are glad of a new companion; then your Criticks that had not the reading of the piece before 'twas given to the house, are sure to censure severely, to be reveng'd for their neglected judgments. And *lastly*, all your drest Beaux, who revenge upon the innocent Play the injuries they receive from the crowd, as the ruffling their Crevats, disordering their Perukes, and the Sweat that gets the ascendant of their Essence and *Polville*.

Lady Dor. A very rational account. I confess, I have often wonder'd at the ill success of some Plays.

Ang. Now I think on't, Madam, I have waiting below some Dancers, that I brought hither for your
Lady-

Ladyship's entertainment; they shall show you a Dance that a Friend of mine has compos'd for his Mistress.

Lucin. How, Sir, compos'd for a Mistress! I have heard of Songs compos'd for a Mistress; but a Dance is extreamly new.

Phil. 'Tis fit, Madam, that some new ways should be invented to engage the Ladies; 'tis dull to tread always in the same path. And nothing is found so prevailing as these mute accomplishments. Writing, & saying fine things, have given place to the caper, the flute, and the voice.

Lucin. Some Fool, who had no other way of prevailing, was certainly the first that introduc'd those effeminate accomplishments.

Phil. Right, Madam, and 'twas necessary, as for those who have ill smells, to keep up the fashion of perfumes: --

Ang. Or, as for Ladies with pimples to encourage patching.

Lad. Dor. Pray let us see the Dance. *(they all rise.)*

Ang. Hey! Enter Dance.

Phil. Where are these *Balladins*?

DANCE.

Ang. And will not this carry the Lady, d'ye think?

Lad. Dor. Very passionate indeed. There are some certain motions in dancing, extreamly pathetick and expressive.

Enter Sir TOBY and BELLAMOUR.

Sir Toby. You see Madam, I am come again; I am a Man of my word.

Lad. Dor. You are always so -- Mr. Bellamour, your servant. Wou'd you had both come sooner, to have seen the dance.

Ang. Let not that trouble you, Madam; they are my Friends and at my devotion, and shall renew the entertainment, since it proves agreeable to you. Ladies and Gentlemen, the th'other cast of your office if you please. *(To the Singers and Dancers.)*

SONG.

S O N G.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
 She vows, she'll never more be coy.
 She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure,
 Eternal draughts do not suffice;
 Ah! give me, give me more, she cries,
 'Tis all too little measure.

Be wise ye Fair, let scruples die,
 For who but fools would pleasure fly,
 Like Corinna, when you've tasted,
 You'll repent that e'er you fasted.

D A N C E.

Sir Toby. Very fine, extreamly fine -- Mr. Bellamour and I Madam, met at the door, having both the same design of waiting on your Ladyship. *Sir Toby* says he, be pleased to go before, I wait on you: Mr. Bellamour, says I, after you is manners. Pray, Sir, says he, give me leave; by no means, Sir, said I again: And then said he, & then said I, till at last, begad, we both came in together, and adzookers, I have almost squeez'd of the bottom of my belly -- Pox of compliments and strait doors.

Ang. aside. Now aid me all the arts of Woman-kind, Revenge and Jealousie, till I have vext the Traytor's heart, as he has abus'd mine.

I wonder, *Sir Toby*, you shou'd be so ceremonious, with one to whom you ought to be a sworn enemy. I cannot with patience suffer my friend to be wrong'd, and therefore think my self oblig'd to acquaint you, that this Gentleman has injur'd you.

Bell. softly to him. Hark ye, Sir --

Ang. No, no, all shall out, unless you ingage before all this company, to make reparation for the future.

Sir

Sir Toby. Hey Day! Why he never did me any injury. Adzooks, my little *Ganimesd's* in the clouds.

Ang. I'll tell you then in short --

Bell. softly. Hold, or by Heaven --

Ang. Nay, no threats nor no whispering. This Gentleman, *Sir Toby*, some time since, made pretensions to your Daughter, as now Madam, he does to your Neice; but not pretensions that were dishonourable, but confirm'd by vows & oaths, till she yielded, at last, to be privately contracted.

Lad. Dor. How! Contracted!

Luc. Base Man.

Bell. Pray harken not to what he says; this is the strangest extravagance.

Bell. No, no, pray let's hear all.

Bell. to Ang. Damme, Sir, this fooling shan't pass -- a word with you.

Ang. No bribes, no bribes.

Luc. This must be true, he is so concern'd.

Bell. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam --

Phil. No swearing, dear Sir, it will offend the Ladies.

Bell. Damn swearing, Sir --

Lad. Dor. and Luc. No quarreling here, I beseech you, Gentlemen.

Bell. I remember indeed, a Lady whom I us'd to visit in the countrey; & I confess, Sir, your Daughter I think she was.

Sir Toby. O was she so, Sir; a damn'd villanous whoreing Rogue, this.

Bell. Some words of gallantry perhaps might escape me or a little love in jest, to pass the time: Or suppose it in earnest; sure we may have leave to change once in our lives; Saints are allow'd it in Religion, when they are convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you shall not be allow'd it, Sir, pray don't mistake me, tho' I am an old lewd dog, yet I have some notions Adzooks, that are not amiss: How many drunken blaspheming Rascals venture their lives

lives every day for Religion, and yet know nothing of any Religion. And so Sir, in short, tho' I may be a dishonour my self to my family, Adzooks, I'll die to maintain the honour of it.

Bell. I made no promises, but what were meant in jest: Vows & oaths in love, are like counters at play, we set up with 'em, but ne'er mind them when the game's over.

Luc. I am glad I know the value of yours; a very decent declaration.

Lad. Dor. If contracts might be made and broken, as men change their affections, poor Women are like to be happy. Barbarous ungrateful creature, let me never see your face again in my house -- Oh! I can't endure him.

Ang. aside, Victoria, Victoria -- the day's my own, and the Enemy is beaten from his hold.

Luc. Such perjury is never to be pardon'd. (*aside*) O happy accident! I wanted some decent pretence to get rid of him, and Fortune has help'd me.

Bell. All things are faults to those, who seek to find 'em: 'Tis you are perjur'd, and not I. After having sworn to you, had I engag'd in a new passion, then I had been false. Now if I am false, 'tis for your sake; 'tis you that made me so, whatever I have been to others, to you my faith has been inviolable.

Luc. Who can be false to one, 'tis violently to be suspected will be so to another, whenever his pleasure or his interest tempts him.

Bell. Confess the truth, and lay aside disguise: impute not to me your crimes; this airy, smooth, conceited coxcomb, this Woman's fool here, has workt into your heart, & shov'd me out; this lucky Robber, in some wanton moment came, and rifled all the Treasure, whilst I, a poor precarious Beggar, ne'er could get the least unvalued trifle. Gods! Gods! what appetites have Women, and who can fix 'em? Now for Men of sense, and now for Coxcombs;

D

and

and every thing is refus'd or goes down, just as the minute is, that we lay hold of.

(*Omnes.*) Ha, ha, ha. (*All Laugh.*)

Bell. What could you see in this puny effeminate thing, to charm you? He can sing and dance, play on the flute, & fiddle, there's Woman's vanity again: She never sees a soft affected Ass, but she is pleased with the reflection of her own follies, and admires her self in every Fop, that like a glass shows her the image of her own mind.

Phil. You are rude, Sir.

Bell. Rude, Sir!

Phil. Ay, Rude Sir, that's English.

Bell. You are an Ass: Sir. Or is it your Soldier here, that charms you? your Colonel! O how that sounds to please a Ladies ear! Is it his red coat, or his hoboyes that take you most? what wounds has he to show you? what deeds in battle to describe? what dangers? he has seen a Siege thro' a prospective glass--

Lad. Dor. I can endure this odious railer no longer; his noise is got up into my head -- let us go in and leave this wrangler to rave by himself.

Ang. We wait on your Ladyship.

Bell. (*to Ang.*) I shall find a time, Sir, I shall, to thank you for your good offices.

Ang. Whenever you please, Sir.

Phil. (*to Bell.*) I shall find a time, Sir, to call you to an account in another place.

Bell. What place you please, Sir.

Sir Toby. (*to Bell.*) I shall take an occasion, I shall Sir, Adzooks, to make you repent putting your town-tricks upon country girls.

Luc. Mr. Bellamour, can't you compose your self enough to go in and play a pool with us?

Bell. I will wish you some luck, Madam. May you be always flatter'd, & always loose; may you never think you have a sure game, but be disappointed by a better.

Luc.

THE SHE-GALLANTS: 51

Luc. A little *Hellebore* would do the Gentleman no harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, straw, & a dungeon; Adzooks the Man's stark mad. *(Exeunt leaving Bellamour.*

Bell. Mankind from Adam, have been Women's fools;
Women from Eve, have been the Devil's tools:
Heaven might have spar'd one torment when we fell,
Not left us Woman, or not threatned Hell. *(Exit.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter FREDERICK, surrounded by his Sisters, VII.
DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA, MIRANDA.

Dian. Read mine, they are all blanks but mine.

Mel. I say, her's is a blank. Read mine.

Dor. and Mir. They are all blanks but mine.

Fred. What? are you all mad! give me your notes in peace and I'll read 'em, else I am gone.

All Women. Well then, here take 'em.

Fred. So: Let none interrupt me; but whose soever the lot is, let the rest be contented and silent.

(opens a note and reads it.

Melissa is beauty -- ful --

Mel. I told you so, I knew 'twas I, you need read no farther.

Fred. Good Sister, forbear.

Reads.) Dorinda is good humour --

Dor. That's I.

Fred. Patience.

Reads.) Miranda is charming to admiration.

But it is *Diana* that is adorable, and has my heart.

Speaks.) Let none reply *Diana's* is the lot.

Mel. *Diana's* is a cheat, a counterfeit; he vow'd to me he cou'd not endure her.

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written. You may take back your notes, we need read no more.

Mel. I say, my Sister *Dy's*, is all forgery.

Dia. I say you are a confident creature.

Fred. interposing. Sisters, this is misbecoming all modesty. *Melissa*, be satisfy'd! there are more Men besides *Courtall*.

Dor. Dear Brother, open the rest of our notes for our common satisfaction; *Courtall* told me, all should be blanks but mine.

Mir. So he told me.

Fred. Any thing for peace. This *Melissa* I think is yours.

Reads.) *Diana* is discreet -- *Dorinda, &c. Miranda, &c.* (as before,) but *Melissa* only has my heart.

Speaks.) How *Diana*! is it true then, that yours was forg'd? *Melissa*, be happy, the lot is yours.

Dia. I say, 'tis she has forg'd, and not I. Let me tear her eyes out for this trick.

Fred. No more, I entreat you -- I suspect a trick; I'll read the rest. (*Reads the other two notes to himself.* How? Why in these he declares for *Dorinda* and *Miranda*: this is all a trick.

Dor. to Mir. Sister, I begin to suspect this *Courtall*. Let us be no more seen in this business.

Mir. to Dor. The imprudence of my Sisters, may be an example for us to be wise.

Fred. 'Tis plain, *Courtall* has abus'd us all, but be you advis'd, and I'll be reveng'd. I love his Sister, but not above the honour of my family. I'll instantly find him out, & teach the young Impostor, what it is to play with the reputation of Ladies, or fool with a man of Honour. Be at peace among your selves, and all shall be well.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter ANGELICA and CONSTANTIA.

Ang. Victoria, Victoria, turn'd out of doors, quite discarded; ha, ha, ha. To have seen how he storm'd & hector'd, twould have made thee die with laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Conf. 'Twas most heroically perform'd indeed.

Ang. He swore I must give him satisfaction, & by Heaven I am ready, when ever he dares demand it.

Conf. How! ready to fight with him! what, fight with a man?

Ang. Yes, conquer him too; lay him groveling at my feet, panting, and not able to stir a limb.

Conf. The truth is, that may be done, but how will you lay your Widow panting?

Ang. That indeed, is now my hardest task. And pray, how will you come off with your Virgins.

Conf. That's to be thought of too. I'll go consider on't. You are bound for other adventures, and so good night. *(Exit Constantia.)*

Enter Sir TOBY, PHILABELL, Women and Musick.

Sir Toby spying Ang. My little Cupid, turn'd wanderer of darkness, A Night-Rover, An eve-dropper under his Mistresses window: Nay then thou'rt in indeed; there's no such infallible sign of a Lover.

Phil. A Lover can no more go to bed, without easing his heart in sighs under his Mistresses window, than without comforting it afterwards with a bottle.

Sir Toby. Behold, Lover, to your sighs I have brought a Song, 't shall pass for thy Serenade, to my Lady Dorimen, Hey Myrmidons strike up.



SONG.

*While Phillis is drinking, Love and Wine in alliance
 With forces united, bid resistless defiance;
 By the touch of her lips, the Wine sparkles higher,
 And her eyes from her drinking, redouble their fire.*

*Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
 As flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh odour.
 His dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
 And the liquor like oyl, makes the flame more enduring.*

*By cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
 And our mirth is enliven'd, by Love and desiring:
 Relieving each other, the pleasure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.*

*Then Phillis, begin; let our raptures abound,
 And a Kiss, and a Glass be still going round:
 Our joyes are immortal, while thus we remove,
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.*

*Sir Toby takes Angelica about the neck and kisses her.
 Sir Toby singing.) And a Kiss and a Glass be still
 going round.*

*Ang. Sir Toby, you kiss in anothers wrong: all my
 kisses are bespoke for to-night. See what a dreadful
 challenge my Lady Dorimen put into my hand at
 parting.*

*Sir Toby reads.) You may wonder at the confidence I
 have in you, upon so short an acquaintance. Think it
 not an effect of my easiness, but your own merit. You
 will be welcome to-night at my own house at ten.*

*Ang. Ten is the lucky hour Sir Toby: if you have
 any thing to command, speak, I must give the signal*
(Knocks at the door.)

Enter PLACKET.

*Plac. O, are you come; follow me, and be sure
 you make no noise.*

Ang.

Ang. I know how to behave my self upon these occasions.

Plac. 'Tis not the first time you have practis'd.

Sir Toby. Nor you neither, good Mrs. *Placket*; you both know your trades.

Plac. Are you there, then we shall never have done. Come, come your ways. *Exeunt Ang. and Plac.*

Phil. These young smock-fac'd fellows, *Sir Toby*, carry all before 'em. Brave Warriours & Men of sense, besiege ten years in vain, the beast prevails in a night.

Sir Toby. The truth is, Women have deprav'd appetites; but here's my comfort still -- (*Embracing a Wench.* Pox of Quality -- Give me an obedient jade, without forms of ceremonies. Hark ye Colonel these are most of 'em my own flesh and blood, begotten by my iniquity, and bred up for my iniquity. The Great Turk has not a better *Seraglio* .

Phil. Not such a *Seraglio* indeed.

Sir Toby. But why loiter we here? yonder's a Tavern, what sayest thou, Lad, to a quart of Canary before we sleep? Hey! Cats guts strike up. *Jenny, Gipsy, Judith* -- ye Jezebels follow me all.

Sings. Our joys are immortal, &c. (*Exeunt Musick playing.*

SCENE of a Bed-chamber.

Lady DORIMEN in her night-dress, and ANGELICA.

La. Dor. I blush exceedingly, to see my self alone with a Man; for tho' your coming is upon an innocent account, yet there is room for a scandalous interpretation: but I hope you are too civil a Gentleman to take the advantage of being alone with a Lady in her bed-chamber.

Ang. Let my transports express --

La. Dor. O fie, methinks you'r very forward: who could have imagin'd it from one so young.

Ang. Pardon me, Madam, if too much eagerness to express the sense of your favours --

La. Dor. Frighten me so on more. And on that condition I give you leave to sit down by me.

(Takes Angelica by the hand.)

Ang. Ah, Madam -- you squeeze my hand too hard.

La. Dor. You are so tender.

Ang. You are so killing, the least touch goes to the soul. What a complexion! What eyes!

La. Dor. Don't you look so upon me; I never lookt so ill in my life. I hate you should look upon me so -- I am quite out of order to-night.

Ang. You never were so charming.

La. Dor. You are the strangest Man.

Ang. Pray, Madam, give me leave to see --

La. Dor. See! Pray what wou'd you see?

Ang. Your neck, Madam, that I may vindicate you from the aspersions of the world, that says it is not of the same complexion with your face.

La. Dor. The world is a malicious ill-natur'd impertinent world.

Ang. And you the most invincible temptation in it. Am I flesh and blood -- am I a Man Madam --

La. Dor. I vow, Sir, I can't tell. But I hope you mean to be civil.

Ang. repeats.)

And why this niceness to a pleasure shown,

Where Nature sums up all its joys in one.

But since you will have it so, I must submit. I may perhaps, have been too far transported, but I hope your Ladyship's goodness, will excuse the violence of a passion that was not to be with-held.

La. Dor. I must needs say, any one in your place would have offer'd as much, and perhaps more: for who cou'd have imagin'd, that such an Assignment was contriv'd for nothing but a little discourse? besides, 'tis natural enough to suspect, that all this great care that I have taken to forbid, was meant only to mind you

you of what else you might be too backward to undertake: and I know it to be a maxim among Men, that Women are angry to be always obey'd, & that our first refusals are necessary to decency, & proceed only from a little customary formality, and not from any real dislike. But you, I perceive, are none of those --

Ang. Who I? Heav'n's forbid --

(Removes her chair farther off, Lad. Dorimen following.)

La. Dor. The Men, I say, of this age, for the most part, are bold and undertaking, in the *tête à tête*, as they call it, & when the Chambermaid's sent away, and a bed in the room, they think they may venture on any thing. *Angelica continues to get farther off,*

Lady Dorimen gets closer & closer.

Ang. Excuse me, Madam, you shall find me none of those impudent intruders, of whom you complain. I must needs condemn the forwardness of those men, who are still encroaching upon the modesty of the Ladies: and would not for the world offend against the respect that is due to you.

La. Dor. I only say 'tis the way of most Men. But I am convinc'd you are none of those.

Ang. Heavens forbid, Madam, that I should be any thing that were displeasing to your Ladyship.

La. Dor. aside. Provoking ignorance! What shall I do to be understood? I have thought of a way --

(Falls back in her chair, as going into a swoon.)

Oh I feel a sudden swimming in my eyes, & trembling in my limbs, it comes all over, Help, help, help, Oh, oh.

Ang. I'll run and call for help.

(Lady Dorimen takes fast hold of her.)

La. Dor. Call no body, you may do it your self; Oh, oh! you may do it your self.

Ang. (aside.) What the Devil does she mean --

La. Dor. Oh, oh.

Ang. Let me go, Madam, and call your Maid, for some cold water to sprinkle in your face.

La. Dor. No, do you sprinkle me, do you sprinkle me.

Ang. So I would with all my heart, but I have nothing to do it withal -- (*calls*) *Mrs. Placket*, *Mrs. Placket*, help, your Lady's in a fit.

Lady DORIMEN rises in a passion, letting go her hold,
enter PLACKET.

La. Dor. Ungrateful Man! Such insolence is unpardonable; flesh and blood can never forgive it.

Plack. Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

Ang. I have been doing nothing to my Lady, she has been in a fit.

Plack. Poor Lady; how out of breath, she is -- I say, what have you committed?

Ang. I say, I have omitted -- and that's it.

BELLAMOUR'S voice within.

Bell. (within.) Where is *Lucinda*? I will see her -- I will not be deny'd --

Ang. As I live, *Bellamour's* voice -- O save me, if he finds me here, I am sacrific'd -- Pity Madam, my youth, and forgive my ignorance -- all shall be mended.

La. Dor. I pity you indeed. Run *Placket*, and stop *Mr. Bellamour* -- carry him up the back-way to my Niece, & let her be sure to see him, that the passage be clear --

Ang. Preserve me to-night from the fury of this incen'd Man: To-morrow we may repair the time that has been lost.

La. Dor. Which we might not have lost neither -- but we have been both to blame.

Ang. To-morrow all shall be mended.

La. Dor. Shall it indeed?

Ang. Upon condition, that this *Bellamour* comes here no more; I thought you had forbid him your house.

Lad.

Lad. Dor. All Men you see don't mind us when we forbid. I promise you after this night he shall never more be admitted; my Neice shall sooner couple with a Vulture or a Bear. This interruption is new guilt.

Ang. That is all I ask.

La. Dor. Remember, then to-morrow.

Ang. By this kiss. (*Kisses her hand.*) (*Exit Angelica.*)

Re-enter PLACKET.

Lad. Dor. *Placket*, are the other Gentlemen here?

Plack. They were here, Madam: And I thought I had lockt 'em up safe, but when I went to look jult now, I found the lock of the closet-door broke, and they were gone.

La. Dor. Curst disappointments.

Plack. The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to bed.

La. Dor. Tell him I must have Prayers presently, & bring him into my closet; and d'ye hear, lay the books on the table.

Plack. That is, the cups and the bottle of Orange flow'r-brandy. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter LUCINDA and BELLAMOUR.

Lucind. Now the angry fit is over, you are come to beg pardon; this is the trick of you Men: You quarrel on purpose to try, whether our fondness is great enough, to excuse the insolencies of your passion, and then think to lord it as you please.

Bell. You mistake, Madam; I come not to beg pardon, but to take my leave: Yes, ungrateful Woman, but one last look, & then we part, never to behold each other more; let cringing fools and base born slaves, continue their officiousness to those who neglect 'em: A brave Man scorns it.

Lucin. You have free liberty to depart, & will leave no aking hearts behind you.

Bell. 'Tis false, I know my resolution vexes you, how'ere you'd strive to conceal it. There is never a dissembling

dissembling ill-natur'd Woman of you all, but is vext at the loss of a Lover, tho' 'tis one she hates; all are necessary for your vanity, & your pride, though but some are pickt for your pleasures. But by Heaven, I scorn the office, nor will be ty'd like a Slave to the Chariot, while others ride in it in triumph.

Luc. Speak softly.

Bell. Would I could speak louder yet, that Heaven & Earth might witness to your perjury. Yes, *Lucinda*, when I am again your fool, may all the Town laugh at me, as well as you: May I be hooted & pointed at for a Monster, and which would be the greatest, greatest plague, may you marry me, and bring forth a Bastard the next day.

Lucin. In return to your obliging oath, hear mine. If ever I pardon your ill-manner'd outrageous carriage to-day, may I be the most wretched, & most infamous of women; may all the villanous flanders of thy tongue be believ'd of me; & for my eternal perdition, may my ill Fate condemn me to such a brute as thee for my Husband.

Bell. Agreed: And therefore that I may preserve nothing which might give me the least faint remembrance of you -- here, take back your Picture -- this representation in little of so faithless an original --

(Gazes on the Picture, e're he delivers it.)

How beautiful it looks! Ah! *Lucinda*, *Lucinda*, were but thy soul celestial as its frame -- but that is false, a course deceitful dawbing, no real, but a painted joy, like this.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Then here is another encouragement -- the only one indeed, that I have under your hand -- here 'tis --

Reads. *You swear you love me, Ah Bellamour! If I have not as yet an equal passion for you, believe me, I am pleas'd with yours.*

These were deceits that merit this *(Tears the paper.)*

Lucin.

Lucin. (*aside*) I am glad to see it torn; 'twas the only proof he had to show against me, that I had ever any inclination to receive his love.

Bell. And now no more but this; O *Lucinda*! False, ungrateful *Lucinda*, farewell for ever!

(*Is going, then returns.*)

Lucin. A very fair riddance -- why do you come back?

Bell. But one word more *Lucinda*! Ah *Lucinda*! Call but to mind your former vows, then see if your heart can hold up to its point, and still be fixt, tho' knowing how 't has wrong'd me.

Lucin. What froward fools are Men? Still they perplex us with ungrounded jealousies, and affront us with vile aspersions; yet know us at the same time, to be their Judges, & that by our sentence 'tis, they live or die. No, *Bellamour*, after your rude behaviour to-day, never must you more expect the least appearance of kindness from me; there is no trusting for a Husband, a man who makes so unruly a Lover.

Bell. You wrong me, Madam, by all that's good, you do.

Lucin. No more, Mr. *Bellamour*, I'll hear no more upon this subject. Return to your first allegiance, you have wrong'd an innocent Lady; think not that I'll be any longer accessory to your perjury.

Sir JOHN AERY, and VAUNTER within.

Aery. (*within*) Demme', Madam, where are you?

Vaunter. (*within*) Here are lights, & a door open.

They Enter.

Sir J. Aery. Beged Madam, 'tis very unconscionable to send for Gentlemen, & then make 'em wait three hours in the dark.

Lucin. Insolent Fellow, who sent for you! And how got you in?

Sir J. Aery. Insolent Fellow? Demm'e, methinks she begins to be very familiar already.

Bell,

Bell. You sent for them, they tell you; and I beg pardon for having so long detain'd you from the company you expected. Vile Woman, my resentment is now turn'd to pity, and I blush at this infamous confirmation of your wickedness.

Lucin. I rather believe 'em companions of your own, brought hither on purpose to put some new affront upon me.

Sir J. Aery. No, Demm'e Madam, if any thing should have brought us but your own commands.

Vaun. Nothing beged Madam, but your commands, and our own inclinations.

Lucin. My commands! Impudent Rascal -- Mr. *Bellamour*, this is a part below the character of a Man of honour; neither am I so destitute of Friends, but you may be call'd to a severe account for it.

Bell. I doubt not but you have Bullys at command as well as Fools; cunning Devil! This disguise is too affected: Thus Women always turn accusers, when they want an excuse.

Sir J. Aery. Hark *Vaunter*, *Gedemme*, we should not have ow'nd before *Bellamour*, that we were sent for.

Vaun. True beged -- but I'll set all right. The truth is, Madam, *Bellamour* did bid us meet him here.

Bell. I bid you come --

Sir J. Aery. Ay, Geddem me!

Vaun. Yes, Beged.

Bell. Rascals, your tongues shall be cut out for so damn'd a lye.

Sir J. Aery. O law, o law; no, you did not bid us.

Vaun. No, no, you did not bid us.

Bell. Who sent for you?

Sir J. Aery. O law, no body, no body, sent for us.

Vaun. We came -- beged we don't know how.

Bell. Speak the truth, as you value your lives.

Lucin. Speak the truth, or it shall be rack't out of you.

Sir J. Aery. What would you have a man say? If we speak the truth, we offend the Lady; if we lye, Gedem.

Gedem m'e you'll mince us, & what the Devill shall one do?

Bell. If he speaks the truth, he tells you 'twill offend you; Devils! Devils! What are women? You can tell best, they are so like you.

Vaun. O *Aery.*, this is the dam'ft Bawdy-house that e'er I came in, in my life.

Lucin. Who's within there -- call up the Servants -- I will make examples of these Fellows, or know the truth.

Bell. Give not your self unnecessary trouble; when I am gone, all will be well: their confession will but add to your guilt. Confounded Woman! (*aside.*) O *Angelica*, my broken vows to thee are well reveng'd. Farewel false *Lucinda*, I am asham'd of my past weakness, for one so wicked.

Lucin. (*holds him.*) Stay *Bellamour*, you shall not go till I am justify'd of this inhuman imputation, that you would fix upon me --

Bell. Nay, Madam, you must not hold me -- I leave you to your fools, & will be one no more.
(*breaks from her and Exit.*)

Vaun. Is he gone? Madam are you sure he's gone?
(*Lucinda walks about in a passion.*)

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis well for him he is -- Demm'e, had he stayd a minute longer, I'd have minc'd him.

Vaun. Dear Madam, why this passion now? 'tis true, 'twould have vext any one to lose so much time thro' a Fellows impertinence: but beged you may be as free now as you please, here's no body here, but dear *Jack Aery*, and he and I are all one.

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis true, Madam, here's no body here but dear *Vaunter*, and he and I are one soul in two bodies.

Lucin. Apes and Monkeys.

Vaun. Be pleas'd Madam, to dispatch us, for I have promis'd to play at ramp to-night, with some Ladies,
and

and I would not beged disappoint the Ladies for the world.

Lucin. Whose within there -- whose within?

Enter PLACKET and Servants.

Plack. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Lucin. How got these Fellows into the house?

Plack. Lord, Madam, how should I know. (*aside.*) as I live, the straves that I had pounded in my Ladies closet.

Lucin. Let the doors be better lookt to another time; and let the Footmen tye these Fools neck and heels, till they discover upon what errant they came hither.

Vaun. O law, o law, rather let your Footmen show us the way down stairs, and if you ever ketch me in your house again, may I be damn'd.

Sir J. Aery. Ay, if ever you ketch me in your house again, Ged demm'e.

Lucin. I say, let them be ty'd neck and heels -- carry 'em away. *The servants lay hold of 'em.*

Sir J. Aery. O dear *Vaunter*! What will become of us.

Vaun. What curst unmerciful croccadels are these women. *(Exeunt carryed out.)*

Lucin. Take the candles, & light to my dressing-room. I have this comfort under *Bellamour's* jealousy of these Fools whom I hate, that *Philabell* whom I love, will be less suspected.

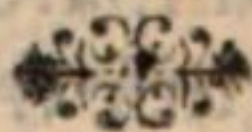
For tho' the slighted Rivals be reveal'd,

The Man we love, should be with care conceal'd.

Un-nam'd, unknown, he lies securely blest,

Safe in our arms, and peaceably possesst.

(Exeunt.)



ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street before Lady DORIMEN's door.

Enter ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA, and COURTAL
Brother to CONSTANTIA:

ANGELICA reading a Challenge.

Ang. *After what past between us yesterday, you
Reading. need not be surpriz'd to know that I am
resolv'd to cut your throat, in order to which, I require
you to appoint your place and time --*

(Speaks.) Very reasonable truly.

(Reads.) I am impatient to try if you can be as brisk
in the field before an Enemy, as in a duel before the
Ladies, Bellamour.

(Speaks.) A very comfortable salutation.

Conf. And how you will bring your self off, I can't
imagine; for my own part, as a Poet in a Play,
when he has puzzled himself with a Plot, has recourse
to supernatural aids, and fetches down Mercury or
Jupiter from Heaven, to set him right, so have I been
forc't to conjure up my Brother here, who by the help
of the resemblance that is betwixt us, I hope may be
able to satisfy my Mistresses, and protect me from
the fury of their Relations.

Court. By the description Sister, you will stand more
in need of a real Jupiter to satisfy four such dreadful
termagants; one Man, nor one dozen of Men will
scarce be sufficient.

Conf. Observe my instructions, and fear nothing.

Court. A pretty occupation indeed, to take up the
Women you run down, and fight the Men you pro-
voke.

E

Conf.

Conf. And does not the one make amends for the other?

Court. That's according as I like your Ladies; he that is backward to fight for a Woman, is a most unnatural coward: Hunger and Love make every body valiant.

Ang. Now each to their several project - - Yes, *Bellamour*, I will meet thee -- hark my Lady *Dorimen's* door opens, let us go that no accident may hinder us.

O Love, be thou my second, fight for me,
 Who have endur'd so many wounds for thee:
 When with his weapon, pointed at my heart,
 The Traitor stands, let loose thy flying dart,
 Reduce the Rebel, and avenge my smart.
 Whom Love befriends, is certain of success,
 Love made a Woman's fool of Hercules.

As they go off, enter L. DORIMEN & PLACKET.

Lad. Dor. Alas he's so very young.

Plack. Is that a fault, Madam?

Lad. Dor. Youth is necessary, but it has its inconveniences too; young men make great over-sights.

Plack. What have been those over-sights, that put your Ladyship so out of humour.

Lad. Dor. The remembrance is insupportable.

Plack. Be pleas'd, Madam to inform me, and I'll take care to instruct him better the next time, & give him a short lesson or two in the closet, before I bring him in to your Ladyship.

Lad. Dor. Peace, I'll explain this matter another time.

Enter LUCINDA.

Neice, I have been waiting for you this hour.

Lucin. I but just heard the coach was ready, Madam. *(to Plack.)* Be sure you look strictly to my prisoners.

La. Dor. Call the Footmen and bid the coach come up to the door. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter

Enter FREDERICK *holding* CONSTANTIA *by one arm,*
and COURTAL *with the other.*

Fred. By your leave Gentlemen, I must expostulate this matter a little farther. One of you has injur'd me, but the Devil take me if I can tell which 'tis.

Conf. If you don't know your own enemies, I don't know how we should.

Fred. to Conf. Pray, Sir, is not your name Courtall?

Conf. No, Sir.

Fred. to Court. Did you never make love to my Sisters.

Court. Not I, Sir, I vow to Gad; but if you have a Sister Sir, that has any urgent occasions --

Conf. You need not press us, we are Gentlemen --

Court. And will be volunteers in a Ladies service.

Fred. Damme, this trick won't pass -- what are you? Men or Devils?

Conf. Not Men, Sir, I assure you --

Fred. Then I will so conjure your Devilships.

(Fred. draws, Courtall and Constantia draw.)

Conf. Whatever we are, we are two to one Sir.

Fred. One after another Gentlemen is fair.

Conf. Your pardon, Sir, if you attack us, we must defend our selves.

Enter BELLAMOUR.

Fred. (seeing Bell.) Say you so, then here comes a Friend to set that matter right; you shall be matcht I promise you; one of you must be the Man I look for, but since neither will confess, let both suffer.

(Goes up to Bellamour, salute and whisper.)

Court. to Conf. Sister, make your escape and leave me to the brunt; avoid the peril, or resolve to discover your self.

Conf. What, leave my Friend in danger? Fie, I'll bring off all yet.

Bell. to Fred. I confess, Sir, I came hither on an errand of my own, of the same kind; however, be

pleas'd to dispatch, I know not how to refuse the office you desire. *(aside.*

Damn'd customs of Honour, that expose us to the quarrels of every body, as if our own were too few. *(they advance.*

Fred. Well, Gentlemen, now we shall try your mettle upon the square.

Conf. Ha, ha, ha, why *Frederick* -- ha, ha, ha, what! Draw upon a Woman -- upon your Mistress too -- for shame -- you a Man, ha, ha.

Fred. Hey-day! Upon a Woman! Upon my Mistress! What the Devil is all this!

Conf. Love they say is blind, have Lovers too no eyes? Is it possible, that you cannot discover *Constantia* thro' any disguise?

Fred. *Constantia*!

Conf. Yes, dull Lover; where is now the sympathy & the instinct, by which you Men are always so ready to find us out? one of us is *Constantia*.

Bell. to *Fred.* Have you any farther service to command me --

Fred. Mr. *Bellamour*, I am asham'd of the trouble I have given you --

Bell. There needs no apology -- *(Exit Bellamour.*

Fred. I have heard indeed of so wonderful a resemblance between *Constantia* & a twin-Brother, that by exchanging of habits, they have often impos'd upon their very Parents.

Conf. Lay aside your choler, and we will both go home with you: Unriddle us, & take us among you.

Fred. With all my heart, and if I don't find a sense for that, may all my senses forsake me.

Conf. Come along then *Oedipus*.

Riddle me riddle-me-re, who finds my riddle shall have me. *(Exeunt.*

(Aery and Vaunter ty'd down in two chairs.

Sir J. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miserable life is a Whoremasters?

Vaunter

Vaun. O Repentance! why art thou never to be found but at the gallows?

Sir J. Aery. Past experience, might have reclaim'd us from the folly of running after adventures; but human-nature is frail, and never takes warning.

Vaun. How often alas! have I lain sweating in a chest, for fear of a jealous Husband, that came home before he was expected: Or stood shrinking behind the hanging which he pass'd with his naked sword, and sometimes run me through a leg or an arm, without daring to cry out.

Sir J. Aery. How often have I leapt out at window, with the bullets of a blunderbush whizing round my ears.

Vaun. How often have I been beaten with my own ladder of ropes.

Sir J. Aery. O the knocks and bruises that I have endur'd.

Vaun. O the claps and the poxes that are not cur'd to this day.

Sir J. Aery. And now to be tyed neck and heels in order to be rob'd and stript.

Vaun. To have our throats cut, and to be bury'd in a house of office.

Sir J. Aery. Or at best to enter into bonds for as much as we are worth.

Vaun. O *Aery*, and when our estates are gone, what will be left us?

Sir J. Aery. Not a Man will keep us company, for fear we should borrow money of him.

Vaun. Not a Woman will suffer us, for they think all filthy fellows that have not estates.

Sir J. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miserable life is a Whore-masters.

Enter PLACKET.

Plack. Well, Gentlemen, how do you do? have you pray'd.

Sir J. Aery. Yes, yes, we have pray'd -- (*aside.*
That the Devil would take you and all that you be-
long to.

Plac. And repented!

Vaun. And repented, heartily repented -- (*aside.*
that ever we came within these cursed walls.

Plac. And you will never more brag of favours that
you never receiv'd? Nor swear when the Lady makes
her Footmen cudgel you, that her Husband caught
you a-bed with her, & that you were beaten by his
order, and not hers, and that she sent you a present
the next morning to make you amends.

Sir J. Aery. O never, never.

Plac. Nor write love-letters to your selves, with
this Countess, and that Dutchess's name, & drop 'em
in Chocolate-houses.

Vaun. Never, never.

Plac. Nor when the draggletail Mask, sends for
you out from *Chauvisses*, swear that 'tis a great Lady
that shall be nameless, that has stolen from her Lord,
to spend the only half hour of her liberty with you,
when all her business is to borrow a shilling to pay for
her coach, or to get a glass of *Rosa-solis*, to drive out
the wind that blows a storm in her guts, for want of
having found a Fool to give her a dinner.

Sir Aery. Never, as I hope to be sav'd, Ged demme.

Vaun. O, dear *Aery* don't swear in this time of tri-
bulation, think of your Soul, dear *Aery*, for God
knows, we mayn't have long to live in this wicked
world.

Plac. Nor hire black -- guard, & link -- boyes to
be dress'd like Pages, to deliver you notes in publick
places.

Sir Aery. Never, never, Gadzoony -- *Vaunter*,
I hope that was no swearing.

Plac. Nor give money to the box-keepers at the
Play-house, to come in almost in every Act, to whisper
you that such a Lady, & such a Lady, in such a Box,
and

and such a Box, desire you impatiently to come to them, when no body cares for your company.

Sir Aery. Never indeed, never.

Plac. Lastly. Nor ever refuse your money to honest folks, that know how to make better use of it.

Both. Never, never, Deliver us & take all we have.

Plac. Then each of you, give me a Bond for a thousand pound, and be at liberty.

Both. We will, we will. *(She unties them.)*

Plac. There remains yet another article: which of you two is the Knight?

Sir Aery. I am a Knight, Ged-demme, a Knight Baronet; & my name's *Sr. Jenn -- Vaunter*, we may swear again, now we are out of danger.

Vaun. Yes, beged. The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk, would be.

Sir Aery. The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk, was he, Ged demme!

Plac. Your Father was a Pimp, and was knighted for his services. I know your pedigree, why then -- *Sr. Jenn --* to be short, my Fortune has been told me, that I should be a Lady -- You must marry me.

Sir Aery. Tie me neck & heels again, tie me neck & heels. Gad zoons what marry a Chamber-maid.

Plac. A Chamber-maid, saucy Fellow: I have known a Lord marry a Sempstress.

Vaun. O, *Aery*, dear *Aery*, this comes of swearing so soon. A heavy judgment for thy sins, well, I will never swear nor be wicked, but when I am sure I'm so safe, that no harm can come on't.

Plac. Well, Sir Knight, you may be worse offer'd. And I don't know but the punishment might be more to my self than you. Wherefore, on condition that you add another thousand pound to your Bond, you shall go free.

Sir Aery. With all my heart, dear Soul; Ged demme and a very good bargain.

THE SHE-GALLANTS.

Plac. Come in then, and sign and seal; but if ever you say one word of these bonds, most certainly your throats shall be cut.

Both. Not one word, Ged demme, beged.

Plac. You are likewise to declare before company, that you came hither by mistake. That you took this house for another, & that no body here sent for you.

Vaun. But, tell us truly; were not we sent for? Did not you meet us at the door? Lead us up stairs? Lock us into a closet? & divert your self you know how, most unconcionably with us for near two hours --

Plac. Impudent fellow, did I ever see your faces before - - I'll call the Footmen, you shall be ty'd neck and heels again you shall.

Sir Aery. Why then 'twas the oddest dream that ever I had in my life; and I believe we came hither in our sleep.

Plac. Why so you did. I never knew such a couple of lying fellows.

Sir Aery. aside.) Nor I such an impudent bawd, Ged demme, but I dare not tell her so.

Vaun. 'Twas all a dream, that's certain: & so we'll swear any thing that's put in our mouths.

Plac. Come in then, & perform covenants; 'tis a charitable office I am doing: Fools must be bitten to be made wise.

Sir Aery to Vaun. Would we were well off this business, and I'll swear I have lain with all the Family round, Ged demme.

Vaun. And so will I beged. (*Exeunt with Placket.*)

Enter ANGELICA in Women's apparel, and mask't, at one door, and BELLAMOUR at the other.

Ang. Sir, I must entreat you to take some other walk. This place I have chosen for an adventure of my own.

Bell.

Bell. Had you not prevented me, Madam, I must have made you the same request. This very place, is to determine of my good or bad fortune for ever.

Ang. I wish I cou'd oblige you. But the repose or disquiet of my whole life is absolutely concern'd.

Bell. My honour is engag'd.

Ang. And so is mine.

Bell. Your pleasure it may be. A vizard and talk of honour; Why is that sign set out, but to invite Passengers in? A Mask to a Woman, is like a house with a bush, the ensign of publick reception.

Ang. To be short, Sir, I expect to be obey'd, & have a rendezvous here, that admits of no Spectators.

Bell. To be short, Madam, I am to fight a duel on this very spot: If you are not afraid to see swords drawn, and throats cut, you may stay -- I shall begin to make ready. *(Unbuttons.)*

Ang. Sure, Sir, you don't use to strip before Ladies.

Bell. Yes, stark naked, if I thought 'twould frighten you.

Ang. Why do, strip, I have seen many a curiosity, but never saw a naked man in my life.

Bell. aside, observing her. She makes me almost forget, that I was angry. There is somewhat in that shape, and those motions, that raise other desires, than those I came hither to satisfy -- An air, that methinks I have seen before. --

Ang. You are considering I see, I hope 'tis to comply and be reasonable.

Bell. I perceive, Madam, you are resolv'd to be obey'd, and it is but just indeed, that the men give way to the Ladies: but then in recompence for the sacrifice I make you of my honour, you must please to unmask, & let me know for whose sake I do myself this violence.

Ang. I vow Mr. Bellamour, my misfortune is very great, since you ask nothing but what I am under an obligation not to grant.

Bell.

Bell. It seems you know me too ; this heightens my curiosity , and I am now confirm'd , not to leave the place upon any other condition .

Ang. If I thought I could revenge my sexes quarrel to you , by the fight , for an injury you have done a Friend of mine , I would then show you my face . Methinks you should walk the streets in Armour : I wonder you are not afraid to be torn to peices after so known a treachery to *Angelica* .

Bell. That treachery has been sufficiently reveng'd already , by another treachery - -

Ang. May Traytors never meet but with Traytors : Whoever betrays , may they be always betray'd .

Bell. If you think the vengeance not yet perfect , compleat it by showing me your face : It is certain your eyes cannot be employ'd in vain : You have too many charms to be hid by a mask ; and those that do discover themselves , in spite of the care you take to conceal 'em , have in a moment begun what you wish . Behold - - I am ready for execution , unmask and give the blow .

Ang. Why then prepare for your doom . And may you be a true Prophet , I beseech Heaven .
Are you prepar'd !

Bell. Yes , Madam , and prepar'd to see somewhat that's very surprizing .

Ang. Surprizing indeed . (Unmasks.) You start .

Bell. *Angelica* !

Ang. Yes , perjur'd *Bellamour* , it is *Angelica* , the credulous *Angelica* ; whom you so basely , and so ungratefully have betray'd : And who in a disguise , unworthy her quality , or the modesty of her Sex , has been a witness to all your perjuries . 'Tis that *Angelica* whose heart ye came hither to pierce . Behold that heart , and with a resolution worthy the rest of your treacheries , pierce , perfidious Man , pierce it boldly : see 'tis unguarded for the blow . Alas ! but a little longer , and it had broke with the weight of the injuries

juries that oppress it. Why stand you mute? Where is your courage fled? Why is not your sword employ'd, that you have held twice to my breast, with a rage so generous? Behold, here is the enemy you expected.

Bell. O, raise not my confusion with reproaches, so tender and so just. Alas! if you could look into my breast, you would find your self, if it be possible, enough reveng'd by the shame & remorse that overwhelms me.

Kneeling.

Thus prostrate, the vilest criminals have leave, in token of repentance, to approach the Heaven they have offended; if I may yet expect any thing from a bounty so abus'd. Oh! forgive your kneeling Penitent: For 'tis resolv'd, and irrevocably fixt in this perjurd heart, either you must forgive, or with this sword that was brought hither to be employ'd against you, I will wash away my guilt, and pardon'd be, or pity'd!

(She turns from him)

Ah! turn not so disdainfully away; *Angelica, Angelica*, thus will I haunt you ever: thus following on my knees for mercy: What has my folly lost! I have consum'd a vast estate, and sums immense, in search of toys unprofitable, and airy treasures: I have forfeited a promis'd Heaven, to reach at fruit, scarce worth the plucking. You weep -- Are they for me, those tears? Then weep again, give pity a full entrance: Where there is pity, sure there will be mercy.

Ang. Rise, *Bellamour*. As I have reason, so have I now opportunity of being cruel. But one who has already been guilty of so many weaknesses on your account, may be easily perswaded to another. Yes, *Bellamour*, I will forgive, but must be cautious ever how I trust you any more: we should take care how we confide a second time, having been once betray'd!

Bell. Then let me kneel again, and swear --

Ang.

Ang. No more -- I forgive all faults that are past --
But if there are any more to come -- *Alas!* I should
forgive them too.

Bell. False are the tales so often told of Womens
perjuries: the spight and malice of detracting Men;
base, base aspersions all & false; or were they true,
such goodness might atone for all.

*Enter Lady DORIMEN, LUCINDA, Sir TOBY,
PHILABEL and PLACKET.*

Sir Toby. So close! What billing in open street at
noon-day? Adzooks, there's an impudent Whore-
master.

Phil. What proofs would you have more of his in-
constancy?

Lucin. They were much to blame, *Mr. Bellamour*,
who gave me notice of your infidelities -- What at
the feet of a new Mistress?

Bell. My Mistress and my guardian Angel, when
you know who she is, I doubt not but we shall all
be Friends.

Lad. Dor. Indeed you have made a good choice;
she's very handsome. But sure I have seen something
very resembling that face before.

Plac. As I live, Madam, your little spark in petti-
coats.

Lad. Dor. It cannot be.

Phi. What strange metamorphosis?

Sir Toby. My little Son of Love become a Daughter.

Ang. A Daughter indeed; and now the mystery's
all out, I am my self that injur'd *Angelica*, of whom
I told you. I had no other way to do my self right,
but by this manner of proceeding. Wherefore, Sir,
I hope you will excuse me, and not deny me your
blessing.

Sir Toby. Adzooks no more I won't; thou hast it
Child. Why this was such a *becus pocus*, to make thy
old

old Daddy at his years, & experience, not to know a Man from a Woman. To pose him in his Rudiments, in the *masculin* and *feminin* gender. Adzooks I'll double and treble thy portion for thy wit.

Lad. Dor. For my part, Madam, I ever found an invincible inclination to love you. Pray give me leave to embrace you.

Lucin. Now your breeches are off, I may desire a share in your friendship, I hope, without making any one jealous.

Bell. That reproach is a remembrance to me, that I am to beg pardon of all this company, whom I desire to forget what has past, and to look on me, no longer as an enemy.

Phil. I suppose now we are all satisfy'd. Mr. *Bellamour*, is as much to be valu'd as a Friend, as to be fear'd as an Enemy.

Lucin. Before I sign to this general reconciliation, I must have a publick clearing of some passages last night. *Placket*, go fetch your prisoners.

Bell. It needs not, Madam; my passion made me too credulous. Those fools I know, go every where uninvited, and their forwardness never waits for encouragement. (*Placket brings in Aery and Vaunter.*

Piac. to them.) Remember your lesson, as you hope to save your ears and your noses.

Sir F. Aery. I'll warrant you; if we have not memory, we have nothing.

Lucin. Well Gentlemen, have you call'd to mind what brought you hither last night.

Sir F. Aery. Yes, Madam, and we beg ten thousand pardons for our mistake. But having receiv'd intelligence, Geddemm'e, from a very beautiful Lady that lives next door --

Phil. Next door, Sir, I have a relation lives there, a very virtuous Lady, have a care what you say.

Sir J. Aery. O Law! What shall I say now; I don't mean Sir, Geddemm'e, the next door, where your virtuous kinswoman lives, but t'other next door, where you have no relations; there are two next doors.

Vaun. Well brought off dear *Aery*, beged; thou'rt an Angel Geddemme!

Lucin. A Chandler's shop; there is not a Woman in the house under fourscore.

Sir J. Aery. No matter for that, you shan't think to pump me so. But as I was saying, upon a small item of the Ladies affection, my dear *Vaunter* and I intended a civil visit; but the nearness of the houses, & the dusk of the evening, occasioned the unhappy mistake, that has made us fall under your Ladyships displeasure. And this now is the truth, Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd.

Vaun. Ay, beged, this is the Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Lucin. This is all we had a mind to know; Gentlemen, you are pris'ners no longer.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis sufficient we are all clear'd.

Bell. There needed not this strict examination, my own Reason had convinc'd me before.

Sir J. Aery, to Lucinda. I hope Madam this unfortunate accident has occasion'd no breach between your Ladyship and *Bellamour*: Geddemm'e *Bellamour*, thou hast no reason, for as I hope to be sav'd, there has nothing past between us, but a few smiles or so -- Geddemme if I ever meant to make any thing on't.

Bell. I believe you, Sir.

Phil. to Lucin. You have acquitted these prisoners, Madam, when is my sentence to come, & how long must I languish for your mercy?

Sir Toby. Silence gives consent; and that pretty fly gloat with the eyes; Oons, if Women had no eyes, we should never know when to believe 'em.

Lucin.

Lucin. It were no matter if all mankind were blind, they are such malicious observers; your wicked consequences scarce allow poor Women the use of their eyes, & we hardly dare open them for fear of some forc't ill-natur'd interpretation.

Sir Toby. Your pardon, Madam; I meant not to offend.

Vaun. All this looks exceedingly like coupling, beged; what are you all going to play the fool and marry?

Phil. If the Ladies please, Sir, 'tis a venture, we are all willing to run.

Ang. Call it not a venture; our inclinations have been so try'd and prov'd, that there seems to be no hazard.

Sir Toby. I hope so too adzooks; but 'tis still a venture, for 'tis well known that Women are strange changeable things.

Ang. That which is often thought change in us, is for the most part provocation, to be reveng'd. Men are generally the aggressors, and Women must have a great stock of patience & virtue, to resist the provocations that are daily giv'n 'em by their Husbands.

Lucin. If you examine strictly into the miscarriages of most Wives, you will find 'em grounded upon the neglect of their Husbands, and the ill usage they receive, more than their own inclinations to evil.

Lad. Dor. Resentment has made more Cuckolds than Inconstancy: Women are naturally fond and faithful; but they are revengeful, and of all provocations, neglect is the greatest.

Ang. It is not therefore to us, but to themselves, that they owe their misfortunes. When we are injur'd, we are no longer our selves; Disdain and resentment oppress our virtue, & in that moment, a slight temptation shall prevail with those who had before resisted the strongest.

Lad. Dor. Not but there are many whom nothing can entice or provoke from their duty.

Phil. The most preposterous abuse in marriage is, when upon agreement of Friends, two that know nothing of one anothers minds, are to lye together at first sight: this, as to the world, is coming together honourably: A Woman that is sold for all her life long, is a Wife; & she that is sold but for a quarter of an hour, is a Whore.

Bell. The misfortunes in marriage have other causes besides; proceeding not only from the avarice of Parents, who force their Children for interest or some private consideration, to marry, tho' never so averse themselves: But from our own ambition, preferring an allyance or a portion without examining the person; or from a rash fancy taken at first sight, and persu'd without consulting our judgment.

Phil. But when love is kept within the bounds of prudence and discretion, arising from esteem, repaid with tenderness, maintain'd by innocence & fidelity; 'tis then a divine extasie; the fountain and author of peace, tranquillity and unutterable joy.

Sir Toby. But why adzooks is not this divine extasie to be found without marrying.

Ang. No, for what offends the conscience, destroys the tranquillity; & nothing that must be repented of, can be call'd happy or wise.

Bell. They who are rich by indirect means, or great by evil practices, or enjoy forbidden loves, are all miserable at the bottom.

Phil. Innocence is the foundation of true joy, and without it all possessions are imperfect.

Ang. Marriage is therefore necessary to perfect the felicities of love; and I appeal to their consciences, Men and Women, who follow unlawful pleasures, if they have not at some times, uneasie moments: And whoever have any thing, at any time, to reproach their consciences withal, cannot be said to be happy.

Vann.

Vaun. And is this all your opinions?

(*All.*) All, All.

Vaun. Why then, begged, I'll get me a Wife as soon as I can.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme a mighty pretty Woman, and a great fortune, not an hour ago, would have forc'd me to marry her, and begged I refus'd!

Plack. to Aery. That mighty pretty Woman and great fortune, is still at your service.

Sir J. Aery to Plack. Peace, peace, don't disgrace me, and thou sha't have more money. As I was saying, the handsom'st Woman in *England*, is in love with me; and I'll give my consent before I sleep.

Enter COURTAL *fighting & retreating before* FREDERICK, CONSTANTIA, *her perruque off, and her hair about her ears, pull'd in by* DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA, MIRANDA.

Fred. Fool'd, cheated, abus'd --

All the Sisters. Pull her to pieces -- to pieces, with this Succubus -- this she-Devil.

Conf. Help, help -- I shall be devour'd by these Harpies; turn *Frederick*, *Constantia* kneels now to you. Oh spare the brother of *Constantia*, Oh succour the distressed *Constantia*. (*The Company all interpose.*)

Sir Toby. Adzooks what strange hurly burly have we now?

Phil. More wonders! More transformation of sexes!

Bell. Why *Frederick*, what new mistake is this? I thought I had left this matter in a way to be reconcil'd.

Fred. Faith so I thought too; but new mistakes have happen'd.

Court. Since thro' your impatience & your Sisters, so thorow a discovery has been made: 'twere folly

to pursue this jest any farther. *Constantia*, 'tis time to surrender; take possession *Frederick*, and use your discretion.

Sisters. We'll not part with her so; if you will have her, you shall have her piecemeal -- Vile Impostor, to put the Man upon us so.

Sir Toby. Not to put the Man upon you, adzooks, there was the Devil.

Aug. These were very innocent Ladies, not to know a Man from a Woman.

Dia. I doubt not Madam, but you have been better instructed a long time.

Fred. Sisters, pray an exchange of pris'ners. What say you *Courtal*, are you willing to redeem your Sister, by putting your self in her place?

Court. I think as a good Christian, I ought to make the Ladies reparation for so many provoking disappointments.

Fred. What says *Constantia*, is she willing?

Cons. Necessity has no law; I am for surrendring to the power that can protect me.

Fred. In my hands you shall never want protection. *Frederick takes Constantia's hand, his Sisters thrust her to him*.

Mel. There take her, she's more for your purpose than ours. (*Constantia thrusts her brother at them*).

Cons. And there take him, who is more for your purpose than I.

Fred. O *Constantia*! I will so sweetly revenge my self.

Bell. Mr. *Vaunter*, Sir *John*, there are Wives for you, make your addresses.

Vaun. Very pretty Ladies beged.

(*They address to the Sisters*).

Sir J. Aery. Demm'e, very pretty Ladies, your humble Servant.

End.

Lad. Dor. So wonderful a resemblance I never saw. Well for my part, after so many mistakes, never more will I believe any Man the more a Man by his outside: as the beard makes not the Philosopher, so the breeches make not the Man, that's certain.

*Cowards in scarlet, pass for Men of War,
And the grave Fool, do's often wise appear:
Trust not appearances; not two in ten
Deserve the generous name of Women's Men.*

Ang. As your Ladyship's disappointments are a lesson to the Ladies, not to trust too much to appearances, so may my victory serve to inform mankind, that whosoever has once entertain'd a real passion, can never so entirely dispossess himself, but the Woman, if she pleases may reclaim him. There is always left a foundation to work upon; & a weakness which he himself does not suspect, till he is brought to the tryal.

*Captives in love try to get loose in vain:
The feet but slowly move, that drag a chain.
Whom irons clog, we may o'er-take with ease,
None can be free, unless the Victors please.*

F I N I S.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

I Who have bin the Poets spark to-day,
Will now appear the Champion of this play.
Know all, that would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally dislike a damning face.
Pleas'd or displeas'd; no matter now, 'tis past:
The first that dares be angry, breathes his last.
Who shall presume to doubt my will and pleasure,
Him I desire, to send his weapons measure.
If war you chuse, and blood must needs be spilt here;
By Jove, let me alone to match your Tilter.

I'll give you satisfaction if I can:
Death! 'tis not the first time I have kill'd my Man.
On pain of being posted to your sorrow,
Fail not at four to meet me here to-morrow.



MARIAMNE.

A TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. F E N T O N.

- - - - *Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, & conscia virtus.*

Virg.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.

MARLANNIE

PILOGUE

TROUBLE DAYS

Written by Mr. F. E. WATSON

Two in each chapter, and in each chapter
a story of the life of a man, and a story of the life of a woman.
The first is a story of a man, and the second is a story of a woman.
The first is a story of a man, and the second is a story of a woman.



LONDON

Printed for the Company of Bookellers.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Lord* GOWER,

Baron of STITTENHAM.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's known candor and humanity were never more conspicuous, than when you condescended to promote the interest of the following Tragedy. An imperfect Essay! at first attempted only for a private amusement, and form'd on the model of the antient Greek Drama; but I was afterwards prevail'd upon by my friend Mr. Southern's importunity to bring it on the Stage. The uncommon success which it met with there, I have not the vanity to ascribe to any merit in the Play; but owe it purely to the general disposition of the Town, to give a kind reception to whatever

DEDICATION.

comes recommended with your Lordship's protection. Let your goodness, my Lord, indulge the ambition I have that it should now appear in the world under your patronage, and allow me the honour of ever being with the most perfect esteem and gratitude,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and

most obedient Servant,

ELIJAH FENTON.



PROLOGUE.

WHEN breathing statues mould'ring waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;
The Muse recalls the suffering good to fame,
Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
To the stern Tyrant gives fictitious pow'r,
To reign the restless Monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod, rising from a length of years;
A name enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on the throne:
Whose bold ambition trembling Jewry view'd
In blood of half her royal race imbru'd.
But now reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien:
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess!
From lust of pow'r to jealous fury tost,
We shew the Tyrant in the Lover lost.

If no compassion, when his crimes are weigh'd,
To his ill-fated fondness must be paid;
Yet see, ye Fair! and see with pitying eyes
The bright afflicted Mariamne rise.
No fancy'd tale! our op'ning scenes disclose
Historic truth, and swell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the Queen appears,
And strong the eloquence of royal tears.
Then, let her fate your kind attention raise,
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
Beauty and Virtue your protection claim,
Give tears to Beauty, and to Virtue fame.



DRAMATIS

P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

HEROD the Great.

His young Son.

PHERORAS, the King's Brother.

SOHEMUS, first Minister.

NARBAL, a Lord of the Queen's party.

HAZEROTH, a young Lord related
to the Queen.

HIGH-PRIEST.

SAMEAS, the King's Cup-bearer.

FLAMINIUS, a Roman General.

W O M E N.

MARIAMNE.

SALOME, the King's Sister.

ARSINOE, chief Attendant on the
Queen.

Guards, Messengers, Attendants.

SCENE *A Room of State in Herod's
Palace at Jerusalem.*

MA



MARIAMNE.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

Pheroras, Narbal, Sohemus.

PHERORAS.

THE morning in her richest purple rob'd,
Smiles with auspicious lustre on the day,
Which brings my royal brother back from
Rhodes,

Confirm'd in empire by the general voice
Of *Cæsar* and the senate.

Narb. This blest day
In latest annals shall distinguish'd shine,
Sacred to majesty, and dear to love:
The same which saw the royal lovers march
In nuptial pomp, revolving now restores
Herod to *Mariamne* and his crown.

Soh. Fortune at length to merit grows a friend;
Or Fate ordain'd the happiest stars to shed
Their influence on his birth; or sure since *Rome*,
With civil discord rent, so oft hath chang'd
Her own great Lords, as bleeding conquest rais'd
Or sunk the doubtful balance, we had shar'd

The same vicissitudes of restless pow'r.

Narb. Herod avow'd the dear respect he bore
To *Anthony*, and drop'd a generous tear
To grace his ruins.

Pher. Yes, and *Cesar* sat
Pensive and silent; in his anxious breast
Perhaps revolving that of all his train,
Who proudly wanton in his mounted rays,
Gay flutt'ring insects of a summer-noon,
How few wou'd bear the wintry storms of fate!
At length he smiling rose, receiv'd the crown
From *Herod's* hand, and plac'd it on his brow,
Crying, Shine there! for *Cesar* cannot find
A worthier head to wear thee.

Sob. From the grace
Of such a victor to receive a crown,
With such peculiar attributes of fame,
Confers more glory than a chronicle
Of scepter'd ancestors.

Pher. *Narbal*, your care
Will see due honours to the day discharg'd.
Let the shrill trumpet's cheerful note injoin
A general feast, and joy with loud acclaim
Through all the streets of *Solyma* resound.
Let steams of grateful incense cloud the sky,
Till the rich fragrance reach the utmost bounds
Of *Herod's* Empire: let each smiling brow
Wear peaceful olive, whilst the virgin-choirs
Warbling his praise, his paths with flow'rs perfume,
Who guards *Judea* with the shield of *Rome*.

[Exit *Nar.*

M A R I A M N E.

S C E N E II.

Pheroras, Sohemus.

S O H E M U S.

MY Lord, the province you've assign'd agrees
With *Narbal's* talents; none is better form'd
To gild the pageant of a gawdy day:
He's nobly born, and popularly vain;
Rare tinsel-stuff t'adorn a room of state!
But in the council, where the publick care —

Pher. In that high sphere you, *Sohemus*, alone
Must ever shine; and may your wisdom raise
Your master's fortune, to divide the globe
Whith this new *Cesar*; and no longer sway
A short precarious sceptre, which must shake
With each tempestuous gust that blows from *Rome*.

Soh. With blushes I must hear you call me wise,
When one impassion'd woman can destroy
My surest plans, and with a sigh blow down
The firmest fabrick of deliberate thought.
Heav'ns! that a King consummate for a throne,
So wise in council, and so great in arms;
Shou'd after nine long years, remain a slave
Because his wife is fair! What art thou, Beauty,
Whose charm makes sense and valour grow as tame,
As a blind turtle?

Pher. Is thy wisdom proof
Against the blandishments of warm desire?
It ill defends thee from *Arsinoe's* charms:
The sullen sweetness of a down-cast eye,
A feign'd unkindness, or a just reproach,
Breath'd in a sigh, and soften'd with a tear;
Wou'd make thy rigid marble melt, like snow

On the warm bosom of the youthful spring.

Sob. In thoughtless youth, gay nature gives the rein
To Love, and bids him urge the full career:
But *Herod* should restrain his head-strong course,
Now reason is mature.

Pher. He never can;
For *Mariamne* with superior charms
Triumphs o'er reason; in her look she bears
A paradise of ever-blooming sweets:
Fair as the first idea beauty prints
On the young lover's soul: a winning grace
Guides every gesture, and obsequious Love
Attends on all her steps, for majesty
Streams from her eye to each beholder's heart,
And checks the transport which her charms inspire:
Who wou'd not live her slave! — Nor is her mind
Form'd with inferior elegance! — By her,
So absolute in every grace, we guess
What essence Angels have.

Sob. Who can admire
The brightest Angel when his hand unsheaths
The vengeful sword, or with dire pestilence
Unpeoples nations? If Death sits inthron'd
In the soft dimple of a damask cheek,
He thence can aim his silent dart as sure,
As from the wrinkle of a Tyrant's frown;
And that's our case! Yet with a lover's eye
You view the gay malignance, that will blast
Both you and all your friends.

Pher. We sure may praise
The snake that glitters in her summer pride,
And yet beware the sting.

Sob. But low in dust
Crush the crown'd basilisk, or else she kills
Whate'er her eye commands. — You need, my lord,
No clearer light than this, by which to read
The purpose of my soul.

Pher.

Pher. Tho' 'tis obscure,
 It strikes like lightning that with fear confounds
 The pale night-wanderer, whilst it shews the path.
 You *Sohemus*, have cause to think the Queen
 Charges the taking of her uncle's head
 To your advice; and gladly wou'd atone
 Her kindred blood with yours: revenge still glows,
 Though hid in treacherous embers, and you'll feel
 The dire effect, whene'er occasion breathes
 A gale to waken and foment the flame.
 But I, unpractis'd in th'intrigues of Courts
 And disciplin'd in Camps, will not supply
 Increase of fuel to these home bred jars:
 I hope the King will see them soon suppress;
 Or care succeeding care will ever tread
 The circle of his crown.

Soh. If to pursue
 The safest measures to secure his throne,
 Shall irritate the Queen to make me fall
 A victim to her rage, the conscious pride
 Of having acted what the King ordain'd,

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to Pheroras.

Will yet support me. 'Tis not worth my care,
 Whether the trembling hand of age must shake
 From the frail glass my last remaining sand;
 Or Fortune break the phial, ere the sum
 Of half my life is told.

Pher. 'Tis from the King:
 A most unpleasing message for the Queen.

Soh. May I, my lord, partake?

Pher. The infant Prince
 Must live an hostage of the league at Rome:
Cesar hath sent a minister of trust,
 With guards to wait him. This perhaps the King
 Hath kept conceal'd, that his return might calm
 Th'afflicted Queen, and soften the surprize.

Soh.

Sob. Names he, my Lord, the General to whose care
The Prince must be consign'd?

Pher. Rome cou'd not chuse
For that high charge a nobler delegate,
Than my *Flaminius*; for, a bolder hand
Ne'er flew her conquering eagles at their prey.
We in the *Parthian* wars together learn'd
The rudiments of arms; the summer Sun
Hath seen our marches measur'd by his own:
In battle so intrepid, that he shew'd
An appetite of danger; oft I've heard
The weary veterans resting on their spears,
Swear by the Gods and majesty of *Rome*,
They blush'd with indignation, to behold
The garland of the war, by partial fate
Transferr'd from theirs, to grace a stripling's brow--
But I with *Narbal* will prevail, t'impart
This most ungrateful order to the Queen [*Exit Pher.*

S C E N E I I I.

Salome enters to Sohemus.

S A L O M E.

I Hope, my lord, young *Hazeroth's* affront
Will not pass unresented.

Sob. I've dispatch'd
A message to the King: th'account I gave,
Imported nothing but severest truth;
Yet wittiest malice scarce cou'd feign a roll
Of keener calumnies.

Sal. He mention'd me!

Sob. Traduc'd you basely, by th'opprobrious name
Of *Idumean* spinster, in degree
The third descendant of an heathen slave,
Who

Who kept *Apollo's* Temple.

Sal. The Kings veins

Hold the same blood, whatever is the source;
And if the wretch survives that vile reproach,
The King's a slave indeed. What was your crime?

Sob. He said by my sole counsels were destroy'd
All of the royal *Asmonean* race,
Whom justice made the victims of the State:
Whose injur'd discontented ghosts too long
Had cry'd, revenge! but should not cry in vain:
Then half unsheath'd his sabre.

Sal. That vain boy

Believes his near relation to the Queen,
Exempts his haughty youth from all restraint.
He's *Mariamne's* echo, and repeats
But half her menaces.

Sob. What time more fit

To put her threats in act, than when the King
Flies with redoubled ardor to her arms?

Passion improves with absence, and his heart
So soft, and passive to the pow'r of love,
Will then be vacant only to his Queen.

Fortune of late a glorious scene disclos'd,

But soon snatch'd back the visionary joy!

The blissful hour is past — Curs'd, doubly curs'd

Be this boy-Emperor, who tamely spar'd

The warmest friend that *Anthony* could boast.

Had *Herod* perish'd by his vengeful sword,

I soon had sent (for so he left in charge)

His Queen, the worship'd idol of his soul,

T'attend him to the shades. — Clouds of despair

Now terminate our view!

Sal. Can you discern

No glimmering hope? Though dim, the distant ray
May serve to steer our course.

Sob. The King will send

His son for hostage to reside in *Rome*.

Sal

Sal. Were triple thunder vollied at the Queen;
It cou'd not rend her bleeding bosom more
Than such a message.

Sob. At this little spark,
Discord may light her ever-burning torch:
Th' imperious Queen perhaps will edge her tongue;
With keen resentments for ruin'd her race:
For 'tis th' infirmity of noblest minds,
When ruffled with an unexpected woe,
To speak what settled prudence wou'd conceal:
As the vex'd ocean working in a storm,
Oft brings to light the wrecks which long lay calm
In the dark bosom of the secret deep.
From such reproach, his promis'd joy may change
To coldness and distrust, perhaps to hate;
And their high souls that now, like friendly stars,
Mingling their beams in mutual ardor shine,
In fiercest opposition then will thwart
Each others influence, and divide the Court.
Then, Mischief, to thy work!... ..

Sal. In me you'll find
A sure assistant: Shall *Pheroras* join?

Sob. I'd fly him at the quarry, but I fear
He'd check if other game shou'd cross the flight:
He scorns dissimulation, nor perceives
That nature never meant simplicity
A grace to charm in Courts: he serves the crown
With such a blind disinterested zeal,
He's even proud t'obey.

Sal. Let him enjoy
His cold complexion'd principles, and fall
A traitor to himself.

Sob. O Princess, born
To bless the world with a long progeny
Of future Heroes, and renew the strain
Of valour, which the softness of your sex
Unspirited at first! so great a soul

Deserves, and sure is destin'd to a throne!

But hark!

Sal. The Queen's approaching; she repairs
To sacrifice.

Sob. 'Tis best we both retire. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E I V.

M A R I A M N E, A R S I N O E.

M A R I A M N E.

TH E Princess and her friend were unprepar'd
To pay the decencies the day requires.
The most unpractis'd in the Courtier's art,
And they who hate us most, might sure vouchsafe
A smooth unmeaning compliment at least:
But night-born treason is too tender ey'd,
To bear the blaze of dazzling majesty,
And seeks the guiltly shade.

Ar. They're both depriv'd
Of your propitious smile; so dire a loss
Wou'd cloud the most serene.

Mar. That sullen gloom
Proceeds not from a conscience of their crimes;
Which sues by penitence for royal grace;
But argues high contempt: their brows display
A banner of defiance, and avow
Their trait'rous combination: but I'll quell
The tow'ring crest of their presumptuous hate,
Or perish in th' attempt. Henceforth forbear
All commerce with the Princess, and her train
For fear th' infection of example taint
Your sound allegiance.

Ar. If a single thought
Were tinctur'd with disloyalty, this hand

Shou'd

Shou'd pierce my heart to drive the rebel out;
 Your strict command with pleasure I obey;
 For at the sight of *Salomé*, my breast
 Shivers with chilling horror, and revolves
 The destiny which a *Chaldean* Seer
 Of late foretold: The pious sage had pass'd
 Full sixty winters in a private cell;
 His locks were silver'd o'er with reverend white;
 And on his cheeks appear'd the pale effect
 Of studious abstinence: His custom was
 In his small hermitage t'outwatch the moon;
 To marshal in his schemes the host of heav'n;
 And from their ruling influence at the birth,
 Form'd his predictions. As the Princess pass'd,
 I ask'd him if his foresight cou'd discern
 The colour of her fate: he answer'd, black!
 'Tis black checquer'd with blood! deep in her breast
 I see the dagger doom'd by heav'n's decree
 To cut her half-spun thread.

Mar. What pow'rful cause
 Urg'd you to hear a vain diviner tell
 His waking dreams? Perhaps you went to know
 What happy star presid'd o'er the love,
 Which *Sohemus* I hear address'd to you:
 If so, I'll be your Oracle; forbear
 T'enquire the doubtful omens of the sky,
 And fix your faith on this unerring truth:
 If your ill-judging choice mis-lead your heart,
 To meet his passion with an equal flame,
 Henceforth for ever banish'd from my sight,
 In exile you shall end an odious life;
 Attended only in that friendless state
 By black remorse, which step by step pursues
 Th'ingrateful and the false.

Ar. I long have felt
 Th'afflicting hand of heav'n, without the guilt
 Of murmur or complaint; but to be thought

False

False and ingrateful, is too much to bear.
Chase that suspicion from your royal mind;
Nor cast my blameless innocence a prey
To those, who envy your distinguish'd grace,
With which I've long been honour'd.

Mar. To receive
Private addresses from my deadliest foe,
A wretch, whose dark infernal arts have wrought
The ruin of my race, but ill repays
My condescending favour, which vouchsaf'd
To lose the stile of subject and of Queen,
In friendship's softer name.

Ar. While thus I kneel,
Imploring heav'n t'attest my spotless faith,
May I be fix'd a dreadful monument
Of perjur'd guilt, if e'er my bosom gave
Reception to his suit! Were he possess'd
Of all the Sun surveys, and form'd to please
With every grace that captivates the soul;
And your command concurrent with his love;
Shou'd urge me to comply; that hard command!
And that alone, I'd dare to disobey.---
No, my dear *Roman*! nothing can deface
Thy image from thy virgin widow's breast:
Th'inviolable band of strong desire
Shall ever join our souls!

Mar. Dismiss your fears,
And let them with my vanish'd doubt expire:
But, whence this transport of reviving woe?
Recite the series of your fate at large.

Ar. When *Anthony* and *Cesar* found the globe
Too narrow, to suffice the boundless views
Of two such mighty spirits, my virgin-vow
Was plighted to a brave Patrician youth,
The friend of *Cesar*: *Anthony* proscrib'd
The chiefs who sided with his potent foe;
And foremost in the tablet my lov'd lord.

Was doom'd to slaughter: whilst with nuptial joy
 His palace rung, crowded with friends who came
 T'attend the bride's arrival, through the gates
 A troop of cut-throats rushing in, surpris'd
 And dragg'd him to his fate !---

Mar. In that distress

What cou'd you do, and whither did you fly?

Ar. At *Alexandria* then the fatal cause
 Of *Anthony* engag'd my father's sword;
 Thither I fled, and was receiv'd with grace
 To *Cleopatra's* train: with her I came
 To *Palestine*, where the detested fight
 Of *Anthony* so rack'd me, and reviv'd
 The sad remembrance of my murther'd lord,
 I begg'd to be dismiss'd. You then receiv'd
 The fugitive, whom fortune's rage hath made
 Wretched indeed, but hath not pow'r to make
 False or ingrateful

Mar. Poor *Arsinoe*!

My favours shall deface the memory
 Of past afflictions: on a soul secure
 In native innocence, or grief or joy
 Shou'd make no deeper prints than air retains;
 Where fleet alike the vulture and the dove,
 And leave no trace. Blind fortune that bestows
 The perishable toys of wealth and pow'r,
 At random oft resumes them, pleas'd to make
 An hurricane of life; but the firm mind
 Safe on exalted virtue reigns sedate,
 Superior to the giddy whirls of fate. [*Exeunt.*



A C T. II.

S C E N E. I.

Narbal, Flaminius.

N A R B A L.

TH E Queen will see you, Sir; a just regard
To *Cæsar's* friendship is so sacred here,
That though on this high jubilee the
Court

Suspends all state-affairs, the Queen vouchsafes
T'admit your message to her royal ear.

Fla. Th'Ambassadors of *Rome* never demand
Admission more than once; your King defers
His entry 'till the Queen shall execute
What *Cæsar's* will requires.

Nar. That cause alone
Wou'd urge our prompt complianee; for the King
Makes Love th'impatient register of time:
In his account each moment seems an age,
That keeps him from his *Mariamne's* arms;
Who well deserves such passion.

Fla. Distant fame
Hath pictur'd all her graces on my mind:
Perhaps you've heard of *Dellius*?

Nar. What, the friend
Of *Anthony*?

Fla. His qualities disgrace
The name of friend; but in his softer hours
He lik'd him for his elegance of taste
In luxury and love. I heard him tell,
How once when *Anthony* in amorous pomp,
With *Cleopatra* sail'd along the Nile,
To grieve the proud *Egyptian*, he produc'd
A miniature of *Mariamne's* face.

Nar. And what said *Anthony*?

Fla. With vast surprize
He view'd each lineament, but yet forbore
To praise or blame it, which he knew the Queen
Wou'd soon interpret love; but softly sigh'd,
And slipt it in his bosom. Strait her cheeks
Glow'd with an angry blush, which faded soon,
And left them lilly-pale: breathless and faint
She then reclin'd her head, and from his breast
Snatch'd what she fear'd might lie too near his heart.
With amorous reluctance whilst he strove
To gain the ravish'd prize, she let it fall
(More by design than chance) into the Nile:
He springing up to catch it, half o'er-set
The gilded barge; and with a sterner brow,
And haughtier tone, than e'er she knew before;
He cry'd, your river is too well repaid
For all the wealth you ow'd. —

A Messenger enters to Narbal.

Mess. Pheroras, Sir,
Desires to see the Roman General.

Nar. Sir, I'll conduct you.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Sohemus and the High-Priest.

S O H E M U S.

BUT the human mind,
When 'tis divorc'd from matter, cannot pierce
The distant cloud oft dark futurity.
You sleep not found, my lord! Old age depress'd
With melancholly damps, oft dwindles down
To second infancy, and then renews
Its cradle-dreams; which superstitious fear
Makes sacred with the venerable names
Of vision, or of prophecy; devis'd
To cheat the vulgar, and too oft employ'd
To cover disaffection to the State.

H. Pr. I have, my lord, no craving appetites
To glut with gain or titles; I've attain'd
The highest name my order can receive.
I bear no symptoms of a feav'rish soul,
Which turbulent with guilt, aspires t'embroil
The State with trait'rous fiction. You may think;
I who commend my self, have brib'd a fool
To be my herald; yet, a modest man,
T'oppose the darts of calumny, may wear
His innocence in fight; a safer shield
Than adamant or gold.

Soh. Your innocence!

Did you not talk of omens, which forbode
Th'impending wrath of heav'n, to blast the day
Which re-instates our Monarch on his throne?

H. Pr. I did, my lord, and will affirm I saw —
Laugh when you've heard me out.

Soh. Well, pray proceed!

H. Pr. I walk'd this morning in my palmy grove,
 Where oft to contemplation I devote
 My earliest hours: the Sun new-rising cheer'd
 The face of nature with a purple smile;
 My spirits ran as brisk careers of life,
 As ever in the careless prime of youth:
 When issuing sudden from the bowry shade,
 A beauteous form appear'd, and gliding show,
 Approach'd me with a soft dejected air;
 Then cry'd, I liv'd the brother of your Queen;
 And gave a piteous groan!

Sob. *Aristobulus?*

H. Pr. The same, I knew him well.

Sob. Ha! — what? — what more? —

Why, he was drown'd, you know — Cou'd I prevent
 What Heav'n fore-doom'd? My good lord, did he say
 That I was accessary? Why to me
 This message from the unapparent shades?
 Speak — speak — I'll hear it

H. Pr. In his hand he wav'd
 An airy streamer, like a sable shroud,
 And thus went on: If dire designs prevail,
 Before yon' east displays another dawn,
 My sister must exchange her robes of state
 For such a weed as this; by wicked arts
 Betray'd, and in the summer of her days
 Cut off by bloody hands! with her will end
 The glories of our *Asmonaan* line.
 Tell what I say to *Sehemus* alone;
 Bid him desist.

Sob. I! — what? —

H. Pr. He said no more,
 But vanish'd from my view.

Sob. 'Tis best, my lord,
 To let such shadows fleet neglected by:
 They argue perturbation in the brain,
 Caus'd by black humours; a few hours will prove
 With

That mimic fancy mock'd your dazzl'd fight,
With images of air.

H. Pr. Whate'er they prove;
I feel my bosom lighter.

Exit. H. Pr.

Sob. Thou hast laid
A gauling weight on mine.

S C E N E I I I.

Salome enters to Sohemus.

S A L O M E.

HOW now, my Lord!

What means this pale confusion in your face?
What makes your hair stand bristling, and your eyes
With gloomy horror glare?

Sob. We cheat the world
With florid outside 'till we meet surprize;
Then conscience, working inward like a mole,
Crumbles the surface, and reveals the dirt
From which our actions spring.

Sal. My lord, recall
Your wandering reason.

Sob. 'Tis in vain to boast
That reason o'er the passions holds the rein;
When quite unman'd with such a tale ---

Sal. What tale?
I met th' High Priest, hath he unfolded ought
That strikes with this amazement!

Sob. He reports
A message from the visionary shade
Of young *Aristobulus*; him! who claim'd
By lineal right the crown which *Herod* wears:
To disembroil the title, whilst he bath'd
I plung'd him 'till the stifling element
Had quench'd the lamp of life, and charg'd the crime

On faultless destiny! --- What makes you smile?

Sal. To see a dotard's fiction, or his dream,

A legend, such as nurseries amuse

A froward child with, have as strong effect

As plain authentic truth. I've heard you prove

By clearest reason, that when death resolves

To its first principles the human frame;

That subtle vapour then, the boasted soul,

Mingles with common air.

Sob. 'Tis not the faith

Of such fantastick forms that quells me thus;

Sudden remorse for murder'd innocence

Wither'd my resolution.

Sal. But revenge

Reviving warmth and spirit will infuse,

And make the drooping branches flourish fair,

Renew'd in second sprig. Here *Sameas* comes,

Whom art and nature exquisitely form

For glorious mischief; him we must secure.

S C E N E I V.

Salome, Sobemus, Sameas.

S A L O M E.

SA M E A S, I'm pleas'd your merits are preferr'd

To bear the royal cup; *Pheroras* long

Pleaded in vain for *Mariamne's* grace.

Sam. If to her grace I ow'd this vital air,

I'd choak my self with generous disdain,

Rather than breathe it: from *Pheroras'* suit

I date my fortunes, and to him devote

Life, conscience, honour,

Sob. Gratitude is rare!

Most, after favours are conferr'd, profess

Deep

Deep sense of obligation; but when prov'd
In points of nicest moment, have recourse
To conscience, honour, and such trivial phrase,
T' excuse defect of duty to their friend:
But such a pure, resign'd, implicit zeal,
Excites my wonder, and transcends my praise.

Sam. *Pheroras* said, my lord, he'd recommend
To you my poor affairs.

Sob. Doubt not my care;

Read here thy lot.

[*Pulls out his Tablets.*

Sam Make *Sameas* chamberlain---

How can I e'er discharge so vast a debt
Of gratitude!

Sob. How? Should affairs require

Thy hand, it wou'd not shrink to cut a throat?

Sam. I've such a strong antipathy to blood

I ne'er could sacrifice: but my revenge

Works a more secret, and a safer way.

No poisonous herbs, which various climes produce,

No venom of the mine, nor reptile 'scapes

My curious observation: I extract

Their several essences, and know their pow'rs,

And times of operation.

Sob. To what use!

Had I a dog to be dispatch'd---

Sam. My art

Delights in nobler quarry.

Sob. Is it stanch?

Sam. Point out the game, my lord, you'll find I dare

Do more, than most dare think.

Sob. Then swear---

Sal. Defer

T' impart your orders 'till the King's arriv'd;

And meet before the banquet.

Sam. What your will

Enjoins, my duty binds me to perform.

Sob. Proud Queen! the last decisive hour draws on,

Destin'd to crown our hope, and end our care;
 Aided by this brave friend, whose soul is steel'd
 With dauntless resolution, though the ghosts
 Of all her race rise grinning from the tomb,
 And in their cause auxiliar furies join;
 Intrepid we'll pursue our bold career;
 Pitch the sure toils, and rouse the fated deer. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E V.

Mariamne, Narbal, Arsinoe.

M A R I A M N E.

HIS offspring mortgag'd to redeem his crown!
 The wild *Arabians* who delight in blood,
 Who live promiscuous, and without restraint
 Of laws or manners propagate their kind,
 With yerning passion yet preserve their young:
 Nature on their unpolish'd marble prints
 Much tenderer sentiments than some can boast
 Who call them barbarous.

Nar. In the sons of Kings,
 The country claims a right; and to preserve
 The quiet, and the glory of your realm,
 The King complies with *Cæsar*, and will send
 The dearest pledge to firm his royal faith.

Mar. Hard fate of greatness, if it thus excludes
 A mother's interest in the babe she bore!
 Kings to their country owe their dearest care
 In council or in arms; let that suffice:
 The choicest blessing of indulgent heav'n,
 Their children, are reserv'd a private right,
 To soften and support their publick toils.
 But, send the Prince to *Rome*! which still ferments
 With fierce intestine factions, ever known
 To sheath, but not to lay the sword aside:

I cannot bear it. --- Now, the ball of pow'r,
Which hath been bandy'd long from side to side,
Is grasp'd by *Cæsar*, soon, superior force
May wrest it from his hand: who'll then adhere
To *Cæsar's* cause? Will *Herod*? --- He, be sure,
Wou'd plan new measures to preserve the crown:
And his desertion, doubtless, wou'd provoke
Cæsar to punish in extreme revenge,
Th' offending father in the guiltless son.

Nar. The blood of *Julius* is aton'd; and *Rome*,
Like a tir'd lioness which long has stood
The hunter's spear, lies quiet in her den
To heal her wounds: *Cæsar* himself aspires,
With all his conquests, only to be styl'd
His country's father; and the senate bears
The same pacific temper. --- But suppose
Another *Brutus* rouse another war,
And *Tyber* shine again with civil arms;
Though *Herod* then should draw the sword, and turn
The point on *Cæsar*; yet, the sacred laws
Of empires, wou'd preserve the Prince's life
Inviolably safe.

Mar. But were revenge
Employ'd (as sure it wou'd) t'expound those laws;
Then, what bold casuist would appear, t'oppose
The sense of *Cæsar's* legions? Wrong and right
In this bad age are measur'd by success:
The blackest crime from Fortune's golden light
Receives a beauteous gloss. --- But, grant him safe;
As in the circle of his mother's arms:
Rome may pervert his infant age to kneel
Before her idol-shrines, and from our law
Apostatize to worship fabled Gods:
And though I hold his life and safety dear,
Far dearer than my own, I'd see him cast
Admidst her amphitheatre a prey,
Mangled, and quiv'ring in the famish'd jaws

Of

Of savages, much rather than behold
His body at her heathen altars bow'd,
In impious adoration

Nar. Leave th'event
To heav'n's high care. The King must be obey'd.
If you contest the terms, to which his crown
And honour stand engag'd, the vain attempt
Might only serve to lessen that excess
Of dear affection which he bears you now.
Then *Sohemus*, our prime state-engineer,
Might see his arts succeed beyond his hope,
T' atchieve your fall, and make this beauteous pile
A heap of mighty ruin!

Mar. Cou'd you feel
The strong emotions of a mother's woe,
When ravish'd from her lov'd-one, who hath liv'd
Most in her sight, and ever in her soul:
Not all the wounds which Fortune is impow'r'd
T' inflict, nor instant death, wou'd move your mind
Amid his dangers to regard your own.
Ev'n life, that dear ennobling gift of heav'n,
Which in the order of creation, ranks
The palest glow-worm's animated ray,
Above the brightest star, with me will lose
Its boasted value when I lose my child.
With him I truly liv'd; his presence crown'd
The day with pleasure, and the night with peace.
Then, breath consum'd in sighs will not deserve
The name of life! These roofs shall only sound
With mournful accents, sad as murm'ring winds,
Which through the clefts of ruin'd cloisters roar.
Such musick best will please the mother's ear,
If in a distant land, her tender son
Must weep the rigor of a foreign lord,
With no kind friend to pity or revenge
The wrongs he there sustains!

Nar. I'll wait the Prince,

To

To guard his helpless age , and share his fate:
And for a pledge of constant faith , receive
('Though much unequal , yet of dearest price
To him who gives it !) for a pledge receive
Those precious legacies which that bright saint,
My dying wife bequeath'd me ! --- If the Prince
Shall feel the' effects of violence or fraud ;
If e'er I cease with duteous care to shield
From guilt his manners , from reproach his fame ;
Or fail to banish from his pensive breast
Each anxious thought , and cherish gentle joy
Slay both my sons !

Mar. Then go , *Arsinoe* , go , ---

Hither conduct the Prince.

Ar. Exit.

S C E N E V I.

Mariamne, Narbal.

M A R I A M N E.

O H happiness !

Thou gawdy bubble , which deludes the grasp
Whene'er we strive to keep thee most secure.
Have I been fond of Fortune's faithless smile ,
Cruel , disdainful , to deserve this doom ?
Did e'er I suffer pride to bar my ear
Against the widow's cry ? Did e'er I view
The weeping orphan's anguish , and with-hold
The hand of liberal Mercy from their woes ?
Or did I with uncharitable scorn
Ever upbraid the childless womb ; or wish
The wrathful blast of heav'n t'attaint the fruit
Of my most deadly foe ? --- Whence then to me
This undeserv'd distress ? Why must I bear
So deep a wound in such a tender part ?
More wretched than the meanest of my sex ,

Who

Who call me Queen! they lose the cares of life;
Amid the blessings of a dear increase;
A bliss deny'd to me!

Nar. When foreign foes
Are quell'd by *Cæsar*, and the provinces
Avow their homage to the laws of *Rome*,
And with consummate peace his arms are crown'd;
The Prince will be restor'd; and in exchange
Some of our noblest youth will be receiv'd
For hostages of friendship.

Mar. That exchange
Will come too late to bless my longing eyes:
They'll first be clos'd in death! a thousand ills
Rise in black views to my divining soul!

[*Arsinoë enters with the Prince.*
And must I lose thee? --- Oh! --- thou sweetest pledge
Of heaven's indulgence to a mother's pray'r!
Must the sole comfort of my cares become
The cause of endless griet? alas! no more
Must I with tender transport clasp thee thus!
No more must these desiring eyes be fix'd
In silent joy, with gazing on thy charms!

Arsinoë, oh! support me --- I've a son
To think on only, and to pay a tear
For every wounding thought! O *Narbal* --- now
Obey the King, by whom the dearer names
Of husband, and of father are forgot!
Obey the King! let the rude hand of pow'r
Tear from my breast the blossom of my joys ---
Yet, let me bless him --- All thy wants of me
May pitying Angels with their aid supply,
Waft all thy pray'rs to heav'n; which heav'n approve,
And crown with blessings of eternal love. [*Exeunt.*



A C T I I I.

S C E N E I.

Flaminius, Narbal.

F L A M I N I U S,

UNhappy Queen ! 'till now I never griev'd
T' obey my Emperor.

Nar. A while she stood
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument; but when she breath'd
The secret anguish of her wounded soul,
So moving were the plaints, they wou'd have sooth'd
The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,
And spare his morning prey: thus nature soon
Exhausted, spiritless, had need of art
To respite, or assuage her troubled thoughts:
Then her Physicians with the opiate charm
Of gentle sleep, her fainting senses bound,
And hush'd the warring passions into peace.

Fla. Give me, ye Gods, the harmony of war,
The trumpet's clangor, and the clash of arms;
That consort animates the glowing breast
To rush on death; but when our ear is pierc'd
With the sad notes which mournful beauty yields?
Our manhood melts in sympathizing tears.

Nar

Nar. Heav'ns! Is it just that *Mariamne's* fate
 Claims the sad tribute of a tender tear?
 She! she! whose gentle goodness strives to chase
 Afflictions from mankind. I've seen her weep,
 When the fierce hounds have bay'd the panting stag,
 'Till the big drops roll'd from his pleading eyes;
 And none dar'd let the fatal javelin fly,
 Before she left the field.

S C E N E I I.

[*To them*] *Arfinoe enters with the Prince.*

A R S I N O E.

TO you, my Lord, [*To Nar.*]
 The Queen at length resigns this royal charge;
Judaea's other hope! the dearest pledge
 Of sacred faith that monarch can bestow.

Fla. Gods! -- 'tis not possible! -- they've only form'd
 Those beauties in the same celestial mold ---
 Exact similitude of shape and air!

Nar. What may this mean, *Flaminius*?

Ar. Do I wake?
 Or does deluding fancy lead me still
 In new fantastick labyrinths of bliss? ---

Fla. The face, and harmony of voice the same!

Nar. You're lost in admiration and surprize:
 Reveal the cause.

Fla. Oh, Sir, --- I once was blest
 With such a lovely object of my flame!
 Beauty and goodness in her heav'nly form
 Held equal empire; Oh!

Nar. What cruel fate
 Sever'd you hearts, so tender and so true,
 That still the wound bleeds fresh?

Fla.

Fla. The violence.

Of civil discord snatch'd her from my arms;
But the last pang of death alone hath pow'r
To tear the beauteous image from my breast!
She liv'd the grace of *Cleopatra's* Court,
And shar'd her fall!... As her high merits claim'd
My earliest love, to her I'll pay my last:
My passion for the sex expir'd, and lies
In dear *Hortensia's* tomb!

Ar. *Hortensia* lives! [*She runs into his arms.*

Lives only for *Flaminius*... lives to crown
Such matchless constancy!

Fla. Hath Fate rejoin'd

Our long-divided hearts!... 'Tis she!... I know

[*She shews her ring.*

That pledge of our espousals, where express'd,
The virgin-phoenix riseth from the flames:
Th' inscription was prophetick of thy fate,
Another and the same.

Ar. But ever thine!...

Will not this joy, as all my former, fleet
Like the light vapour of a morning dream?...

Fla. Rap'd from my self, my senses are oppress'd
With rushing ecstasies: Oh! I cou'd stand
And gaze for ever on thy heav'nly charms,
In speechless transport, which too big for words
Swells in my heaving heart!

Ar. How did you 'scape

Th' assassins whom *Anthony* employ'd
To take your head?

Fla. My *Phadria*, by the crime
Of fortune born a slave (for sure his soul
Was of the noblest order) wou'd assume
My habit and my name; his features, age,
And stature, well befriending the deceit;
And thus disguis'd, his honest heart receiv'd
The wounds they meant for me.

C

Ar.

Ar. O wondrous faith !

Fla. But now, for *Rome*, *Hortensia* !...

Nar. Madam, pay

The Queen a last farewell, in whom you found
The kindest mistress and the best of friends.

Ar. I will, my Lord; and...

Fla. Hark! the trumpet speaks

The King's approach, our signal to depart :
I now must leave thee, to secure the Prince,
As *Cesar* gave command: but near the walls
My troops are tented in the western vale;
Where meditating on my blissful change,
I'll watch impatient for the purple dawn:
Thither you come?

Ar. Tho' grinning savages

Oppos'd my speed, I'd rush intrepid on.
From clime to clime, where ever glory calls,
I'll wait my warrior; pleas'd with thee to pass
The frozen *Danube*, or the sun-burnt *Nile*:

And tho' my sex denies me to partake
The dangers of the field; with ardent vows
I'll beg each tutelary Pow'r to spread
Protection round thee in the cloud of war.
But if relentless to my pray'r they prove,
And thou art fated in the fight to fall,
I'll follow fast the soul of my desire,
And by the wound, that pierc'd my Lord, expire.

[*Exeunt*, *Arfinoe* on one side of the stage, the
rest on the other.

S C E N E I I I.

Salome, Sohemus.

S A L O M E.

IN this high mantling tide of grief and rage,
 Sure when the King arrives, her cold disdain
 Will damp the glowing ardor of his soul.

Soh, Fear not a calm! The cloud will now collect
 More vapours still, to give a nobler burst,
 And make her ruin sure. When vulgar minds
 Despond, they drop beneath the stroke of fate,
 With no more tumult than autumnal leaves
 Forsake the sapless bough: But majesty
 With noise, and pompous horror rushes down;
 As if the violence of nature tore
 A planet from its orb.

S C E N E I V.

[To them Pheroras enters.]

P H E R O R A S.

TH E pomp of Kings
 At their triumphal entries, moving slow
 To warlike symphonies, and clashing arms,
 When from the field, with bloody laurels crown'd,
 They come victorious, gives a mingled joy:
 For Pity, when the captive train appears,
 Oft with a silent pensive gloom obscures
 The lustre of the triumph. But no cloud
 Saddens this festival: From the white tow'r
 I heard with rapture how the loyal tribes,

In mighty confluence hail'd the King's return;
 So long ! so loud ! that floating on the sound,
 The bird of heaviest wing with ease had soar'd,
 Beyond the tow'ring eagle's utmost flight,
 Up-born by gales of joy.

[*Flourish.*

Sob. My lord, the King! —

S C E N E V.

[*Herod passeth over the stage with attendants, &c. they all kneel.*]

P H E R O R A S,

O King for ever live ! the dear defence,
 And grace of *Palestine*.

Sal. May this blest day
 Tincture with happiness, and bright renown,
 All your succeeding years !

Sob. And sure there's none,
 To whom this day can give sincerer joy,
 Than to your faithful *Sohemus*; who kneels
 To give this seal of delegated power
 Back to your royal hand.

Her. Let all who sigh
 In gloomy dungeons prest with gauling chains,
 Shake off their bondage ; and conspire to tune
 The wholesome breath of heav'n to songs of praise.
 Tell them they owe their freedom to the Queen:
 Her temper is compassionate and kind,
 As guardian angels are : but I ! constrain'd
 By the sad exigence of state, have torn
 Our tender off-spring from her fond embrace;
 And heap'd afflictions on the brightest head,
 That ever wore a crown !

Pher. But your approach

WNI

Will sooth her grief, and soften the surprize.

Her. I! I! am the sole cause of all her grief:
Ambition rushing forward, hath disturb'd
My sweetest fountain of domestick blifs!
It promis'd scepters, but hath fill'd my grasp
With gilded thorns! wanting my Queen, the Court
Appears as lonesome as the dreary waste,
Where pestilence and famine hand in hand
Have lately reign'd: but *Mariamne's* smiles
Diffusive of their good, around her cast
On all the shining circle beams of joy;
When from the wars she welcom'd my return,
With tears of tender transport in her eyes.
Such oft our meetings were; but, dismal change!
The fair offended seems to shun me now:
How shall I calm the tempest of her soul! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V I.

*The Scene opening discovers Mariamne asleep,
and Arsinoe attending; Herod enters, &
goes to the Queen; then comes with Arsi-
noe to the fore part of the stage.*

H E R O D.

I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a sigh!
Tears make her cheek feel like a damask rose,
Wet with cold ev'ning dew.

Ars. Sleep ill performs
His gentle office when constrain'd by art:
Her sudden starts, and broken murmurs shew
The discomposure of unpleasing dreams.

Her. Musick shall wake her: That hath pow'r to
charm
Pale sickness, and avert the stings of pain:

But ever on the mind the sure effects
 Are most conspicuous, where the varied notes
 Can raise or quell our passions, and becalm
 In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense
 Of grief or love; and print a dimpled smile
 On the green bloodless cheek of dumb despair.
 Such pow'rful strains bid harmony resound:
 Such as good Spirits are suppos'd to sing
 O'er Saints, while death dissolves the union-band,
 And frees them from the fretful dream of life.

[*Ex. Ar.*

Here will I watch the day-break of her eyes;
 O! may they dart warm rays of cordial love,
 And wake to peace and joy!

[*Soft musick is heard behind the Scenes:
 Arsinoe returns to Herod, who stands
 looking on Mariamne: after the Musick
 is ceas'd she begins to speak.*]

Mar. Good Angels guard me! —
 Murther attaints not me —

Her. Ah, gentle soul! —

Mar. The man of blood is justly doom'd to bleed,
 I ne'er shed any — When I was a child
 I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept;
 Heav'n visits not for that. — O! 'tis my lord! —
 He's poison'd! dead! dead! — and each manly grace
 Cover'd with purple spots —

Her. These frightful dreams
 With their fantastick imagin'ry amaze
 The mind, as much as the most hideous form
 Of real horror.

Ars. Sir, she wakes.

Mar. The King!

Her. My dearest Queen! --- The fairest and the best
 That ever bore the name!

Mar.

Mar. I'm chang'd of late,
Alas! much chang'd---

Her. No, thou art still the same;
The same bright shrine where virtue dwells, to charm
Those who condemn her most.

Mar. Cou'd I have charm'd
Ambition from your breast, I had not mourn'd
The dearest object of maternal love,
Torn from this bleeding heart; where he possess'd
So large a space, that Fortune is too poor,
With all her vast variety of joys,
To fill the gloomy void! --- My life is spun
At least this day too long, which shews you chang'd
And from a loving lord grown most unkind!

Her. Unkind! --- Your fancy cannot form a wish,
But I shou'd crown it; and reproach my heart,
For having not prevented your request.
Was ever soul so sensible of love,
As mine hath been for you? and who but you
Cou'd e'er deserve such love? I never err'd,
Witness ye Heavens! and with your thunder rend
This heart if e'er it err'd! if e'er I stain'd
The purity of passion, or in thought
Wander'd from *Mariamne*.

Mar. In your breast
I cou'd have spar'd your son a little space;
But sure you lov'd him not!

Her. What! am I form'd
Like monumental marbles, and receive
The name of father from the sculptor's art,
And features of the rock? Am I so dead
To the sweet cares that fathers ought to feel? ---
An old man's rapture when he first beholds
A new-born heir, when years of fruitless hope
Have led him childless to the verge of life;
Cannot surpass those dear paternal joys,
Which my fond bosom from my son receiv'd.

Mar. Yet you resign'd him for a prey to *Rome*,
With less reluctance! ---

Her. *Cæsar* would allow
Of no alternate to preserve our crown.
Suppliant I long intreated him, to name
What other test of sacred faith he pleas'd;
But frowning with a victor's haughty air,
He pointed to a picture on the wall;
Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd.

Mar. What Picture?

Her. *Perseus* led in chains through *Rome*:
Where the sad fate of *Macedon* appear'd
Prophetic of our own, shou'd we like her
Boast a false vigor, and provoke the rage
Of *Rome*, unequal to sustain her arms.
There fancy figur'd to my mournful eyes,
The wealth of *Palestine* in chargers pil'd:
Our shields and spears on moving trophies hung,
Ingloriously revers'd: and then succeed
Nobles, and matrons, with a virgin train,
In long procession through th'unpitying crowd,
But oh! what stings of grief and horror pierc'd
My agonizing heart, when there I view'd
A royal captive, far transcending all
In matchless beauty, and majestic woe,
Her form resembling thine! On her a throng
Of gay Patricians fix'd their wond'ring eyes,
Enamour'd; and with rival passion strove,
Who first shou'd prostrate to his brutal joys
Her unpolluted charms. Thy future doom
Thus pictur'd to my view, so wrap'd my soul
In clouds of deep despair, I strait comply'd
To give the filial pledge.

Maa. Just heav'n, exact
With strict account, from *Cæsar's* rigid heart
A pang, for every pang that tortures mine!

May

May public discord and domestic jars
Make his short reign a stormy winter's day!
And may his children with dishonest shame
Redden his hoary cheek; and wound his soul
With keener anguish than their mother bore
Amid her fiercest throws!

Her. Leave him t'enjoy
The destiny allotted, and restrain
Your passionate complaints, which but foment
A grief much greater than the cause requires.

Mar. Your strange insensibility foment
My wonder more: what grief's more rational,
Or what can equal mine, whose darling hope
Is ravish'd in the tender dawn of life
By savages? A miscreant haughty race!
Who with hereditary hate pursue
The name of monarch; and from us dissent
In manners, habit, speech, religion, laws.
There my poor infant, like a beauteous flow'r
Transplanted to a cold unfriendly soil,
Must droop neglected! What protecting hand
Will there with tender delicacy guard
His op'ning bloom? Ah, none! — He there must live
A friendless exile; he! whose menial train
Nobles were proud to grace, and all conspir'd
To make his hours in downy circles dance,
And sooth his soul to joy, must now indure ---
Alas! what not indure? ---

Her. The *Roman* name
Is far renown'd for all the softer arts
Which polish life, and with ennobling grace
Illustrate virtue. Wou'd you but attend,
The voice of reason dictates to our choice,
The deed which strong necessity constrains.
What Court but that of *Rome* cou'd form his mind
By surest maxims, e're he mounts the throne,
To guide the reins of empire? — Thus of old,

Philip from his dejected realm was sent,
 A tender hostage to the *Theban* state:
 Where founding his high virtue on the plan
 Of great *Epaminondas*, he reveng'd
 The wrongs of *Macedon*; and soon reduc'd
 More than a hundred Potentates.

Mar. The deeds
 Of my heroick ancestors might fire
 My son, t'ascend the laurel'd heights of fame,
 Without a *Roman* guide. If he pursues
 With equal steps the glorious paths they trod;
 Like them he'll awe the nations round, and reign
 Honour'd in peace, and terrible in war.
 Were he of growth in radiant steel to lead
 The files of war, against his country's foe;
 No soft emasculating tear shou'd stain
 The lustre of his arms: I'd gird the sword
 On the young warrior's thigh, and send him forth,
 Resolv'd to conquer in so just a cause,
 Or dauntless in her dear defence to fall.

Her. Why then regret you with this rage of grief,
 The happier triumphs of auspicious peace
 Which he bestows? For none but he had pow'r
 T'avert the furies of invasive war:
 For that sole pledge, *Judea* smiles to see
 Soft quiet spreading wide her turtle-wings
 O'er all her bounds; and him we both must own
 The guardian of our crown:

Mar. The crown is bought
 Far, far too dear, with such a precious bribe!
 Preserv'd by mean submission to the frown
 Of alien states, what's he who wears it more
 Than a vain idol of imperial pow'r,
 Which moves subservient to the master-hand,
 No freedom left to will? Had *Cesar* urg'd
 This haughty mandate, when the realm obey'd
 The founders of my *Asmonean* race;

They

They wou'd have plum'd his eagles on the field!

Her. I neither envy, nor defame the dead;
Peace to their honour'd shades! Nor shou'd you
praise

Their actions, only in reproach to mine;
That's too severe.--- When they the sceptre sway'd,
Rome had not stretch'd the terror of her arms,
From far *Euphrates* and the conquer'd east,
To *Lusitania* and th' *Atlantic* main,
If they reign'd now, their prudence wou'd inspire
The same pacific counsels I pursue;
Since her vast pow'r makes all resistance vain:
Vain as the fury which a wintry storm
Dischargeth on the sea, whose waves enjoy
Th' impetuous ruin of the rushing clouds,
And swell with prouder state.--- Alas! thy breast
Still heaves with sighs! Forbear!--- My heart repays
Each tear with drops of blood! Provoke not heav'n,
By violating with superfluous grief,
The brightest image of it self impress
On thy resembling graces.

Mar. Though my tears
Equal'd the dew-drops of the weeping morn,
My fate requires them all!--- His infant charms
Sweetly supply'd your absence, and beguil'd
My widow'd hours, whene'er the voice of war
Call'd you to distant camps!---

Her. If ev'ry star
Contain'd a golden world, and bounteous heav'n
Wou'd make me lord of all, I'd not forsake
My *Mariamne*, to receive the boon.
My absence never shall afflict thee more.
The blaze of glory whose deluding light
Mis-led me from thy arms, shall now be lost
In love's superior flame: *Pheroras*, train'd
In *Roman* camps, and perfected in arms,
Shall have the conduct of our future wars.

And

And now, thou dearest treasure of my soul!
 Prepare with every smiling grace t'adorn
 The festival; and let victorious joy
 Chase every black idea from thy mind:
 For ever banish from thy gentle breast
 All cares, except the pleasing cares of love!
 Be this the prelude of eternal peace,
 And mutual passion with our years increase! [*Exeunt*



A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

Sohemus; Salome.

S O H E M U S.

R Estrain this flood of unavailing tears:
 For if they flow for pity or remorse,
 They flow in vain. In distant ages past
 Pity' dy'd young; of grief, they say, to see
 An eagle wreak his malice on a wren.
 If she were yet on earth, where cou'd she find
 A nobler palace than a brother's breast?
 But there you found her not; the more's the shame!
 Since pity's fled to heav'n, we'll send remorse
 To howl in hell; it has no business here! --
 But if these tears flow from the nobler source
 Of indignation, and the generous shame
 Of injur'd merit; if they relish strong
 The bitterness of soul from which they stream;
 O, let increasing fury swell the tide,
 Ev'n whilst we put in act our great revenge
 So weeps the storm, while the devouring waves
 Close o'er the wrecks it made.

Sal.

Sal. Had I not seen
His cheek discolour'd, when his passion foam'd;
And heard him thunder threats of instant death
To me, and all whose generous spirits scorn
To bear th' oppression of his haughty Queen;
I never had believ'd my self so lost
To his affection.

Sob. Lost! he lov'd you not;
Ambition is the mistress of his soul;
The Queen herself holds but the second place:
To please that mistress, he condemn'd to die
All the wife's kindred; now, to please the wife,
His own must bleed: greatness hath made him deaf
To nature's voice, ev'n while she pleads for you.

Sal. The wretch who in an earthquake sees the
ground
Heave like a swelling wave, before it gapes
To sink him to the centre, stands as safe,
As I so near the Tyrant!

Sob. In his Court,
On these sad terms at best you but enjoy
A prison of state. When rival princes laid
Their sceptres at your feet, the Queen prevail'd
To have each honourable suit refus'd.

Sal. Revenge no more shall grovel in the dark,
But fan with dragon-wings the face of day;
Oppose her course who can! It is resolv'd---

Sob. Once *Mariamne* was the destin'd prey;
But since her charms enthrall the King as fast,
As in the freshness of her bridal love,
They both shall die.

Sal. Yes, both; and all their friends
At once descending crowd the gates of night:
For self-defence will sanctify the deed:
And fame, th' officious herald of success,
Will blazon our renown; and though we fail,
'Tis great to dare.

Sob.

Sob. When those proud cedars fall,
 Their spreading ruin will destroy the shrubs
 Which flourish in their shade. — And lo, the man!
 Whom Fate selects t'achieve her high decree.

S C E N E I I.

[*To them Sameas enters.*]

S A L O M E.

THis diamond, *Sameas*, but prepares the way
 For future favours. [*Gives him a jewel.*]

Sam. Your auspicious smiles,
 Madam, o'er-pay my service.

Sob. *Sameas* wait
 A while in my apartment, and I come
 T' instruct you further to deserve her grace.

[*Exit. Sam.*]

S C E N E I I I.

S A L O M E.

THe diamond which I gave him is the Queen's;
Arsinoe lent it, for the jeweller
 To model one for me.

Sob. It sure will prove
 Of dearest value now; I was amaz'd
 To see you give an earnest of such price;
 To one whose genuine malice renders vice
 Its own reward, and kills for killing sake.

Sal. The wretch is avaritious; we must feed
 That appetite of wealth, which urg'd him first
 To trade in death.

Sob. How urg'd?

Sal. Along the shore

He

He walk'd one ev'ning, when the clamorous rage,
Of tempests wreck'd a ship: the crew were sunk,
The master only reach'd the neighb'ring strand,
Born by a floating fragment; but so weak
With combating the storm, his tongue had lost
The faculty of speech, and yet for aid
He faintly wav'd his hand, on which he wore
A fatal jewel. *Sameas* quickly charm'd
Both by its size and lustre, with a look
Of pity, stoop'd to take him by the hand;
Then cut the finger off to gain the ring,
And plung'd him back to perish in the waves;
Crying, go dive for more.--- I've heard him boast
Of this adventure.

Soh. He's a very fiend!
If we succeed, he shall not live an hour,
In mercy to our selves: his poisoning art
In time wou'd taint the vital breath of spring;
And spread contagion with each spicy gale.---

[*A Messenger enters.*

Mess. Lord *Hazeroth* releas'd, demands to see
Your lordship.--- [*Exit.*

Soh. Me?

Sal. Receive him; I retire. [*Exit. Sal.*

S C E N E I V.

Hazeroth, Sobemus.

H A Z E R O T H.

THe King, I thank his grace! vouchsafes me leave
To breath a freer air, than what was judg'd
Fit for my constitution; though the terms
Of freedom are severe.

Soh. What terms, my lord?

Haz. To sue for reconcilment, and receive

In

In sacred friendship that injurious hand,
Which coop'd me, like a starling in a cage;
You know the man!

Sob. My lord, the man you mean
Bears such devotion to your high descent,
That 'tis the favourite passion of his soul,
To live your humblest servant ---

Haz. And his tongue
Distills court-honey, while his heart o'er-flows
With quintessence of gall!

Sob. That character,
My lord, with great submission I disown:
You hear the dictates of an honest heart,
That's warm in all your interests.

Haz. You confin'd
My person, like a felon's, to promote
My interest! Statesmen have peculiar arts!
They're so mysterious, few can apprehend
The favours they confer!

Sob. The crime deserv'd
Severer penance than the King enjoin'd.

Haz. I thank your majesty!

Sob. I then, my lord,
Bore th' express image of the sov'reign pow'r;
And that's allow'd to dignify the coin,
However mean the metal. Me you brav'd,
With most unseemly licence; but th'affront
Wounded the King: and his prerogative
Reveng'd itself, not me.

Haz. When e'er the spleen
And pride of tools in office are chastis'd;
The King's affronted! — is the general cry,
From those who lord it in the *Sanhedrim*,
To him who drives the camels!

Sob. When, my lord,
Your shining merits meet their just reward,
Distinguish'd with some honourable post,

As soon they must, you'll own my doctrine sound.
Nothing but duty to preserve the crown,
In its full lustre, 'till the King return'd,
Cou'd urge me to exert an act of pow'r
On you, my lord, whose qualities adorn
Your royal lineage: but, the noblest fruits
Have too much tartness, 'till the mellowing year
Digests their eager juices.

Haz. Youth is apt
T' incur such indiscretions, as the King
Forgave in me, and you, my lord, forget:
Our friendship here begins.

Soh. May death alone
Dissolve the honour'd tie! [*Ex. Haz.*] O flattery!
How soon thy smooth insinuating oil
Supples the toughest fool! [*Exit Soh.*]

S C E N E V.

Mariamne, Arsinoe:

M A R I A M N E.

WITH less regret
I can support your absence, since my son
Will find so kind a guardian, to discharge
The dear engagements that a mother owes:
We differ but in name.

Ar. The Prince shall be
The tender object of my hourly care:
Happy! that Fate reserves it in my pow'r
T' express the sense my grateful heart retains
Of royal favour.

Mar. Nature form'd our sex
For soft endearing offices: she starts,
When pity is depos'd, and cruel pride
Usurps the vacant throne. Alas! you see

How

50 M A R I A M N E.

How deep the darts of fortune wound the great;
 Though clad in glden armour. Were you sway'd
 By favours in reversion, which allure
 Ev'n vulgar souls to succour the distress'd;
 Int'rest wou'd tell you, that your darling son
 May want a friend; and then, my tender plant
 In the full verdure of his royal growth,
 May recompense your kind protecting care,
 And shield him from a storm. — Is the time fix'd
 For your departure?

Ar. Schemus intends
 T' obtain the royal mandate, to delay
 My journey with my lord: then all my joys,
 Like the false colours of the show'ry bow,
 Will fade in tears!

Mar. The politician's art
 Must so revenge his disappointed love.
 His spider-constitution wou'd dissolve
 In its own venom, if he shou'd forbear
 To spin it off in crafty dark intrigues,
 Pernicious to my peace, and those I love.
 Before the banquet, you shall quit the Court;
 Then let *Flaminius* vindicate his claim.
 And by this prompt compliance with your lord,
 Form all your future conduct; and affect
 The pow'r to please, and not to give him pain:
 For wedded love is founded on esteem,
 Which the fair merits of the mind engage:
 For those are charms that never can decay;
 But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
 Improves their lustre.

Ar. None of humane race
 Wou'd live more happy, cou'd we but transcribe
 The bright example of a royal pair:
 If my *Flaminius* ever wou'd reward
 My constant ardor, with an equal flame,
 Engag'd by such endearing decencies,

As

As make the lamp of love in *Herod's* breast
To burn so bright, and never to consume.

Mar. Beware of flattery! 'tis a flow'ry weed,
Which oft offends the very idol vice,
Whose shrine it would perfume.

Ar. But rigid truth
Turns praise to incense, which the nicest sense
Of virtue may receive. — In your soft chains
Your captive lord is led from joy to joy:
Days, months, and years, in circling raptures rowl;
And each advancing hour outshines the past.
None, none but he can such a treasure boast,
Rich in perfections, able to suffice
His avarice of love!

Mar. When hearts are join'd
In virtuous union, love's impartial beams
Gild the low cottage of the faithful swain
With equal warmth, as when he darts his fires
On canopies of state.

Ar. The danger's fled,
And now I may disclose a stronger proof
Of *Herod's* passion, than the long records
Of love contain.

Mar. What proof?--- a dangerous proof,
Conceal'd from me!

Ar. When *Cæsar's* mounted beams
Prevail'd o'er *Anthony's* inferior star;
He thought the victor, in severe revenge,
Would take both life and crown: his life and crown
Were toys beneath his care; but oh! what pangs
He felt, reflecting that your death alone
Cou'd save your beauties to himself entire!
How vast a passion his, who could not bear
A rival in the grave!

Mar. How! Did the King
To the red hand of slaughter doom the breast
Of once-lov'd *Mariamne*?--- Gave command

This breast shou'd bleed, where never dwelt a
thought

Disloyal or unkind!--- Had other lips
Breath'd forth this fatal truth, it would appear
The dictate of inventive spleen, disclos'd
To violate my peace: But you're sincere;
And knowing that, I know my self undone!

Ar. O, that I had been born like Nature's mutes,
That swim the silent deep! — Believe me false;
Or else, with me, believe the King's decree
A test of wondrous love, and dear esteem!

Mar. Love, and esteem! —

Ar. Alas! rekindling rage
Glow's on your cheek, and sparkles in your eyes:--
Think me perfidious, or distrust the pow'r,
And evidence of ev'ry faithful sense,
Rather than doubt your self the worship'd shrine
Of his fond soul, and treasure of his joys.

Mar. To dissipate my doubt, recite the whole,
Without evasions,

Ar. When he went to *Rhodes*,
He thus to *Sobemus* his charge address'd.
If I to *Cesar's* rage a victim fall,
Let not my beauteous Queen survive, to grace
The victor's triumphs, or to crown his love:
Let me lie envy'd in the grave, possess'd
Of *Mariamne* there! a happier doom,
Than 'tis to live the world's imperial lord
Without my Queen, or rival'd in my love.

Mar. Whene'er did cruelty assume a look
So smooth and fair before? — To summon death,
And arm the terror with a dart of love,
Against his Queen! his wife! whose ardent vows,
Incessant pray'r, and sacrifice, implor'd
Th'unutterable name, to make his head
White as the flow'ring almond, with increase
Of prosp'rous days; that ages yet unborn

Might

M A R I A M N E.

Might bow before his throne, and bless his pow'r;
When I lie unlamented and forgot,
A little heap of dust: and this return!—
A sad return indeed!

Ar. Call it despair,
And fear of losing what his soul adores.
Our deeds receive their colour from the will;
His tongue was cruel, but his heart was kind;
And rigor was, at worst, the fullen child
Of grief, and bore a fix'd, but melting eye:
Or if a crime, the crime of boundless love.

Mar. Good heav'n! that base perfidious creature,
man! —

With what dissembled agonies of grief
He cried, farewell! and fainted in my arms;
I credulously fond thought all sincere!

Ar. His grief was undissembled; but your charms
Have wrought his love to rage.

Mar. If this poor stock
Of artless beauty hath such fatal pow'r,
When you, *Arfinoe*, have a daughter born,
Peg all deformities of shape and face,
T'insure her quiet from that monster, man!
Who quitting reason, a celestial claim,
To the sweet harmony of souls prefers
A little white and red, the airy food
O bestial appetite; and for a cheek,
Whose transient beauties hardly will outwear
The wardrobe of a flow'r — [*A Messenger enters.*

Mess. The King and Court
Intreat your Majesty wou'd come, to grace
The banquet.

Mar. No! I'm indispos'd — [*Exit Mess.*] Now fly,
Arfinoe, fly the meditated snare,
Which *Sohemus* will spread: and may your love
In the warm smile of fortune flourish fair,
Fruitful of virtuous joys: but if the Pow'r

MARIAMNE.

4
Blast with malignant frowns the blooming sweets;
Absolve your destiny of partial rage:
Think on the wife, the mother, and the Queen,
Whose heart her hostile troops have long besieged:
Think with kind pity on the countless store
Of *Mariamne's* woes, and weep no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Salome alone.

SALOME.

I Thought my heart was arm'd with adamant
Against remorse; but nature fools me now;
A faint cold shiv'ring seizeth every limb.

SCENE VII.

Enter Sohemus.

SALOME.

MY lord! O breathe some cordial to revive
My sick'ning expectation.

Soh. To defeat

Our purpose, Fortune with malicious joy
Fav'ring the Queen, hath snatch'd her from the stroke
Of lifted thunder; but the bolt is hurl'd,
And on her head the ruin shall rebound.
Her stern refusal to partake the feast,
In foul suspicion will confirm the King;
Absolve us, and to her transfer the crime:
With hope attend th'event. [*Exit. Soh.*]

SCENE.

S C E N E V I I I.

Salome alone.

ON this great hour
 Shine all ye planets, whose malignant rays,
 Blast the fair prosp'rous growth of regal pow'r!
 Hark! — Death's inaction from the banquet sounds
 The musick of his triumphs, groans and cries.

S C E N E I X.

[To her Pheroras enters.]

P H E R O R A S.

GIve me, good heav'n! to feed on wholesom herbs
 In camps, and drink the pure untainted spring;
 Since death in ambush lies in sparkling cups,
 And courtly viands!

Sal. Why, my lord, so pale?
 What strange disorder ends the festival?

Pher. *Sameas*, the wretch whom I prefer'd to court,
 Design'd to poison all.

Sal. Avert it, heav'ns!
 I hope he fail'd.

Pher. His felon-cheek ne'er chang'd
 It's colour, when he brought th'impoison'd bowl;
 With garlands crown'd, and gave it to the King:
 Who with the fondness of a lover cry'd,
 He'd not indulge his taste, because the Queen
 Refus'd t'adorn the circle, so resign'd
 To *Hazeroth* the plegde of royal grace.
 Sudden his lips grew livid, and discharg'd

A purple foam , his labouring bosom swell'd ;
 His eye-balls like malignant meteors glar'd ,
 Unmov'd and gashly : as the venom spread ,
 Frightful convulsions writh'd his tortur'd limbs ;
 Then mad with anguish , rushing to the floor
 He groan'd his soul away.

Sal. All scap'd but he ?

Phe. Had not the villain over-drug'd the wine ,
 We all had perish'd.

S C E N E. X.

*Herod enters on one side of the Stage, and
 Sohemus on the other.*

H E R O D, to S O H E M U S.

W I L L the Queen obey
 Our order, and attend us ?

Soh. Sir, she comes
 With much reluctance. [*Mariamne enters.*

Her. to *Mar.* Did the banquet want
 Variety , or elegance of art ,
 T'engage you to partake ? If all our Court
 Had been alike abstemious, Death had miss'd
 A rich repast !

Mar. Death ! --- I can bear the sound ;
 I'll fate is grown familiar to my ear !

Her. There let it meet your eye.

[*She goes to the door which he points to*
 O'er the black crime

How white a veil of innocence she throws !

Soh. Her eyes glance indignation , now she finds
 Th' invenom'd dart hath err'd.

Mar. Poor *Hazeroth* !
 Thy freedom costs thee dear !

Her.

Her. You have been just,
In punishing the traitor's insolence;
Whom in excess of clemency I spar'd,
Because ally'd to you.

Mar. Murder'd by me! ---
So let the tiger sheath his savage fangs,
And for the mangled fawn implead the roe!
To build my frame the forming pow'r infus'd
Too mild a spirit, in too soft a mold,
For such barbarian deeds.--- Who wears the sword
That flesh'd in slaughter, levell'd to the dust
The royal stem, whence that poor scion sprung?
[*Pointing toward Haz.*

Who doom'd to death the hoary majesty
Of good *Hyrchanus*? Whose insatiate rage
Murder'd my royal father, and his son?
Bid Fame to late posterity report
That *Mariamne* did it:--- She destroy'd
Her grandfire, father, uncle, brother, all
Her *Asmonean* race; and then constrain'd
Herod to wear the crown! ---

Her. So grac'd, to fall
A nobler victim to her vast revenge!

Mar. Call your brib'd witnesses; they're useful paint
To varnish acts of arbitrary rage.

Her. Why comes not *Sameas*? [*Exit Soh.*

Oh! how blest am I,
If heav'n preserves that angel-form the seat
Of innocence and truth: but much I fear
Too plain conviction; for thy dream reveal'd
This meditated crime: I heard thee cry,
The King is poison'd.--- But attend the proof.

S C E N E X I.

Sohemus enters with Sameas.

SOHEMUS, to SAMEAS.

THE diamond will confirm your evidence. [*Aside.*
Her. Sameas beware, and tremble to transgress
 The bounds of truth: if one assertion fail
 Of utmost evidence against the Queen,
 Thou for a single fiction shalt descend
 Quick to the heart of hell. Who gave the drugs
 That poison'd *Hazeroth*?

Sam. Arsinoe said
 She brought them from the Queen; and much extoll'd
 Their pow'rful virtue to revive the flames
 Of dying love.

Mar. Heav'n guard my innocence!

Her. Haste! call *Arsinoe*.—

Soh. Sir, she fled the Court
 In great disorder.

Her. How!

Soh. The *Roman* camp
 Protects her guilt.

Her. A potion to revive
 The flames of love! Did e'er my passion need
 The wicked pow'r of art to make it glow? [*To Mar.*
 O'er-whelm'd with blank confusion!—

Mar. Must a dream,
 The transient image of a troubled thought,
 Join'd with that villain's frontless perjury,
 Be clear consummate proof, t' affirm a fact
 Wou'd make Fiends start, and stand in wild amaze
 Abstracted from their hate! Can he produce
 A promise of rewards, or present bribe

To

To fortify this proof?

Sam. Arsinoe gave

This precious token of your future grace.

[*Shews a jewel*]

Her. Know you this diamond, forcerefs!

Mar. 'Tis the same

You gave me on your birth-day.

Her. To be made

The lure of death--- O foul!

Mar. *Arsinoe's* false;

Send, intercept her flight: let her confront

His evidence; and if they both conspire

T' attaint my innocence---

Her. My guards!--- secure

[*To the Captain of the guard.*]

That wicked woman with a double guard---

Seize her, I say!---

Mar. Friend, tremble not t' obey

His orders; thou'rt a soldier--- But, my lord!---

Think not these tears, the frailty of my sex,

Argue a sense of guilt, or servile hope

Of moving pity, to retard my doom:

I weep not for my self; nor wish to ward

The blow, whene'er misguided justice strikes:

But if I e'er was treasur'd in your heart;

For sure you lov'd me once---

Her. And lov'd too well!

May all who hate me love as much as I,

And then be thus requited!

Mar. When I'm dead,

O, let the stream of dear affection flow,

Redoubled on my son! to him transfer

The share I've lost--- And never may the wrong

His mother bears, obstruct the sweet returns

Of filial duty, and paternal love!

But may my memory his soul inspire

To scorn inglorious life, when honour calls

Greatly

Greatly to act, or suffer in her cause:
 And think the debt which death is sure to claim,
 A tribute due to virtue, and to fame. [*Exeunt.*



A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

Herod, Pheroras.

P H E R O R A S.

TH E silent night hath pass'd her fable noon;
 In mercy to your realm, regard your health,
 Compose your self to sleep.

Her. Bid the wretch sleep,
 Whose limbs extended on the rack, endure
 The utmost stretch of pain: I suffer more!
 More, my *Pheroras*, more! The balm of sleep
 Can ne'er refresh these eyes, 'till the pale hand
 Of death shall draw their curtains, and exclude
 The busy buzzing swarm of stinging thoughts.
 My bed, the scene of all my blissful hours,
 Of all my tender, chaste, endearing joys,
 Which now have wing'd their everlasting flight,
 Is grown the den of horror and despair.
 O *Mariamne*! — With my setting sun,
 Ill fortune now projects a deeper shade:
 I wish I were as I had never been;
 Number'd among the dead!

Phe.

M A R I A M N E

61

Phe. Sir, let her crime
Erase the faithful characters, which love
Imprinted on your heart.

Her. Alas ! the pain
We feel, whene'er we dispossess the soul
Of that tormenting tyrant, far exceeds
The rigor of his rule.

Phe. With reason quell
That haughty passion ; treat it as your slave :
Resume the Monarch.

Her. Where's the Monarch now ? —
The vulgar call us Gods, and fondly think
That Kings are cast in more than mortal molds :
Alas ! they little know that when the mind
Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy ;
But grows more sensible of grief or pain.
The stupid peasant with as quick a sense,
Enjoys the fragrance of a rose, as I ;
And his rough hand is proof against the thorn,
Which rankling in my tender skin, wou'd seem
A viper's tooth. O blissful poverty !
Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods : and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries ! Had I been born
A cottager, my homely bowl had flow'd
Secure from pois'nous drugs ; but now my wife ! —
Let me good heav'n, forget that guilty name,
Or madness will ensue —

SCE-

S C E N E I I.

[*To them the HIGH PRIEST enters.*]

H E R O D.

AT this late hour,
When only discontented spectres roam
In moon-light walks, or yet more anxious men;
With pangs of agonizing passion torn,
Accuse their stars; and with their sorrows make;
The midnight echoes mourn: at this late hour,
What discord breaks the virtuous harmony,
Which wont to reign within thy pious breast?

H. Pr. O, that, my royallord, that which will spread
O'er *Palestine* the blackest veil of woe,
That ever nation wore! Forgive my zeal,
Which breaks through courtly forms, to execute
The heav'nly office which my order claims.
Peace is my province; and I prostrate beg
By all your publick and domestic joys!
By the dear offspring of your royal bed!
By all that merits your regard, release
Your injur'd Queen!

Her. Have you not heard her crime?
Shall I resume a forcerefs to my breast,
Who unprovok'd, with black infernal hate
Attempted our perdition? No! ---

H. Pr. My Liege!
Her gentle goodness ne'er cou'd break the band
Of nature, and the stronger ties of love ---

Her. Thirst for her husband's blood! --- A lioness
Is kinder to her mate.

H. Pr. It cannot be:
Some wretch hath sold his mercenary soul,

T'ac-

T'accuse her without cause.

Her. Is all our court

Combin'd in perjury? They all condemn
Her execrable deed.

H. Pr. Their tongues are tun'd
To what they think delights the royal ear:
In this confusion, shou'd a comet rise,
They'd cry, the Queen hath set the world o' fire,
Vouchsafe her audience; Sir; hear her defence
With cool impartial reason: error oft
Assumes the shape of truth, and the wild eye
Of passion rarely can at first discern
Th' impostor in disguise. Let not your heart,
Where late her beauteous image was inshrined;
Be now immur'd with marble from her pray'r!
Offended heav'n with pitying ear accepts
The sighs of penitents, and freelier grants
Access when soonest sought.

Her. Did she request
Admittance to me?

H. Pr. Yes; With such an air
Of grief ennobled with majestic grace;
With such undaunted fortitude of mind;
Soft'ned with pensive sweetness in her eyes,
That speaks her wrong'd: none but a soul as white
As new-born innocence, cou'd shine so clear
On the dim verge of death.--- My gracious lord,
Forgive the frailties of forgetful age!
She took this ruby-bracelet from her arm,
Which on this anniverse she wont to wear;
In sweet remembrance of the nuptial morn,
When first you ty'd it on: Restore, she cry'd,
This pledge of fond affection to the King:
Tell him, howe'er unkind, I've yet deserv'd
To wear no other chain, than this of love;
Then wept a tender show'r. [*Herod takes the bracelet.*]

Her. The time hath been,

I'd not have seen my *Mariamne* drop
 One precious tear, for all the radiant mines
 The womb of earth contains: but now her heart
 Is chang'd, and so must mine!--- Yet if she craves
 To see me now, give orders; let the guard
 Conduct her to me. [*Exeunt Her. and Pher.*

H. Pr. Now with speedy flight,
 Descend celestial ministers of peace!
 Who kindle virtuous ardors, and preside
 O'er nuptial vows: aid with auspicious zeal,
 The firm reunion of these royal hearts:
 And never never from your charge remove,
 'Till death's commission'd to divide their love. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Sohemus and Salome.

S O H E M U S.

THUS far with fate to friend, and greatly fir'd
 With bright ambition, we've pursu'd the path
 To glory; and with swift and easy steps,
 Approach the summit of imperial pow'r.

Sal. But shou'd the King's enfeebled soul relent,
 And pardon *Mariamne*?

Soh. She'll disdain
 To re-ascend the throne, or owe her life
 To low submission: for the stubborn sense
 Of genuine virtue in a royal mind,
 Ne'er softens with affliction; but becomes
 The more obdurate, when it once hath griev'd;
 As metals after melting harder grow.

S C E

M A R I A M N E.

65

S C E N E I V.

[*To them Sameas enters.*]

S A L O M E.

Sameas, thou best of friends! thy wish'd approach
By instinct I perceiv'd; thy influence spreads
Like rich perfumes; which, tho' invisible,
Refresh the sense.

Sam. Madam, I hop'd my art
Had well deserv'd a jewel of your own,
T' engage my service: 'twas too politic
To feign a favour but to serve your cause
When the nice article of proof came on.

Sal. Contemn that worthless pebble; we're intent
On far more glorious views: whole provinces
Shall recompence thy love.

Sam. Rather consult
Our common safety; life is all I crave.

Sal. What may't thou mean?

Sam. Th' High Priest hath won the King
To see the Queen to-night.

Soh. Impossible!

Sam. But now I met him speeding cross the court;
Round him a rabble of her menial slaves
Ran big with joy.

Soh. Confound his holy craft!--
Fortune at once rowls back the bounteous flow
Of hope, and leaves us gasping on the shore!--

[*Salome whispers Sohemus.*]
I'll do it.

Sam. What, my lord?--What must we do?--

Soh. Why, suffer greatly, since we cannot act!
Thy part remains to persevere, tho' racks

E

Strain

Strain every sinew smaller than the threads
Which form a spider's web.---Ne'er hope for grace;
Tis vain!

Sam. I'll risque th' event, and go---

[*Sohemus stabs him.*]

Soh. To hell!

To hell! poor timorous wretch, and tell the devil---

[*In the struggle Sameas wrests the dagger out of
Sohemu's hand; and in falling backward he
strikes it into Salome's bosom, and dies.*]

Soh. Princess ador'd and lov'd! Oh!-- speak!

Sal. Death! death!

Save me, O *Sohemus*, from that black troop
Of grizly shapes, which in fantastic dance
Frisk round, and call me hence.---O, kind in vain!
A fiery whirlwind bears me from thy arms
To seas of boiling sulphur; the blue waves
Receive me to their bosom.---Down! deep, deep!

[*She dies.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Herod and Pheroras, with attendants.

HEROD.

WHat hideous sound of shrieks and dying groans
Echo'd from hence, as if by violence
A soul had left her mansion unprepar'd.

Phe. Horror! our sister dead!

Soh. That villain came [*Pointing to Sameas's body.*]
In all the gestures of extreme despair;
Crying she brib'd him to accuse the Queen;
And having heard *Ansinoe* wou'd return
To null his evidence, rage and remorse

Urg'd

Urg'd him to plunge the dagger in her breast,
And then he pierc'd himself.

Her. O Salomé!

The jarring elements which compos'd thy frame,
Made thee aspiring, turbulent, and bold:
In others woe was thy supreme delight;
And most against my Queen thy malice aim'd
Her venom'd shafts: but now thy guilty blood
Will quench the flames, which thy infernal torch
Spread o'er the harvest of my nuptial joys.

*Sol. How blind, alas, to fate is the dim eye
Of dull mortality!*

Her. O Sohemus!

A thrilling horror freezeth every vein,
While I review the precipice of fate,
Where late I stood perplex'd: but one step more
Had plung'd me in th' abyss of endless woe,
A most consummate wretch!---But here she comes,

[*Marianne enters in a mourning habit.*
Welcome as night with sweet refreshing shade,
And balmy dews, to the faint traveller,
Who journies o'er a waste of burning sands,
With painful steps and slow.---Remove the dead;
She hath no vengeful appetite to glut,
With such sad spectacles. [*All go out except Herod.*

S C E N E V I.

Herod, Marianne,

HEROD.

A Pproach, my Queen,
Thou dearest miracle of nature's hand,
Adorn'd with all perfections,

*Mar. Dare you trust
Your murd'ress near you?*

E 2

Her.

Her. Thy soft innocence
 Was form'd to kill with darts of keen desire;
 I beg those pleasing wounds: approach, my fair!
 Heav'ns! at the sight of that celestial face,
 Each savage passion from the soul retires;
 As wolves forsake the fold, when first the sun
 Flames o'er the eastern hills. Oh! thus, thus, thus,
 I'll clasp thee ever to my heaving breast:
 Thus on thy lips in glowing rapture seal,
 A firm eternal union of our souls.---

Mar. In vain!---They who dissolv'd the first, have
 To cancel this. [power

Her. Dismiss that groundless fear:
Sameas and *Salomé* are now no more;
 They've punish'd their own guilt, and the last breath
 Of faction spoke thy virtue greatly wrong'd.

Mar. But the same judge survives, whose credulous
 Drank all that prejudic'd malice cou'd infuse. [ear
 You, who condemn'd me for the blackest crime,
 On evidence too counterfeit and light
 To cheat an idiot's eye, betray'd a will
 Dispos'd to credit ev'ry feign'd report;
 Whene'er malignant passion shall provoke
 Other artificers of fraud, t' assault
 My life or honour.

Her. That unkind reproach
 Wou'd change to soft compassion, had you felt
 The stings of sorrow which transfix'd my soul,
 When first you were accus'd: I woud not bear
 Such agonies again, for all the crowns
 Which e'er ambition sigh'd for.

Mar. To your self
 You owe whate'er you suffer'd; and your pain
 Was but the fancied torture of a dream:
 But wounds of honour bleed for ever new;
 Their anguish is sincere! My fame must bear

The

The blast of censure, and the letter'd spleen
Of future story.

Her. No! thy fame will shine
More bright, emerging from this short eclipse:
The marks of envy give distinguish'd grace
To virtue; as indented scars adorn
The soldier's breast.

Mar. I wish my innocence
Wanted that mark of honour, which the tongue
Of malice will miscall the brand of guilt.

Her. The whitest ermin on her skin may bear
An accidental spot; yet none accuse
Her native purity, but call the stain
The crime of fortune. To the doubtful world,
My edict soon will vindicate thy fame:
Lodge that, and all thy cares, within my breast;
Where every gesture, word, and look inspire
The spirit of purest love!

Mar. For which I wear
This livery of death --- It suits the day
Which gave me to your arms.

Her. But now, disrob'd
Of those sad weeds, and every gloomy thought;
Smile like an Angel breaking from a cloud.
While peace, and joy, and ever young desire
Attend thee to my bed, each wedded pair
Shall make our bliss the measure of their vows!

Mar. Your bed! --- the tiger shall as soon persuade
The hunted deer to harbour in his den. ---

Her. Damp not my glowing passion with a thought
Of separation! Did our dates extend
To the same length the giant-race enjoy'd,
When nature yet was young, I then shou'd dread
The sad idea of our last divorce;
Tho' sure that many smiling centuries
Wou'd drowl 'twixt death and us! --- O! did thy love

But equal mine, we'd in each other live
So join'd, that when fate strikes we both might fall!
I'd not survive thy doom.

Mar. Nor can I yours! ---

Her. The words are what I wish, but ill explain'd
By that stern look and haughty voice.

Mar. Enquire
Of that domestic oracle your heart:
If that resolves not the mysterious sense,
Ask *Sohemus*. —

Her. Confusion!

Mar. Do you start?
With sudden rays of dawning truth amaz'd?
As Fiends wou'd be, shou'd the meridian Sun
Blaze on their black abodes.

Her. Can neither words,
Nor actions ought avail, but must disdain
Repay my generous passion? Is thy rage
Grown so implacable, no tender proofs
Are prevalent t' assuage it?

Mar. 'Twas a proof
Of tender love, no doom me to the sword
By such an order, as barbarian hate
Wou'd only dictate in the rage of war!
And with that engin of clandestine death
To arm the malice of my foe profess! —
On *Sohemus* you safely might rely,
To send me soon to mingle with your dust.

Her. O villain! perjur'd villain! to betray
That charge on which depended all my peace!
On which his life depended! — Nothing less
Than the damn'd witchcraft of thy wicked charms,
Cou'd tempt him to the very cave of Death,
To wanton with his darts! --- Tear him ye Fiends! —
To that false cheek dissembling nature gave
The blush of virtue, for a veil to lust:
He breath'd that fatal secret to thy ear

M A R I A M N E.

71

In amorous murmurs, when the slave was grown
Frantic with ecstasy ---

Mar. My fame defies
Th' envenom'd breath of slander; all my hours
Have kept severest virtue for their guard.
But I presage, offended heav'n prepares
To punish that excess of virgin-love,
By which betray'd, I gave my nuptial vow,
Against the solemn sanction of our law:
And to an alien's care transferr'd the charge
Of pure religion; who, to flatter Rome,
Neglects her altars, and her faith profanes.

Her. Guards! — Take her hence! [*Guards enter.*
No foolish fond remorse
Shall now delay my vengeance —

[*The Guards lead off Mariamne.*
Love farewell! —

Rather than doat on her polluted charms,
My sword shall rip the passion from my heart.
Adultery! --- Ye violated heav'ns!
Dart the red light'ning wing'd with tenfold rage,
To blast th' adulterers! Why did ye forbear
To rivet closer with hot thunder bolts,
The serpents twitted in the folds of lust!

S C E N E V I I.

[*Pheroras, enters.*]

HEROD.

Pheroras, Oh! --- Ten thousand rebels arm,
Grief, horror, shame, distraction! --- they besiege
The poor soul, wav'ring in the fort of life,
And wishing to surrender! Thy kind sword
Might end this insurrection: dar'st thou strike?

[*Points to his breast.*

E 4

Pher.

Pher. Heav'n shield from violence that sacred breast!
 Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck phrensy rush
 On voluntary death: the wise and brave,
 When the fierce storms of fortune round 'em roar
 Combat the billows with redoubled force:
 Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd,
 They sink with decent pride; and from the deep
 Honour retrieves them, bright as rising stars.
 Call reason to your aid, and with your friends
 Divide your care: doubt not but *Sohemus* ---

Her. Thou nam'st the very scorpion which hath
 The centre of my heart. [stung

Pher. Then make his blood
 Balm for the wound.

Her. The wound admits no cure!
 Nor reason, nor the healing hand of time
 Can bring relief: But heav'n inspire my heart,
 Before it breaks, with new-devis'd revenge,
 Equal to that perfidious villain's crime! ---
 Were his approaches frequent to the Queen,
 When I was absent?

Pher. No; he ever stood
 The distant object of her hate.

Her. With ease
 They might elude your eye; but *Salomé*,
 And *Sameas* sure were conscious of their crimes;
 For which he murder'd both; and she prepar'd
 The poisonous bowl for me. But from that slave,
 Tortures shall wring the truth I dread to know.
 Secure him for the rack: and let the Queen
 Drink the same fatal draught she drug'd for me;
 Instant, with her own deathful art destroy
 Th'artificer of death! --- O *Mariamne*! ---
 Why would'st thou wrong my honour, and my love,
 And urge this direful doom? [Exit Pheroras.

S C E N E V I I I.

[Flaminius enters to Herod.]

H E R O D.

MY Roman friend!
Your unexpected visit finds my court
In wild disorder.

Flam. Sir, the Queen's desire
To see the Prince, occasion'd my return
At this uncourtly hour.

Her. Few hours have pass'd,
Since you beheld me in triumphal state:
Now, like a meteor from a summer sky,
Ingloriously I'm fall'n!

Flam. Banish despair,
And all her gloomy train: doubt not but Fate
In her large volume still for you reserves
A page, as full of glory as the past.

Her. Glory, *Flaminius*! --- Will an empty name,
A shining bubble, which the vulgar breath
Of thoughtless crowds can swell for whom they please,
E'er recompense the loss I must sustain?
My Queen! my wife! the jewel of my soul!

Flam. Mercy's the brightest ornament of pow'r;
And now most needful to preserve your peace.

Her. Justice must be my mercy: She must dye! ---
She must! ---

Flam. But, Sir, 'tis safer much to sheath
The sword of justice, since the destin'd blow
Will chiefly wound your self. Without your Queen;
Your palace, though with gay retinue throng'd,
Will seem a savage desert. You must view
The mother blooming in your beauteous child,
Nor feel a father's joy! Each object here,
Will rouse the sad remembrance of the bliss

You once possess'd with her! How will you wish
 For that sweet converse, when the smiling hours
 Danc'd to the musick of her heav'nly voice,
 And the short years were lost in dear delight!
 But when her charms are silent, dismal change!
 Slow fullen time on raven-wings will fly
 Heavy and black! around you then you'll see
 Your son, your nobles, and domesticks chang'd:
 For each, as their peculiar grief shall urge,
 With pensive silence will upbraid the loss
 Of mother, Queen, or friend. But what's the loss
 Of mother, Queen, or friend, compar'd to yours?
 A wife! the best, the loveliest of her sex,
 And late the best-belov'd! in the full pride
 Of summer beauty, like a poisonous weed
 Torn from the earth, and by her husband's hand
 Unkindly cast to wither in the grave!

Her. My fate wou'd force from rigor's flinty eye
 Ev'n tears of blood! [*He weeps.*

Fla. O Sir! reflect, if thus
 The bare recital wounds your fancy now,
 A yet more dreadful pain may pierce your heart!
 Love may once more revive, vain hopeless love!
 When the dear object of your longing soul
 Lies mould'ring in the dust. If so, the wretch
 Who buried in a trance returns to life,
 And walks distracted o'er the ratling bones
 Of his dead fathers, in the dreary vault
 Less horror feels, than sad remorse will raise
 Within your breast!

Her. O *Mariamne* lost!
 To love for ever lost! to love and me!--
 I've liv'd Love's slave too long; but Jealousy,
 That yellow fiend! hath dip'd the torch in gall,
 And now 'twill light no more!--

Fla. If the Queen's false,
 My Wife hath been officious to her crimes,

And

And shares in the pollution: let her plea
Be heard; and if she fails in her defence,
I'll slay her at your feet.

[Flaminius goes out, and returns immediately
with Arsinoe.]

S C E N E IX.

HEROD TO ARSINOE.

A heav'nly peace
May sooth your anguish, when the fluttering soul
Prepares to wing her last eternal flight,
Assist my quiet, and resolve my doubts!
Was *Sohemus* admitted to the Queen,
Whilst I was gone to *Rhodes*?

Ar. Never, my Lord!

Her. Never?

Ar. His name's offensive to her ear:
And for his person! no antipathy
In nature can be stronger.

Her. So I thought;
But such fictitious arts too oft conceal
Criminal correspondence: they might write!
And doubtless did.

Ar. That commerce cou'd not 'scape
My notice, who by constant duty bound,
Waited so near the Queen.

Her. What if she saw?
Her interest then, and now her fear prevails
To seal the lips of truth.

Fla. Sir, not the frown
Of majesty, nor brandish'd thunder awes
A *Roman* spirit, (such I hope she bears)
To make it start from the plain tracks of truth,
And deviate into falsehood.

Her. Can the Queen
Pierce to the close recesses of the soul?

Are

Are thou hts there visible, like children's toys
Kept in ag chrystal case? Does she retain
Dæmons, to sit secure from mortal fight,
In Princes cabinets to learn t e sum
Of secret counsels? Told they this decree;
If *Cesar*, to revenge the sacred faith
I held with *Anthony*, shou'd to the sword
Sentence my head, that her's shou'd likewise fall;
Lest the proud successor who seiz'd my throne,
Shou'd triumph in my bed? --- No! That resolve
A carnal Fiend imparted; and she paid
His service with her honour! ---

Ar. Royal Sir!

Her honour is unblemish'd; all the blame
Transfer to my officious zeal; I told
That fatal secret.

Her. How! --- Did *Sohemus*
Impart that most important charge to you?

Ar. To me his vows of love were then address'd;
Which when disdain'd, with more persuasive force
To recommend his passion, he reveal'd
The dreadful mandate left in trust; and swore
That if you perish'd by the sword of *Rome*
My love alone was ransom for the life
Of my dear Royal mistress.

Her. Fly! O fly!
Swift as a Cherub to preserve his charge:
Reverse the doom of death. [Exit *Ar.*

S C E N E X.

[To them *Pheroras* enters.]

HEROD TO PHERORAS.

I S Sohemus
Is Secur'd for torture?

Phe. Sir, he took th'alarm,
And fled for safety to the royal tow'r;

The portal forc'd, the soldiers found him fall'n
On his self-slaught'ring sword, stretcht on the ground
Welt'ring in blood; he speechless there expir'd.

Her. Too far confiding in that traitor's skill
In arts of rule, he so misus'd my pow'r,
That distant story may record my reign
From year to year, by many a cruel deed;
As the wild progress of a storm is trac'd
By marks of desolation.

S C E N E the last.

[*Mariamne enters supported by the High-
Priest and Narbal; Arfinoe follows with
the young Prince*]

HEROD.

H Eav'n's avert
The bodings of my soul! I fear the Queen---

H. Pr. Oh Sir! ---

Her. Hah! say'st thou? ---

H. Pr. A few moments more
Will rank her with the dead!

Ar. E'er I arriv'd
The deadly draught was giv'n, which soon will end
The sense of all her woes.

Her. And all my joys! --
O call, call our physicians! now let art
Exert her saving pow'r, or ever prove
The minister of death! ---

Mar. The venom's spread
Too far for art!

Her. O! wish to live, and heav'n
Will crown thy wish with life: heav'n will be just
To that bright innocence, which I have wrong'd!
Wrong'd with excess of love to fury wrought! ---
O wretch, wretch, wretch!

Mar. Death's welcome, now I hear
My innocence avow'd.

Her. I! I! whose life
Was bound with thine, by striving to secure
Thy beauties all my own, have kill'd the dove
I fondly grasp'd too close! --- O see! she's pale:
Take, take, ye Pow'rs! my life to lengthen hers:
Chain me, ye Furies! to your burning wheel!
Whip me ten thousand years with scorpions there,
To save her life! ---

Mar. I pity and forgive
Your violence of passion, which hath wrought
The ruin of us both!

Her. I ill deserve
Thy pardon or thy pity --- Yet vouchsafe,
Thou fairest pattern of transcendent goodness!
Vouchsafe thy wretched lord a last embrace,
Whose soul is ready wing'd to wait on thine:
Oh! --- bless the dying penitent with peace,
The moments which remain! ---

Mar. Good heav'n insure [*They embrace.*
Eternal peace to both!

Her. Thou shalt not dye! ---
Thou art too young, too faultless, and too fair,
To fall a prey to death! ---

Mar. The thick'ning shades
O'er-spread my swimming eyes --- Where is my child?
Bring him, poor babe! to take a parting kiss! ---
Farewel! --- I'm now at peace! --- [*She dies.*

H. Pr. In that soft sigh
The gentle spirit soar'd!

Ar. Oh! dead, dead, dead! ---

Her. Then, Death! strike on;
Fate, thou hast done thy worst! --- [*He faints.*

Phe. My royal brother! Oh!

Nar. My gracious lord! ---

H. Pr. Good heav'n! restore to wretched Palestine
Her sole support, and grace!

Her. What minister [*Raising himself.*
Of this dark realm art thou? --- If 'tis thy post
To guide the dead through this disastrous gloom:

Lead to that mournful mansion, where the ghosts
Of those abide, whom fatal beauty sent
Untimely to the shades! --- See! see! she soars! ---
How bright a track she leaves along the sky;
And looks with pity down! --- Oh see! she rests
On the soft fleece of yonder purple cloud,
Where Angels fan her with their golden plumes:
Stay, *Mariamne*, stay! — [*He sinks into their arms.*]

Phe. O! from his face
The blush of life retires.

Nar. His bosom heaves
With strong convulsive throws.

Fla. Raise him, my lords.

Her. Alas! forbear; ye but prolong the pains
Of lab'ring nature; let me sink to peace.
And may Oblivion cast her sable veil
O'er my sad story, and conceal the crimes
Of majesty mis-led. My urn, alas!
Can hope for no compassion: when the doom
Of my dear, lovely, virtuous Queen is told;
The tears will freeze on Pity's gentle cheek,
And not bedew my ashes! — To your care [*To Fla.*]
Receive this royal orphan, and implore
Cesar's protection to preserve his crown.
And when mature in manhood, he receives
A consort to his throne, may every grace
And every virtue join, to make her styl'd
The *Mariamne* of th' admiring age!
May sweet compliance, honour, dear esteem;
And mutual faith cement their mutual joys!
But ever may he shun too fond excess!
That soft seducing impotence of mind,
By which subduc'd, his wrerched father fell!
Led by imperious Love a tortur'd slave,
To the sad refuge of an early grave! [*He dies.*]

EPILOGUE; Spoken by *Mariamne*.

THE Poet, in a whim extremely new,
Coupl'd me with a strange enamour'd Jew;

So violently fond! the loss of life
Was far less dreadful than to leave his wife.
Monster of love! he whisper'd in my ear,
I doat so much... I pr'ythee die, my dear!
Ladies, if such demands are made on beauty,
Defend us all from matrimonial duty!
One may support a living husband's folly;
But, let him feed the worms alone, for Molly —
And yet 'tis vain to reason, or to rail,
The tempter man was destin'd to prevail:
To hear him flatter, sigh, implore, protest,
A... je ne sçai quoi!... will flutter in the breast.
But o'er intrigues whatever planet reigns,
And fires to Bedlam-rage a lover's brains;
One honey moon's sufficient to restore em
From wild impertinence, to cool decorum.
By this plain model had the play been wrought,
My Hebrew spark had acted as he ought;
With a keen appetite enjoy'd the feast,
And decently suffic'd, withdrawn to rest:
But, glutton like, to grudge the world his leaving!
Was wond'rous unpolite, to my conceiving.
Homer, who human nature nicely knew,
(Ye Critics, I read Greek... as well as you)
In colours of a softer kind display'd
The husband civil, to the wife who stray'd.
Though Helen had elop'd, her gentle lord
Renew'd her forfeit claim to bed and board:
For which dear foible of the fair forgiv'n,
The Gods vouchsaf'd to send him quick to heav'n:
And in no Spartan novel can I find,
The good man griev'd to leave his spouse behind.
In such gay lights when wedded life is shown,
What couple wou'd not wish the case their own?
But, Gallants, if you Herod's rule approve,
To give no quarter in the lists of love;
If jealous rage, or fond fantastic dreams,
Exalt your passion to such dire extremes:
Let each bright Mariamne chuse her man,
Then, kill us all... with kindness if you can.

FINIS.

THE
DRUMMER;
OR, THE
HAUNTED-HOUSE:
A
COMEDY.

With a P R E F A C E by Sir *Richard Steele*, & his Letter to Mr. *Congreve*, concerning the Author of this Play, &c.

--- *Falsis terroribus implet*
Ut magus --- Hor.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.

THE
DRUMMER;

OR, THE
HUNTED-HOUSE:

A
COMEDY.

With a PREFACE by Sir Richard
Steele, & his Letter to Mr. Congreve,
concerning the Author of this Play, &c.

--- Fugis terroribus imples
Et magnis ---



LONDON:
Printed for the Company of Bookbinders.

T H E
P R E F A C E

To the first Edition.

HAVING recommended this Play to the Town, and delivered the copy of it to the Book-seller, I think my self oblig'd to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the Author, * and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it that I perswaded him to make a few additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the Stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and lik'd it the better, for the want of those studyed Similes and Repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the *British* Theatre. I believe the Author would have fallen into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at Theatrical Representations, and observ'd the effect that such ornaments generally have upon the Town. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the Play, by the opinion of better Judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the Scenes were written very

A 2 much

* See the Advertisement, at the end of the Letter to Mr. Congreve.

4 P R E F A C E.

much after *Moliere's* manner, and that an easie and natural vein of Humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the Reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escape the Audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My Brother-Sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear with advantage at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the Approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good Action as I ever saw on the Stage.

The Reader will consider that I speak here as the Patentee, for which reason I forbear being more particular in the Character of this Play, least I should appear like one, who cries up the wares of his own shop to draw in customers.

Richard Steele.



not injured in the highest manner, for with Men
of your Taste and Liberty, it is a high Crime and
Misdemeanour to be guilty of any thing that is dis-

MR. CONGREVES;

Occasion'd by

Mr. TICKELL's

PREFACE

TO THE

*Four Volumes of Mr. ADDISON'S
Works.*

S I R,

THIS is the second time that I have, without
your leave, taken the Liberty to make
a publick Address to you. However unea-
sy you may be for your own sake in receiving Com-
pliments of this nature, I depend upon your known
Humanity for Pardon, when I acknowledge, that
you have this present Trouble for mine. When
I take my self to be ill-treated with regard to my
Behaviour to the Merit of other Men, my Conduct
towards you is an Argument of my Candour that
way, as well as that your Name and Authority will
be my Protection in it. You will give me leave

6 LETTER TO

therefore, in a matter that concerns us in the Poetical World, to make you my Judge, whether I am not injur'd in the highest manner; for with Men of your Taste and Delicacy, it is a high Crime and Misdemeanour to be guilty of any thing that is dissingenuous: but I will go into the matter.

Upon my return out of *Scotland*, I visited Mr. *Tonson's* Shop, and thanked him for his Care in sending to my House the Volumes of my Dear and Honoured Friend Mr. *Addison*, which are at last published by his Secretary Mr. *Tickell*; but took occasion to observe, that I had not seen the Work before it came out, which he did not think fit to excuse any otherwise than by a Recrimination that I had put into his Hands at an high Price, *A Comedy call'd the Drummer*; by my Zeal for it, he took to be written by Mr. *Addison*, and of which, after his Death, he said I directly acknowledged he was the Author. To urge this Hardship still more home, he produced a Receipt under my Hand in these words:

March 12. 1715.

R Eceiv'd then the Sum of fifty Guineas for the Copy of the Comedy called, *The Drummer, or the Haunted-House*. I say received by Order of the Author of the said Comedy.

Richard Steele.

And added at the same time, that since Mr. *Tickell* had not thought fit to make that Play a part of Mr. *Addison's* Works, he would sell the Copy to any Bookseller wou'd give most for it.

This is represented thus circumstantially, to shew how incumbent it is upon me, as well in Justice to the Bookseller, as for many other Considerations, to produce this Comedy a second time, and take this

MR. CONGREVE. 7

this occasion to vindicate my self against certain Insinuations thrown out by the Publisher of Mr. *Addison's* Writings, concerning my behaviour in the nicest Circumstance, that of doing Justice to the Merit of my Friend.

I shall take the liberty, before I have ended this Letter, to say, why I believe the *Drummer* a Performance of Mr. *Addison*: and after I have declared this, any surviving Writer may be at ease, if there be any one who has hitherto been vain enough to hope, or silly enough to fear, it may be given to himself.

Before I go any further, I must make my publick Appeal to you and all the Learned World, and humbly demand whether it was a decent or reasonable thing that Works written (as a great part of Mr. *Addison's* were) in Correspondence with me, ought to have been published without my review of the Catalogue of them; or if there were any Exception to be made against any Circumstance in my Conduct, whether an Opportunity to explain my self should not have been allowed me before any Reflections were made upon me in Print.

When I had perused Mr. *Tickell's* Preface, I had soon many Objections, besides his Omission to say any thing of the *Drummer*, against his long expected Performance. The chief Intention of which, and which it concerns me first to examine, seems to aim at doing the deceas'd Author Justice against me, whom he insinuates to have assum'd to my self part of the Merit of my Friend.

He is pleas'd, Sir, to express himself concerning the present Writer in the following manner.

*, The Comedy called, *The Tender Husband*, appeared much about the same time, to which

A 4

Mr.

* Mr. *Tickell's* Preface, to Mr. *Addison's* Works, Pag. 11.

LETTER TO

Mr. *Addison* wrote the Prologue. Sir *Richard Steele* surprized him with a very handsome Dedication of this Play, and has since acquainted the Publick, that he owed some of the most taking Scenes of it to Mr. *Addison*.

† He was in that Kingdom, [*Ireland*] when he first discovered Sir *Richard Steele* to be the Author of the *Tatler*, by an Observation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his Friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the Paper, did not a little contribute to advance its Reputation; and upon the change of the Ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that Work, which however was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last Paper, which closed those celebrated Performances, and in the Preface to the last Volume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addison* the Honour of the most applauded Pieces in that Collection. But as that Acknowledgment was delivered only in general Terms, without directing the Publick to the several Papers: Mr. *Addison*, who was content with the Praise arising from his own Works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his Writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians* by such Marks, as might remove the least possibility of Mistake in the most undiscerning Readers. It was necessary that his Share in the *Tatlers* shoul'd be adjusted in a complete Collection of his Works; for which Reason Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the Request of his deceased Friend, delivered to him by the Editor, was pleased to mark

MR. CONGEEVE.

with his own Hand those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this Edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

† The Plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned Person of the Author, and of the several Characters that compose his Club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*; and because many Passages, in the course of the Work, would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single Paper, written by Sir *Richard Steele*, wherein those Characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many Pictures for an Ornament and Explication of the whole. As for the distinct Papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective Authors, who fully answered the Promise they had made, and far outwent the Expectation they had raised of pursuing their Labour in the same Spirit and Strength, with which it was begun.

It need not be explain'd, that it is here intimated, that I had not sufficiently acknowledged what was due to Mr. *Addison* in these Writings. I shall make a full Answer to what seems intended by the Words, *He was too delicate to take any part of that which belong'd to others*; if I can recite out of my own Papers any thing that may make it appear groundless.

The subsequent Encomiums bestowed by me on Mr. *Addison*, will, I hope, be of service to me in this particular.

* But I have only one Gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent Assistance to me; which, indeed, it would have been

A 5

bar-

„ barbarous in him to have denied to one with
 „ whom he has liv'd in an Intimacy from Child-
 „ hood, considering the great Ease with which
 „ he is able to dispatch the most entertaining Pie-
 „ ces of this nature. This good Office he performed
 „ with such force of Genius, Humour, Wit, and
 „ Learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince
 „ who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I
 „ was undone by my Auxiliary: When I had once
 „ called him in, I could not subsist without de-
 „ pendance on him.

„ The same Hand writ the distinguishing Cha-
 „ racters of Men and Women, under the Names
 „ of *Musical Instruments*, the *Distress of the News-*
 „ *Writers*, the *Inventory of the Play-House*, and the
 „ *Description of the Thermometer*, which I cannot but
 „ look upon as the greatest Embellishments of this
 „ Work.

„ † As to the Work it self, the Acceptance it
 „ has met with is the best Proof of its Value; but
 „ I should err against that Candor which an honest
 „ Man should always carry about him, if I did not
 „ own, that the most approved Pieces in it were
 „ written by others, and those, which have been
 „ most excepted against, by my self. The hand that
 „ has assisted me in those noble Discourses upon
 „ the Immortality of the Soul, the glorious Prof-
 „ pects of another Life, and the most sublime Ideas
 „ of Religion and Virtue, is a Person who is too
 „ fondly my Friend ever to own them: but I should
 „ little deserve to be his, if I usurped the Glory
 „ of them. I must acknowledge at the same time,
 „ that I think the finest Strokes of Wit and Humour,
 „ in all Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Lucubrations, are those for
 „ which he is also beholden to him'.

„ * I hope the Apology I have made as to the
 „ „ License

† Tatler, No. 271.

* Spectator N°. 555.

„ License allowable to a feigned Character, may
 „ excuse any thing which has been said in these
 „ Discourses of the SPECTATOR and his Works.
 „ But the Imputation of the grossest Vanity would
 „ still dwell upon me, if I did not give some Ac-
 „ count by what means I was enabled to keep up
 „ the Spirit of so long and approved a Performance.
 „ All the Papers marked with a C, L, I, or O;
 „ that is to say, all the Papers *which I have distin-*
 „ *guished* by any Letter in the name of the Muse
 „ CLIO, were given me by the Gentleman, of
 „ whose Assistance I formerly boasted in the Pre-
 „ face and concluding Leaf of the *Tatler*. I am in-
 „ deed much more proud of his long-continued
 „ Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being
 „ thought the Author of any Writings which he
 „ himself is capable of producing. I remember when
 „ I finish'd the *Tender Husband*, I told him, there
 „ was nothing I so ardently wish'd as that we might
 „ some time or other publish a Work written by
 „ us both, which should bear the name of the *Mo-*
 „ *nument*, in memory of our Friendship. I heartily
 „ wish what I have done here, were as honorary
 „ to that sacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and
 „ Humanity, render those Pieces which I have
 „ taught the Reader how to distinguish for his.
 „ When the *Play* above-mentioned was last acted,
 „ there were so many applauded Stroaks in it, which
 „ I had from the same Hand, that I thought very
 „ meanly of my self that I had never publickly ac-
 „ knowledged them. After I have put other Friends
 „ upon importuning him to publish Dramatick, as
 „ well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end
 „ what I think I am obliged to say on this Head,
 „ by giving my Reader this hint for the better jud-
 „ ging of my Productions. That the best Comment
 „ upon them, would be an Account when the Pa-
 „ tron

„ tron to the *Tender Husband* was in England or
„ abroad.

„ * My Purpose, in this Application, is only to
„ shew the Esteem I have for you, and that I look
„ upon my Intimacy with you as one of the most
„ valuable Enjoyments of my Life.

I am sure, you have read my Quotations with Indignation against the little Zeal which prompted the Editor, who, by the way, has himself done nothing in Applause of the Works which he prefaces, to the mean Endeavours of adding to Mr. *Addison*, by disparaging a Man who had, for the greatest part of his Life, been his known Bosom Friend, and shielded him from all the Resentments which many of his own Works would have brought upon him at the time in which they were written. It is really a good Office to Society, to expose the Indiscretion of Intermedlers in the Friendship and Correspondence of Men, whose Sentiments, Passions, and Resentments are too great for their proportion of Soul. Could the Editor's Indiscretion provoke me even so far as within the Rules of strictest Honour I could go, and I were not restrain'd by supererogatory Affection to dear Mr. *Addison*, I would ask this unskilful Creature, what he means, when he speaks in the Air of a Reproach, that the *Tatler* was laid down as it was taken up without his Participation; let him speak out and say, why, *without his Knowledge*, would not serve his purpose as well. If, as he says, he restrains himself to Mr. *Addison's* Character, as a Writer, while he attempts to lessen me, he exalts me; for he has declared to all the World what I never have so explicitly done, that I am, to all intents and purposes, the Author of the *Tatler*. He very justly says, the occasional Assistance Mr. *Addison* gave me in the course of that Paper

* *Dedication before the Tender Husband.*

Paper, did not a little contribute to advance its Reputation, especially when, upon the Change of the Ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in it.

It was advanced indeed, for it was rais'd to a greater thing than I intended it: for the Elegance, Purity, and Correctness which appear'd in his Writings, were not so much my Purpose, as in any intelligible manner as I could, to rally all those Singularities of human Life, thro' the different Professions and Characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great. After this Acknowledgment you will see, that is, such a Man as you will see, that I rejoiced in being excell'd, & made those little Talents, whatever they are which I have, give way and be subservient to the superior Qualities of a Friend whom I lov'd, and whose Modesty would never have admitted 'em to come into Day-light, but under such a Shelter. So that all which the Editor has said, either out of Design or Incapacity, Mr. Congreve must determine to end in this, that *Steele* has been so candid and upright, that he owes nothing to Mr. *Addison*, as a Writer; but whether he does, or not, whatever *Steele* owes to Mr. *Addison*, the Publick owes *Addison* to *Steele*. But the Editor has such a fantastical and ignorant Zeal for his Patron, that he won't allow his Correspondents to conceal any thing of his, tho' in obedience to his Commands. What I never did declare was Mr. *Addison*'s, I had his direct Injunctions to hide, against the natural Warmth and Passion of my own Temper towards my Friends. Many of the Writings now publish'd as his, I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were Pleasantries and oblique Strokes upon certain the wittiest Men of the Age, who will now restore me to their Good-will, in proportion to the abatement of Wit which they thought I employd against them.

But

But I was saying, that the Editor won't allow us to obey his Patron's Commands in any thing which he thinks would redound to his Credit, if discover'd. And because I would shew a little Wit in my Anger, I shall have the Discretion to shew you, that he has been guilty in this Particular towards a much greater Man than your humble Servant, and one whom you are much more oblig'd to vindicate. Mr. *Dryden* in his *Virgil*, after having acknowledged, that a *certain excellent young Man* had shew'd him many Faults in his Translation of *Virgil*, which he had endeavour'd to correct, goes on to say, „ Two other worthy Friends of mine, who desire „ to have their Names conceal'd, seeing me strait- „ ned in my time, took Pity on me, and gave „ me the Life of *Virgil*, the two Prefaces to the „ *Pastorals*, and the *Georgics*, and all the Arguments „ in Prose to the whole Translation. „ If Mr. *Addison* is one of the two Friends, and the Preface to the *Georgics* be what the Editor calls the Essay upon the *Georgics*, as one may adventure to say they are from their being word for word the same, he has cast an inhuman Reflection upon Mr. *Dryden*, who, tho' tied down not to name Mr. *Addison*, pointed at him, so as all Mankind conversant in these matters knew him, with an Elogium equal to the highest Merit, considering who it was that bestow'd it. I could not avoid remarking upon this Circumstance, out of Justice to Mr. *Dryden*, but confess at the same time I took a great Pleasure in doing it, because I knew, in exposing this Outrage, I made my court to Mr. *Congreve*.

I have observed that the Editor will not let me or any one else obey Mr. *Addison*'s Commands in hiding any thing he desires should be concealed. I cannot but take further notice, that the Circumstance of marking his *Spectators*, which I did not know

know till I had done with the Work, I made my own Act; because I thought it too great a Sensibility in my Friend, & thought it, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me than the Author himself; the real State of which this Zealot rashly and injudicially exposes. I ask the Reader whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me could provoke the Editor in behalf of Mr. *Addison* to say, that he mark'd it, out of caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say, it was I that did it, out of tenderness to him?

As the imputation of any the least Attempt of arrogating to my self, or detracting from Mr. *Addison*, is without any Colour of Truth, you will give me leave to go on in the same Ardour towards him, and resent the cold, unaffectionate, dry, and barren manner in which this Gentleman gives an account of as great a Benefactor, as any one Learned Man ever had of another. Would any Man, who had been produced from a College Life, and push'd into one of the most considerable Employments of the Kingdom as to its Weight and Trust, and greatly lucrative with respect to a Fellowship, and who had been daily and hourly with one of the greatest Men of the Age, be satisfied with himself in saying nothing of such a Person, besides what all the World knew, except a Particularity, and that to his disadvantage, which I, his Friend from a Boy, don't know to be true, to wit, *that he never had a regular Pulse?* As for the Facts and considerable Periods of his Life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciously places them in a worse Light than that in which they really stood. When he speaks of Mr. *Addison's* declining to go into Orders, his way of doing it is, to lament that his Seriousness and Modesty, which might have recommended him, *proved the chief Obstacles to it; it seems,*
these

these Qualities, by which the Priesthood is so much adorn'd, represented the Duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendred him still more worthy of that Honour which they made him decline. These, you knew very well, were not the reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil World: and as you were the Instrument of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Hallifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm Instances that Noble Lord made to the Head of the College not to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into Orders; his Arguments were founded upon the General Pravity and Corruption of Men of Business who wanted liberal Education. And I remember, as if I had read the Letter yesterday, that my Lord ended with a Compliment, that however he might be represented as no Friend to the Church, he never would do it any other Injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it. The Contention for this Man in his early Youth among the People of greatest Power, Mr. Secretary Tickell, the Executor for his Fame, is pleas'd to ascribe to a serious Visage and modesty of Behaviour. When a Writer is grossly and essentially faulty, it were a Jest to take notice of a false Expression or a Phrase; otherwise Priesthood in that place might be observ'd upon as a Form not us'd by the real Well-wishers to Clergymen, except when they would express some solemn Act, and not when that Order is spoke of as a Profession among Gentlemen: I will not therefore busy my self about the unconcerning parts of knowledge, but be contented like a Reader of plain Sense without Politeness: and, since Mr. Secretary will give us no account of this Gentleman, I admit the Alps and Appennines, instead of his Editor, to be Commentators of his Works, which, as the Editor says, have rais'd a demand for Correctness; this Demand, by the way, ought to be more strong upon those

those who were most about him, and had the greatest advantage of *his Example*. But our Editor says, *that those who come the nearest to Exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural Beauties, and aim at something better than Perfection*. Believe me, Sir, Mr. *Addison's* Example will carry no man further than that height for which Nature capacitated him: and the affectation of following great Men in Works above the Genius of their Imitators, will never rise further than the production of uncommon and unsuitable Ornaments in a barren Discourse, like Flowers upon an Heath, such as the Author's Phrase of something better than Perfection: But indeed his Preface, if ever any thing was, is that something better, for it is so extraordinary, that we cannot say, it is too long or too short, or deny but that it is both. I think, I abstract my self from all manner of Prejudice, when I aver that no Man, tho' without any obligation to Mr. *Addison*, would have represented him in his Family, and his Friendships, or his personal Character, so disadvantageously, as his Secretary, in preference of whom he incurr'd the warmest resentments of other Gentlemen, has been pleas'd to describe him in those particulars.

Mr. Dean *Addison*, Father of this memorable Man, left behind him four Children, each of whom, for excellent Talents and singular Perfections, was as much above the ordinary World, as their Brother *Joseph* was above them. Were things of this nature to be expos'd to publick View, I could shew under the Dean's own Hand, in the warmest Terms, his Blessing on the Friendship between his Son and me; nor had he a Child who did not prefer me in the first place of Kindness and Esteem, as their Father lov'd me like one of them: and I can with great Pleasure say, I never omitted any opportunity of shewing that Zeal for their Persons

B

and

and Interests as became a Gentleman and a Friend. Were I now to indulge my self, I could talk a great deal to you, which I am sure would be entertaining; but as I am speaking at the same time to all the World, I consider'd 'twould be impertinent: let me then confine my self a while to the following Play, which I at first recommended to the Stage, and carried to the Press. No one who reads the Preface which I publish'd with it, will imagine I could be induc'd to say so much as I then did, had I not known the Man I best lov'd had had a part in it, or had I believ'd that any other concern'd had much more to do than as an Amanuensis. *

But indeed had I not known, at the time of the Transaction concerning the acting on the Stage and sale of the Copy, I should, I think, have seen Mr. *Addison* in every Page of it; for he was above all Men in that Talent we call *Humour*, and enjoyed it in such Perfection, that I have often reflected, after a Night spent with him apart from all the World, that I had had the Pleasure of conversing with an intimate Acquaintance of *Terence* and *Catullus*, who had all their Wit and Nature heighten'd with Humour, more exquisite and delightful than any other Man ever possessed.

They who shall read this Play, after being let into the Secret that it was writ by Mr. *Addison*, or under his Direction*, will probably be attentive to those Excellencies, which they before overlook'd, and wonder they did not till now observe, that there is not an Expression in the whole Piece which has not in it the most nice Propriety and Aptitude to the Character which utters it; there is that smiling Mirth, that delicate Satire, and genteel

* See the advertisement at the end of this Letter.

teel Raillery which appear'd in Mr. *Addison* when he was free among Intimates: I say, when he was free from *his remarkable* Bashfulness, which is a Cloak that hides and muffles Merit; and his Abilities were cover'd only by Modesty, which doubles the Beauties which are seen, and gives Credit and Esteem to all that are conceal'd.

The *Drummer* made no great Figure on the Stage, tho' exquisitely well acted; but when I observe this, I say a much harder thing of the Stage, than of the Comedy. When I say the Stage in this place, I am understood to mean in general the present Taste of Theatrical Representations, where nothing that is not violent, and, as I may say, grossly delightful, can come on without hazard of being condemn'd, or slighted. It is here republish'd, and recommended as a Closet-piece, to recreate an intelligent Mind in a vacant Hour; for vacant the Reader must be from every strong Prepossession, in order to relish an Entertainment (*Quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) which cannot be enjoy'd to the degree it deserves, but by those of the most polite Taste among Scholars, the best Breeding among Gentlemen, and the least acquainted with sensual Pleasure among Ladies.

The Editor is pleas'd to relate concerning *Cato*, that a Play under that Design was projected by the Author very early, and wholly laid aside; in advanced Years he reassum'd the same design, and many Years after four Acts were finish'd, he writ the fifth, and brought it upon the Stage. All the Town knows how officious I was in bringing it on; and you that know the Town, the Theatre and Mankind very well, can judge how necessary it was to take measures for making a Performance of that sort, excellent as it is, run into popular Applause. I promis'd before it was acted, and per-

formed my Duty accordingly to the Author, that I would bring together so just an Audience on the first Days of it, that it should be impossible for the Vulgar to put its Success or due Applause to any hazard; but I don't mention this, only to shew how good an *Aid de Camp* I was to Mr. *Addison*, but to shew also that the Editor does as much to cloud the Merit of this Work as I did to set it forth: Mr. *Tickell's* account of its being taken up, laid down, and at last perfected, after such long Intervals and Pauses, would make any one believe, who did not know M. *Addison*, that it was accomplish'd with the greast Pain and Labour, and the issue rather of Learning and Industry than Capacity and Genius; but I do assure you, that never Play, which could bring the Author any Reputation for Wit and Conduct, notwithstanding it was so long before it was finish'd, employ'd the Author so little a time in writing: if I remember right, the fifth Act was writen in less than a Week's time; for this was particular in this Writer, that when he had taken his Resolution, or made his Plan for what he design'd to write, he would walk about the Room and dictate it into Language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the Coherence and Grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employ'd by him, and never took it into my Head, tho' he only spoke it, and I took all the Pains of throwing it upon Paper, that I ought to call myself the Writer of it. I will put all my Credit among Men of Wit for the Truth of my Averrment, when I presume to say, that no one but Mr. *Addison* was in any other Way the Writer of the *Drummer*: at the same time I will allow, that he sent for me, which he could always do, from his natural Power over me, as much as he could send

send for any of his Clerks when he was Secretary of State, and told me that a Gentleman then in the Room had written a Play that he was sure I would like, but it was to be a Secret, and he knew I would take as much Pains, since he recommended it, as I would for him: I hope, no body will be wrong'd or think himself aggrieved, that I give this rejected Work where I do; and if a certain Gentleman is injur'd by it, I will allow I have wrong'd him, upon this Issue, that (if the reputed Translator of the first Book of *Homer* shall please to give us another Book) there shall appear another good Judge in Poetry, besides Mr. *Alexander Pope*, who shall like it. But I detain you too long upon things that are too personal to my self, and will defer giving the World a true Notion of the Character and Talents of Mr. *Addison*, till I can speak of that amiable Gentleman on an occasion void of Controversy: I shall then perhaps say many things of him, which will be new even to you, with regard to him in all parts of his Character; for which I was so zealous, that I could not be contented with praising and adorning him as much as lay in my own Power, but was ever soliciting and putting my Friends upon the same Office. And since the Editor has adorn'd his heavy Discourse with Prose in Rhime at the end of it upon Mr. *Addison's* Death, give me leave to atone for this long and tedious Epistle, by giving you after it what I dare say you will esteem, an excellent Poem on his Marriage. I must conclude without satisfying as strong a Desire as ever Man had of saying something remarkably handsome to the Person to whom I am writing; for you are so good a Judge, that you would find out the Endeavour to be witty: and therefore as I have tir'd you and my self, I will be contented with assuring you, which I do

very honestly, I had rather have you satisfied with me on this Subject, than any other Man living.

You will please to pardon me, that I have, thus, laid this nice Affair before a Person who has the acknowledg'd Superiority to all others, not only in the most excellent Talents, but possessing them with an Æquanimity, Candour and Benevolence, which render those Advantages a Pleasure as great to the rest of the World, as they can be to the Owner of them. And since Fame consists in the Opinion of wise and good Men, you must not blame me for taking the readiest way to baffle an attempt upon my Reputation, by an Address to one whom every wise and good Man looks upon with the greatest Affection and Veneration. I am,

S I R,

Your most oblig'd,

most obedient and

most humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Concerning the Author of this Play.

MR. *Harrison*, an ingenious Gentleman who had written several *Tatlers* after Mr. *Steel* had dropt them, undertook afterwards to write a Play called *The Drummer or the Haunted House*, under the direction & tutorship of Mr. *Addison*, as he told a friend of his at the Hague, where he was Secretary to the Earl of Strafford in 1710. That friend, to whom Mr. *Harrison* read some Scenes of his Play, thinks they were much the same as here in this Play; but he cannot be positive, that Mr. *Harrison* had quite finished his Play, or tell what additions or alterations Mr. *Addison* may have made in it after Mr. *Harrison's* death, which was in 1712. Mr. *Tickell* may be best able to give an account of that; & this hint may serve to justify him for not joining this Play with Mr. *Addison's* Works.



TO THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
ON HER MARRIAGE.
By Mr. *Welsted*.

AMBITION long has Woman's Heart betray'd,
And Tinsel Grandeur caught th' unwary Maid;
The pompous Stiles, that strike th' admiring Throng,
Have glitter'd in the Eye of Beauty long:
You, MADAM, first the Female Taste improve,
And give your Fellow-Charmers Laws for Love;
A Pomp you covet, not to Herald's known,
And sigh for Virtues equal to your own;
Part in a Man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on Titles, to ally with Fame:
Not *Edward's* Star, emboss'd with Silver Rays,
Can vie in Glory with thy Consort's Bays;
His Country's Pride does Homage to thy Charms,
And every Merit crowds into thy Arms.

While others gain light Conquests by their Eyes,
'Tis thine with Wisdom to subdue the Wise:
To their soft Chains while courtly Beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in Triumph captive Wit:
Her fighting Vassals let *Clarinda* boast,
Of Lace and languishing Cockades the Toast;
In Beauty's Pride unenvied let her reign,
And share that wanton Empire with the Vain.
For Thee the Arts of *Greece* and *Rome* combine;
And all the Glories, *Cato* gain'd, are thine:
Still *Warwick* in thy boasted Rank of Life,
But more illustrious, than when *Warwick's* Wife.

Come forth, reveal thy self, thou chosen bride;
And shew great *Nassau's* Poet by thy side;
Thy bright Example shall instruct the Fair,
And future Nymphs shall make Renown their Care;
Embroid'ry less shall charm the Virgin's Eye,
And kind Coquets, for Plumes, less frequent die;
Secure shall Beauty reign, the Muse its Guard;
The Muse shall triumph, Beauty its Reward.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

IN this grave age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your Patronage for one that's new;
Tho' 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with tragick parts,
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party stroaks,
Round-heads and Wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such Politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (tho' 'tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.

Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient Actors in a masque conceal'd.
Censure, when no man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they shou'd hurt a Friend:
Each Wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing shou'd take.
But, if you're rough, and use him like a dog:
Depend upon it --- he'll remain incog.
If you shou'd hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a Culprit, joyn the hue-and-cry.

If cruel men are still averse to spare
The Scenes, they fly for refuge to the Fair.

Tho'

PROLOGUE.

Tho' with a Ghost our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies upon my word you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a Ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well spread, lusty, jointure-hunting Devil;
An am'rous Ghost, that's faithful, fond and true;
Made up of flesh and blood --- as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted;
We never think this house is too much haunted.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir GEORGE TRUMAN, Mr. Wilks.

TINSEL, Mr. Cibber.

FANTOME *the Drummer*, Mr. Mills.

VELLUM, Sir GEORGE
TRUMAN'S Steward, } Mr. Johnson.

BUTLER, Mr. Finkethman.

COACHMAN, Mr. Miller.

GARDINER, Mr. Norris.

Lady TRUMAN, Mrs. Oldfield.

ABIGAL, Mrs. Saunders.

THE



T H E
DRUMMER;
 O R, T H E
HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A C T I.
 S C E N E I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardiner.

But. **T**H E R E came another Coach to Town last night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this strange noise, we hear in the house. This Spirit will bring a power of custom to the *George*--- If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the Sign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat--- I've always liv'd in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a Servant in a house that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a bit of ground

30 THE DRUMMER; Or,

ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman --- if Mrs. *Agibal* did not spoil her --- come, here's her health.

But. It's a very hard thing to be a Butler in a house that is disturb'd. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sower all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you --- He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house wou'd have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the Cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts --- I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

But. Why look ye *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an augre-hole : --- he'll whisk ye through a key-hole, without so much as jostling against one of the wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frightened that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my Master that was kill'd in the last campaign.

But. Out of all manner of question, *Robin*, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. *Abigail* is of opinion it can be none but his Honour; he always lov'd the wars, and you know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the musick of a drum.

Gard. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

But. Found! Why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

Coach. 'Tis Master as sure as I stand here alive, and

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 31

and I verilly believe I saw him last night in the Town-clofe.!

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

Coach. Like a white-Horse.

But. Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the shape of the found a drum.

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lanthorn, I fell a-cross a beam, that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth --- I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why, a spirit is such a little little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a *Lancashire* Horn-pipe upon the point of a needle --- As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch look'd as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay poor cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her wits.

Gard. Ay I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

But. My Lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of some body that can make a spell.

Coach. Why may not the Parson of our parish lay him?

But. No, no, no, our Parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another man?

But. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified --- He has not taken the oaths

Gard. Why, d'ye think *John*, that the Spirit wou'd take the Law of him? --- faith, I cou'd tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach.

30 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*] --- I fancy Mrs. *Abigail* might scold him out of the house.

Coach. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing cou'd.

But. Pugh, this all froth! froth! you understand nothing of the matter --- the next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done --- I wou'd have the Steward speak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay that wou'd do, if the Steward had but courage.

Gard. There you have it --- He's a fearful Man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the Ghost, I'd tell him his own! But alack what can one of us poor men do with a Spirit, that can neither write nor read?

But. Thou art always craking and boasting, *Peter*, thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a filly dog as thee should offer to speak to it: For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

Gard. A Fidlestick! tell not me --- I fear nothing; not I: I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder....

But. I verily believe thee; keep thy temper, *Peter*: after Supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well said *John*, an honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear --- Here's to ye --- Why now if he shou'd come this minute, here wou'd I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

But. & Coach. Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh no, 'tis Mrs. *Abigail*.

But.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 31

But. Ay faith! 'tis she; 't is Mrs. *Abigal*! a good mistake! 't is Mrs. *Abigal*.

Enter Abigal.

Ab. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when gentry are come to the House! Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

Gard. Why, yonder 's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together, and me-thought they look'd as if they should say, they had rather have my room than my company.

But. And so forsooth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same Drummer out of our heads.

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. *Abigal*, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a Drum.

Coach. I am resolved to give Madam warning to hire herself another Coachman; for I came to serve my Master d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a Coach, now he walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old Servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must needs say, I serv'd my Master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis such Cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the House, and bring so many strangers about it; you first frighten your selves, and then your neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I scorn your words. Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What you sot! are you grown pot-vahant?

Gard.

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no blood-shed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a Train-Band Drum as ever I heard in my life.

But. Prithee, *Peter*, don't be so presumptuous.

Ab. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I cou'd wish. [*Aside.*

Gard. I scorn to be frightned, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* shou'd come into the room, I wou'd take him. ---

But. Prithee hold thy tongue.

Gard. I would take him --- [*The Drum beats; the*

Gard. endeavours to get off, and falls.

But. & Coach. Speak to it Mrs. *Abigal*.

Gard. Spare my life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

Abigal Sola.

Ab. So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer. --- But first let me shut the door, lest we be surpriz'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled --- I must speak with you immediately --- don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back Scene opens and discovers Fantome with a Drum.*

Fan. Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I cou'd take thee in my arms, and kiss thee --- if my drum did not stand in my way.

Ab. Well, O' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir *George Truman*.

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigal*; Sir
George

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 33

George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know — besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

Ab. 'Tis just such a one as my Master receiv'd from a cursed *French* Trooper, as my Lady's letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this suit of cloaths of Sir *George's* fits me so well, --- I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very man — I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Ab. Pray what good did your being visible do you? the fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no Woman cou'd withstand him --- But when you were seen by my Lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you cou'd say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature *Tinsel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

Fan. Why really I love thy Lady so well, that tho' I had no hopes of gaining her for my self, I cou'd not bear to see her given to another, especially to such a wretch as *Tinsel*.

Ab. Well, tell me truly Mr. *Fantome*, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear Lady, that I wou'd not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my promise

34 THE DRUMMER; Or;

mise--thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; do'st not know that stories of Ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

Ab. Why, truly now Mr. *Fantome*, I shou'd think my self a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing less.

Fan. Dear *Abigal*, how I admire thy virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief sake.

Fan. But is thy Lady perswaded that I am the Ghost of her deceased husband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

Fan. Prithee make use of all thy art, for I am tir'd to death with strowling round this wide old House, like a rat behind a wainscot.

Ab. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in; there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides my self.

Fan. Ah Mrs. *Abigal*! You have had your Intrigues.---

Ab. For you must know when I was a romping young Girl I was a mighty lover of *hide and seek*.

Fan. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the House as your self.

Ab. You are very much mistaken, Mr. *Fantome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living besides my self, since the death of the joyner; who, you must understand, being a Lover of mine, contriv'd the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a wardrobe for my Lady's cast cloaths. Oh! the stomachers, stays, pettycoats, commodes, lac'd shoes, and

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 33

and good things that I have had in it! --- pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle, that stands up in the corner.

Fan. Well Mrs. *Abigail*, I hire your closet of you, but for this one night --- a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you there's no denying you any thing.

Fan. I'm a thinking how *Tinsel* will stare, when he sees me come out of the wall: for I am resolved to make my appearance to-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the door.

Fan. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late, as she did last night; or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone --- [*As he is going in*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands?

Fan. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it. [*Fantome goes in.*]

Ab. No more words --- Vanish, vanish.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [*opening the door*] Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat --- I vow you have frightened me to death --- I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been showing the Garden to Mr. *Tinsel*; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose Man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor Master from resting in his grave.

Lady. Well! an *Infidel* is such a novelty in the Country, that I am resolv'd to divert my self a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

36 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Ab. Ah, Madam! the drum begun to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his addreses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than us'd to be---

Lady. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*aside*] -- Mr. *Fantome* was always thy favourite.

Ab. Ay, and shou'd have been yours too, by my consent! Mr. *Fantome* was not such a slight fantastick thing as this is. --- Mr. *Fantome* was the best-built man one shou'd see in a summer's day! Mr. *Fantome* was a man of honour, and lov'd you! Poor soul! how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady --- Well! I had as lief as a thousand pound, you wou'd marry Mr. *Fantome*!

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. *Tinsel* makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness --- Not that I say I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awaken'd sooner than married couples generally are --- You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

Lady. I'll hide my contempt of *Tinsel* for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

Ab. Why, suppose your Husband, after this fair warning he has given you, shou'd sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, what dost thou do in bed with this spindle shank'd fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and shou'd prefer him to any man were he so still. Mr. *Tinsel* is indeed very idle in his talk, but I
fancy,

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 37

fancy, *Abigail*, a discreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely matter indeed; did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

Lady. He is indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam, in troth he's down right rude.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigail*, shows he has no dissimulation in him --- Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

Ab. Grave subjects! he jests upon the Church.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigail*, may be only to show his wit --- Then it must be own'd, he is extreamly talkative.

Ab. Talkative d'ye call it! he's down-right impertinent.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigail*, is a sign he has been us'd to good company --- Then indeed he is very positive.

Ab. Positive! Why he contradicts you in every thing you say.

Lady. But then you know, *Agibal*, he has been educated at the Inns of court.

Ab. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechism!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. My dear widow!

Ab. My dear widow? mary come up! [*Aside.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigail*; so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

38 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Tin. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you --- Your Servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a Drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moonlight.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a loss of Billet-doux would that be to many a fine Lady!

Ab. Then you still believe this to be a foolish Story? I thought my Lady had told you, that she had heard it her self.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you would not perswade us out of our senses?

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's manners for you, Madam. [*Aside.*

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

Tin. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

Tin. Vapours! Vapours! Pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question? --- Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the Country, as well as you do in 'Town?

Tin. Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it my self.

Tin. Hark thee, child --- art thou not an old maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

Tin.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 39

Tin. Whims! Freaks! Megrimms! indeed Mrs. Abigail.

Ab. Marry, Sir; by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

Ab. A very pretty subject indeed for a Lover to divert his Mistress with.

Lady. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

Tin. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature --- that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

Tin. Ah, Widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

Tin. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe Women have souls, d'ye Sir?

Tin. Foolish enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinsel*, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an Atheist.

40 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Tin. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashion'd word -- I'm a Free-thinker, child.

Ab. I'm sure you're a free speaker.

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinsel*, considering that you are so fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your breeding.

Tin. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters my self, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes over-hear at a Coffee-house I frequent, that our Fore-fathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd --

Ab. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the *London* prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying--- She need not be afraid to lye by her self.

Tin. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance--- You learned men are so apt to despise one!

Tin. No, Child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am--- in a week's time.

Lady. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

Tin. Prithee, widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

Tin.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 41

Tin. Well enough faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else!

Ab. Ah! Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantom* talk at this rate? [*Aside.*

Tin. But where's this Ghost! this Son of a whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the Ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my Master.

Tin. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; dost thou think thy Master is so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfill'd them to a tittle--- Did not you marry Sir *George* to the tune of 'till death us do part?

Lady. I must not hear Sir *George's* memory treated in so slight a manner--- This fellow must have been at some pains to make him self such a finish'd coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Tin. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirle you up to Town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a Country Lady come to *London* with frightful Stories of the Hall-House being haunted, of Fairies, Spirits, and Witches; that by the time she had seen a Comedy, play'd at an assembly, and ambled in a bal or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a chair, at all hours of the night.

Ab. Hum --- Sauce-box. [*Aside.*

Tin. 'Tis the solitude of the Country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a Ghost heard of at *London*, except in the Play-house--- Oh we'd pass all our time in *London*. 'Tis the Scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the Country.

Lady. Well then, you have an opportunity of showing

42 THE DRUMMER; Or,

showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

Tin. Your jointure! How can you think me such a dog! But, Child, won't your jointure be the same thing in *London* as in the Country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old Mansion-House, and keep it up in repair.

Tin. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tin. Why faith I have been looking upon this house, and think is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tin. Something so venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. For my part, I like this *Gothick* way of building better than any of your new orders --- it wou'd be a thousand pities it shou'd fall to ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives wou'd be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the Country.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tin. My Dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, shou'd he drum in thy very Bed-Chamber, I shou'd only hug thee the closer

*Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room.*

ACT



A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Vellum in his office, and a Letter in his hand.

Vel. **T**HIS Letter astonisheth ; may I believe my own eyes--- or rather my spectacles--- To Humphrey vellum Esq; Steward to the Lady Truman.

Vellum,

I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your Master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George-Inn : If an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, enquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a Conjuror, but is really
Your Faithful Friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.

This amazeth me ! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold--- First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly,

44 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Secondly, because the news of his death was first publish'd in *Dyer's Letter*.

Thirdly, because this Letter can be written by none but himself--- I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly,---

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, here's a strange old Gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a Conjuror, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he bent a Jesuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

But. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a Conjuror.

Vel. He says right--- He is no more than a Conjuror. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*

And fourthly, As I was saying, because---

Enter Butler with Sir George.

But. Sir, here is the Conjuror--- What a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

Sir G. Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter: But before we proceed lock the door.

Vel. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

Sir G. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

Vel. It is his shape.

Sir G. So, now lay my beard upon the table.

Vel. [*After having look'd on Sir George thro' his spectacles*] It is his face, every lineament!

Sir G. Well, now I have put off the Conjuror and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

Vel. Believe me, my good Master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was, in all the Newspapers, in the List of those that were slain.

Sir G. We have not time to be particular. I shall only

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 43

only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprize my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vel. I am— and moreover, I question not but your good Lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her Honour is a discerning Lady.

Sir G. I'm only afraid she shou'd be convinc'd of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir G. How long did her grief last?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's— at least three days.

Sir G. Three days, sayst thou? Three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!— O Woman! Woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir G. This blockhead is as methodical as ever— but I know he's honest.

Vel. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief: she was drown'd in tears 'till such time as the taylor had made her widows weed— Indeed they became her.

Sir G. Became her! And was that her comfort? Truly a most seasonable consolation!

Vel. But I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

Sir G. That was kind indeed! I find she griev'd with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of Lovers about her?

Vel. Her jointure is considerable.

Sir G.

46 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Sir G. How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*

Vel. Her person is amiable ---

Sir G. Death! [*Aside.*

Vel. But her character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a *Penelope* ---

Sir G. And has had as many suitors.

Vel. Several have made their overtures.

Sir G. Severall!

Vel. But she has rejected all.

Sir G. There thou reviv'st me --- But what means this *Tinsel*? Are his visits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir G. Does she listen to him?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir G. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir G. Are the vows and protestations that pass between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is *Tinsel* the man design'd for my worthy successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months ---

Sir G. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second *Sir G. Truman* --- meaning your Ho--nour.

Sir G. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the *Drummer* before I discover my self to her. I have put on this habit of a Conjur--er, in order to introduce my self. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious Arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the house.

Vel. I am going to lay my accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho--nour to admit the tryal of your art.

Sir G.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 47

Sir G. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a Love-intrigue --- Amours raise as many Ghosts as murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to perswade us, that 'tis your Ho--nour who troubles the house.

Sir G. That convinces me 'tis a cheat; for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so truly. Ha --- ha --- ha!

Sir G. *Abigal* had always an ascendant over her Lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this Ghost be not one of *Abigal*'s familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir G. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an Amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your Ho--nour's service.

Sir G. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a Woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing my self to her in the most pathetick manner.

Sir G. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have --- Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

Vel.

48 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Vel. You act indeed a threefold part in this house; you are a Ghost, a Conjuror, and my ho--noured Master Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou do'st thy business. [*Mimiking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your commission is two-fold, first to gain admission for me to your Lady, and secondly to get the secret out of *Abigail*.

Vel. It sufficeth.

The Scene shuts.

Enter Lady sola.

Lady. Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a Husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a Widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many Lovers, all of 'em profest admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my Sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. *Tinsel* is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give my self with him is unblameable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigail*. I must tease the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 49

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinsel* has as good as taken possession of your House. Marry, he says, he must have Sir *George's* apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very sad man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, *Abigail*; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

Lady. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

Ab. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

Lady. Dost thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* did I am sure.

Lady. With what raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

Lady. He has kept bad company.

Ab. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

Lady. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine experiment, if it shou'd not succeed.

Lady. Well, *Abigail*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occasion for you at present. [Exit *Abigail*.]

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho---nour at leisure to
D look

50 THE DRUMMER; Or,

look into the Accounts of the last week? They rise very high--- House-keeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to pass? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, *Vellum.*

Vel. [*putting on and off his spectacles in this Scene.*] A hogthead and a half of ale --- it is not for the ghost's drinking--- But your Ho---nour's Servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small-beer so long as the house continues in this condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. Item, Two sheep, and a --- where is the Ox? --- Oh, here I have him --- and an Ox--- Your Ho --- nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this Drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck-loaves--- They cannot eat beef without bread--- *Item*, three barrels of table beer--- They must have drink with their meat.

Lady. Sure no woman in *England* has a Steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside.*]

Vel. Item, to Mr. *Tinsel's* Servants five bottles of Port wine--- It was by your Ho---nour's order--- *Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. *Abigail.*

Lady. I suppose that was by your own order.

Vel. We have been long Friends, we are your Ho---nour's ancient Servants; sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the Servants, when

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 51

when they are tardy in their bus'ness; he, he, he! pardon me for being jocular.

Lady. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

Vel. *Item*, a dozen pound of watch-lights for the use of the Servants.

Lady. For the use of the Servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits end. *Vellum*, what wou'd you advise me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho--nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, to retrench these extravagant expences, which so many Strangers bring upon you-- *Secondly*, to clear the house of this invisible Drummer.

Lady. This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

Vel. I beseech your Ho--nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But prithee take pity on me, and be not tedious,

Vel. I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjurer, a cunning-man, a necromancer, a--

Lady. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady! he pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumor of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the Secret of laying Ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

52 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Lady. Pho, these are idle stories to amuse the country people, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare say thou do'st not believe there is any thing in it thy self.

Vel. I cannot say, I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it shou'd succeed, we are rid of the Drum; if it shou'd not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

Vel. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, t'ill he has done his work; --- no cure, no mony.

Lady. That circumstance, I must confess, wou'd make one believe there is more in his art than one wou'd imagine. Pray *Vellum* go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forth-with. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardiner.

But. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

Gard. What's the matter? hast thou got any more vales for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another stranger come to the house?

But. Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

Gard. What! is he a Lord?

But.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 53

But. A Lord! No, nothing like it, --- He's a Conjuror:

Coach. A Conjuror! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

But. No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

Coach. Ay marry that's good news indeed; but where is he?

But. He's lock'd up with the Steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

Gard. Prithee *John*, what sort of a creature is a Conjuror?

But. Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

Coach. Look ye *Peter*, it stands with reason, that a Conjuror shou'd have a long grey beard --- for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

Gard. Why! I remember a Conjuror once at a fayr, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet he spew'd out fifty Yards of green ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Do'st think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. *Peter*! thou art such a wise-acre! Thou do'st not know the difference between a Conjuror and a Jugler. This man must be a very great Master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark cloak, as black as a cole, your Conjuror always goes in mourning.

Gard. Is he a Gentleman, had he a sword by his side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a

54 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Conjurer is a grave as a Judge, — but he had a long white wand in his hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of vertue in that wand — I fancy 'tis made out of witch elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

But. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the Ghost in a circle, then he has him --- let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a Conjurer's trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

But. Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in lobs-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour, for a thousand years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I wou'd advise Madam to spare no cost. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the Ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the red-sea --- and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that wou'd spoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why *John*, there must be a power of spirits in that same red-sea --- I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

But.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 55

Bat. As for that, *Peter*, you may be sure that the Steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs, and damages — But hark! yonder's Mr. *Abigal*, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigal* well laid too --- we should lead merry lives.

*For to a Man like me that's stout and bold,
A Ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.*



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

SCENE opens, and discovers Sir George
in Vellum's Office.

Sir G. I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so us'd to form in business; that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter Vellum.

Well *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your success.

Vel. First, let me lock the door.

Sir G. Will your Lady admit me?

Vel. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir G. Prithee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

Vel. Delays in business are dangerous --- I must fend for the smith next week --- and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir G. But what says your Lady?

Vel. This pen is naught, and wants mending --- My Lady, did you say?

Sir G. Does she admit me?

Vel. I have gain'd admission for you as a Conjur-
rer.

Sir G. That's enough! I'll gain admission for my self as a husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my art?

Vel. It is hard know what a woman believes.

Sir G. Did she ask no questions about me?

Vel. Sundry, --- She desires to talk with you her self, before you enter upon your business.

Sir G. But when?

Vel. Immediately. This instant.

Sir G. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? Give me my cloak --- Have you yet met with *Abigail*?

Vel. I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

Sir G. Let thee alone for that *Vellum*, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. We'll! This is a most venerable cloak. After the
busi-

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 37

business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjuror of your Steward?

Sir G. Prithee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho---nour do with your cast beard?

Sir G. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou wou'd'st wear it with the cloak, thou wou'd'st make a most compleat heathen Philosopher. But where's my wand?

Vel. A fine taper stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are Sheriff of the County. It is not my custome to let any thing be lost.

Sir G. Come *Vellum*, lead the way. You must introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a Master of the ceremonies to a Conjuror. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Abigal crossing the Stage, Tinsel following.

Tinsel. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast child?

Ab. Keep your hands to your self. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tin. What? Goodman *two fold*? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

Ab. What does the Man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my Lady.

Tin. Prithee, Nabby, tell me one thing; What's the reason thou art my enemy?

Ab. Marry, because I'm a friend to my Lady.

Tin. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost

38 THE DRUMMER; Or,

not like ? Come hither , Huffy , give me a kiss.
Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir , I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her*] --
This Rogue will carry off my Lady , if I don't take
care. [*Aside.*

Tin. Thy lips are as soft as velvet , *Abigail.* I
must get thee a husband.

Ab. Ay , now you don't speak idly , I can talk
to you.

Tin. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou
love a young lusty Son of a whore ?

Ab. Laud , how you talk !

Tin. This is a thundering dog.

Ab. What is he ?

Tin. A private Gentleman.

Ab. Ay ! where does he live ?

Tin. In the horse-guards --- But he has one fault
I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that ,
he's a man for thy purpose.

Ab. Pray , Mr. *Tinsel* , what may that be ?

Tin. He's but five and twenty years old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his age , if he has been
well educated.

Tin. No Man better , child ; he'll tye a wigg ,
toss a die , make a pass , and swear with such a
grace , as wou'd make thy heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half these accomplishments will do provided
he has an Estate --- Pray what has he ?

Tin. Not a farthing.

Ab. Pax on him , what do I give him the hear-
ing for ! [*Aside.*

Tin. But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

Ab. How ?

Tin. Why look ye , child , as soon as I have
married thy Lady , I design to discard this old
prig of a Steward , and to put this honest Gentleman ,
I am speaking of , into his place.

Ab.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 59

Ab. [*aside.*] This fellow's a fool --- I'll have no more to say to him. --- Hark! my Lady's a coming!

Tin. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my promise. [*Aside.*

Ab. Ay, and so will I too --- to your cost.

[*Exit Abigail.*

Tin. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid --- But I shall rid the house of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a Man of wit and pleasure of the Town --- There may be something diverting in a conversation between a Conjuror, and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*

Tin. She loves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*] -- Prithee, Widow, explain thy self.

Lady. You must know here is a strange sort of a Man come to Town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The Steward believes him a Conjuror

Tin. Ay; thy Steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a Man.

Tin. Oh! I warrant you he has study'd the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is not it an *Oxford* Scholar? --- Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom. -- I think thy four chief domesticks are --- a wither'd *Abigail* --- a superannuated Steward, --- a Ghost -- and a Conjuror.

Lady. [*Mimicking Tinsel*] And you wou'd have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

Tin. It's a sure sign a woman loves you, when she

60 THE DRUMMER; Or,

she imitates your manner. [*aside*] --- Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But, see! smother the Doctor.

Enter Vellum, and Sir George in his conjurer's habit.

Vel. I will introduce this profound person to your Ladyship, and then leave him with you --- Sir, this is her Ho---nour. [*Exit Vellum.*]

Sir G. I know it well.

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture*] That dear woman! The sight of her un-mans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

Tin. Old Gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the Zodiack?

Sir G. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. *Mars* is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities ---

Tin. *Mars*? Prithce Father grey-beard explain thyself.

Sir G. The entrance of *Mars* into his house, portends the entrance of a Master into this family -- and that soon.

Tin. D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a Master, and that soon -- Hark thee, old Gadbury, Is not *Mars* very like a young fellow call'd Tom Tinsel?

Sir G. Not so much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tin.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 61

Tin. A word in your ear, Doctor; these two Planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G. [*aside, walking disturb'd*] Curse on this impertinent top! I shall scarce forbear discovering my self---Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged Man.

Sir G. My aspect deceives you; What do you think is my real age?

Tin. I shou'd guess thee within three years of *Methuselah*. Prithee tell me, was't not thou born before the flood?

Lady. Truly I shou'd guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grand-children with beards of a foot long.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirry last *August*. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an escape you have had, Mr. *Tinsel*, that you were not bred a scholar!

Tin. And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

Sir G. Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb, by all the rules of physiognomy: But let that be a secret between you and me.

[*Aside to Tinsel.*

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what is it the Doctor whispers?

Tin. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady

62 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir G. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or --- than you do, fair Lady.

Tin. Widdow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat

Lady. For my part I believe he's a witch--- go on Doctor.

Sir G. He will be cross'd in love, and that soon.

Tin. Prithee, Doctor, tell us the truth: Dost not thou live in *Moor-Fields*?

Sir G. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady *Truman's* mansion-house.

Tin. Pray, old Gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert faucy?

Lady. Nay Mr. *Tinsel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a Man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir G. Let him be angry-- I matter it not-- He is but shortliv'd. He will soon die of--

Tin. Come, come, speak out, old *Hocus*; he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing.
[*Forces a laugh.*

Sir G. He will soon die of a fright-- or of the-- let me see your nose-- Ay-- 'tis so!

Tin. You Son of a whore! I'll run ye through the body. I never yet made the Sun shine through a Conjuror--

Lady. Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinsel*! you will not kill an old Man?

Tin. An old Man! The Dog says he's but five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinsel*, I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate Man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

Tin.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 63

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my Dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I wou'd but have drill'd a little eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

Sir G. Courage is but ill shown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your Art, not of your courage. Or if you will show your courage, let it be at nine a clock-- for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the Stars again.

Sir G. I'll go and prepare my self for the ceremonies-- And, Lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [Exit Sir G.]

Tin. The sauciest dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

Tin. No Fool! Ay but thou dost not take him for a Conjuror.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the parlour as you ordered.

Lady.

64 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinsel*, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure.

[*Exeunt Lady and Tinsel.*

Abigail sola.

Sure never any Lady had such Servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight Girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My Lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum*!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s chaise—Nay I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the Attorney's Wife's heart—for I shall take place of every body in the Parish but my Lady. If I have a Son, he shall be call'd *Fantome*. But see Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter Vellum with a pint of sack.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your visits are always seasonable.

Vel. I have brought with me a taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray set it down—I have a dram-glass just by —

[*Brings in a rummer.*

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good health.

Vel. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. *Abigail*.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little parcel

of

The HAUNTED HOUSE.

of this sack, and put it under the article of Tea—
I would not have my name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, your name seldom appears in my Bills— and yet— if you will allow me a merry expression— You have been always in my books, Mrs. *Abigal*. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are such a dry jesting man!

Vel. Why truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my papers-- and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

Ab. Your debtor! For what, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. For my heart, Mrs. *Abigal*-- And our accounts will not be balanc'd between us, 'till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by words only Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one blush— My humble service to you.

Vel. I must answer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the country phrase-- *Your love is sufficient*. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

Vel. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, since I first broke my mind to you— It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*-- We have convers'd together these fifteen years— and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he-- Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocose.

Ab. Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, I have a trifle about me, which I wou'd willingly make you a present of. It is indeed but a little toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little toy -- scarce worth your acceptance.

E

Ab.

66 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Ab. Pray do not keep me in suspense ; what is it, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. A silver thimble.

Ab. I always said Mr. *Vellum* was a generous Lover.

Vel. But I must put it on my self , Mrs. *Abigail*-- You have the prettiest tip of a finger-- I must take the freedom to salute it.

Ab. Oh fye! you make me ashamed, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion-- [*A feign'd struggle.*

Vel. This finger is not the finger of idleness ; it bears the honourable scars of the needle-- But why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

Ab. Oh , I vow you press it so hard ! pray give give me my finger again.

Vel. This middle finger, Mrs. *Abigail* , has a pretty neighbour --- A wedding ring would become it mightily --- He , he , he.

Ab. You're so full of your jokes. Ay , but where must I find one for it?

Vel. I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it , they will set off each other , and are --- indeed a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good hufwife , and the other of being a good wife. Ha , ha , ha !

Ab. Yes, yes , I see you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am serious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forsaken me --- I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formely made me.

Vel. I shou'd as soon forget the multiplication table.

Ab. I have always taken your part before my Lady.

Vel. You have so , and I have item'd it in my memory.

Ab.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 67

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your interests as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

Ab. I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*] — Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

Vel. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then in plain *English* I love you.

Vel. I'm overjoy'd!

Ab. I must own my passion for you.

Vel. I'm transported! [*Catches her in his arms.*]

Ab. Dear charming Man!

Vel. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear! -- to drink thy vertuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your Lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young Steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it-- Prithee my dear, doe's she intend to marry Mr. *Tinsel*?

Ab. Marry him! my Love, no, no! we must take care of that! there wou'd be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell wou'd send all the old Servants a grazing. You and I shou'd be discarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

Vel. Prithee, sweet one, does not this Drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

Ab. This Drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, sayst thou so, my turtle?

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and wife— I mean, almost as good as Man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood!

Ab. Hush! I hear Mr. *Tinsel*'s laugh, my Lady

68 THE DRUMMER; Or,

and he are a coming this way ; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

Vel. Give me your hand, chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my heart already.

Vel. We shall have much issue. [Exeunt.



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter Vellum and Butler.

Vel. **T**Obn, I have certain orders to give you — and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that. -- I suppose he means being sober. [Aside.

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business, I wou'd have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses, laid in a method.

But. Ah, master *Vellum*, you are such a sweet-spoken man it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

Vel. Method, *John*, makes business easie, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of Families.

But. How he talks ! I cou'd hear him all day.

Vel. And now *John*, let me know whether your table-linnen, your side-board, your cellar and every thing else within your Province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an entertainment this evening.

But.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 69

But. Master *Vellum*, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the Conjuror?

Vel. It is *John* for the Conjuror, and yet it is not for the Conjuror

But. Why look you master *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjuror, the cook-maid shou'd have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

Vel. This Conjuror, *John*, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a two-fold nature -- But he eats and drinks like other men.

But. Marry, master *Vellum*, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

Vel. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man, ha, ha, ha!

But. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married -- He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master *Vellum*, you cou'd make a riddle. The same man old and young! How do you make that out, Master *Vellum*?

Vel. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

But. Nay 't is no wonder a Conjuror shou'd be like a serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aside the old Conjuror's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

But. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

Vel. That time will show.

But. Well, I have not a head for these things.

70 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou shou'dst -- But to our business -- Let there be a table spread in the Great-Hall. Let your pots and glasses be wash'd, and in a readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the Servants be in their best liveries.

But. Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

Vel. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by -- Bid *Susan* lay two pillows upon your Lady's bed.

But. Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

Vel. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigail*, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; She, I am sure speaks plain *English*, one may easily understand every word she says.] *Exit Butler.*

Vellum solus.

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them. -- But see Mrs. *Abigail*! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Ha! Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. What brings my sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he shou'd have an account of this Conjuror, that he may not be surpriz'd.

Vel.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 71

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

Ab. I'll speak low — Walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

Vel. But heark you ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I shou'd ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggish.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

Ab. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an Age till I see you again.

Vel. Adieu my pretty one.

Ab. Adieu sweet Mr. *Vellum*.

Vel. My pretty one: —

[*As he is going off.*

Ab. Dear Mr. *Vellum*!

Vel. My pretty one!

[*Exit Vellum.*

Abigail Sola.

Ab. I have him --- if I can but get this thousand pound.

[*Fantome gives three raps upon his Drum behind the wainscot.*

Ab. Ha. three raps upon the Drum! the signal Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon when he had a mind to speak with me. [*Fantome raps again.*

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come Fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens, and Fantome comes out.

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

72 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail*, I want to hear what is a doing in the world.

Ab. You're a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

Fan. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor — I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about *Tinsel*. When a Lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurors.

Ab. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my Lady in two days, than you did in two months.

Fan. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a Lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments — Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make love a-cross a Tea-table.

Fan. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my Lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not so great a difference between Woman and Woman, as you imagine. You see *Tinsel* has nothing but his fauciness to recommend him.

Fan. *Tinsel* is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of Love — And let me tell thee, *Abigail*, a Man, who is sincere in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it — But I'll mend my manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow — Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my Lady.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 73

dy, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

Fan. I'm afraid, Child, we han't time for such a piece of mummary.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab—* I mean my Lady Truman.

Ab. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

Fan. That's right; faith I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambrosia!*

Ab. That's very well—

Fan. How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! My life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you—

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my hand?

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay— Now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer— You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture & nonsense, till you are out of breath.

Fan. Transport and extasy! where am I! my life, my bliss! — I rage, I burn, I bleed, I dye.

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and darts— Bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes— Flowers, *Zephyrs*, & purling streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a tongue wou'd undo a vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex.

Fan. This will do then, *Abigail?*

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a Lover. Tho' I only represent my Lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a Man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no Woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

Fan. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity

74 THE DRUMMER; Or,

tunity of putting this lesson in practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at eight, and at nine the Conjuror is to take you in hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [*Fantome goes in.* Exit *Abigal.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* is withdrawn. --- I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter Tinsel.

Tin. *Vellum!* *Vellum!*

Vel. [*aside.*] *Vellum!* We are methinks very familiar; I am not to us'd be call'd so by any but their Ho---nours — What wou'd you, Mr. *Tinsel*?

Tin. Let me beg a favour of thee, old Gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Prithee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy Lady's estate.

Vel. The rent-roll?

Tin. The rent-roll? Ay, the rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

Vel. Why? have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

Tin. Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

Vel. The purchase will be considerable.

Tin. And for that reason I have bid thy Lady very high --- She is to have no less for it than this entire Person of mine.

Vel.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 75

Vel. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. *Tinsel* --- he, he, he!

Tin. Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my Steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An insolent companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

Vel. [*Aside.*] An ungracious bird!

Tin. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand Pounds.

Vel. [*Aside.*] A very profligate!

Tin. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you --- I'll borrow some money of you.

Vel. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make my self merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so Mr. *Tinsel*, you promise you will be a very kind Master to me? [*Stifling a laugh.*]

Tin. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

Vel. What do you think of five hundred pounds? --- Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vel. And yet it is more than I shall give you --- And I will offer you two reasons for it.

Tin. Prithee what are they?

Vel. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and secondly, because it never will be in your disposal; and so fare you well, good Mr.

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit Vellum.*]

Tin. This rogue is as faucy as the Conjuror, I'll be hang'd if they are not a kin.

Enter

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*! what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

Tin. No faith, I have been talking with thy Steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

Lady. I keep him for my Steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

Tin. Yes yes, he looks like a put --- a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life; We must turn him off widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

Lady. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest Man.

Tin. What? I suppose he goes to Church.

Lady. Goes to Church! so do you too, I hope.

Tin. I wou'd for once, widow, to make sure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, a husband who would not continue to go thither, wou'd quickly forget the promises he made there.

Tin. Faith very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wou'dst not for the world marry a Sabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the Conjuror told you, you were short-liv'd.

Tin. The Conjuror! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tin. Indeed you're very handsome.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Lady. I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

Tin. Thou art the Idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion --- Prithee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

Lady.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 77

Lady. The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Tin. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, you are a very observing Man.

Tin. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the side-board, might be turn'd into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

Lady. You have a very good fancy, Mr. *Tinsel*--- What pretty transformations you could make in my house--- But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*

Tin. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in China, my dear.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent manager--- How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

Tin. Now hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you---

Lady. Very well, let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-fashion'd gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a Saint upon the lid on't.

Lady. I have, what then?

Tin. Why look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old Saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I wou'd convert into a diamond buckle, & make you a present of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

Tin. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I see you do, Sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious

rious; and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

Tin. For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

Tin. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question; do'st not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelve-month hence?

Lady. Yes, but decency! Mr. *Tinsel*—

Tin. Or do'st thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

Tin. Ah, my dear, they wou'd say you lov'd your second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what wou'd people think?

Tin. Think! why they wou'd think thee the mirrour of widowhood— That a woman shou'd live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about Town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

Lady. Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows.

Tin. I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain Lady, who considering the craziness of her husband had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her
hus.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 79

husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a duel. But the good Lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

Lady. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

Tin. Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe *Tom Tinsel*.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you call this talking like a Wit, or like a Rake?

Tin. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinsel*, the only Man I ever lov'd in my life, had a great deal of the one, & nothing of the other in him.

Tin. Nay now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tin. About this time, say'st thou? Come faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tin. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! Do'st not hear him?

Lady. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

Tin. Why, both! my dear—I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth: [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the Drum, do'st not?

Lady. Don't talk so rashly?

Tin. Why, my dear, you cou'd not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer's* Drum-Major in your house.

Lady

80 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

Tin. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a dish of Tea but just now. --- There is no such thing I give thee my word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

Tin. For my part, child, I have made my self easy in those points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside*

Tin. I'll tell thee what now, widow — I wou'd engage by the help of a white sheet and a penny-worth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole Country-Village out of their senses, and the Vicar into the bargain. (*Drum beats.*) Hark ! hark ! what noise is that ! Heaven defend us ! this is more than fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful ! What a dog have I been to speak again my conscience, only to show my parts !

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish discourse.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my heart ; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless raillery.

Lady. Harmless, d'ye call it ? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break through the wall.

Tin. What a Devil had I to do with a white sheet ?
(*Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.*)

Tin. Mercy on us ! it appears.

Lady. Oh ! 'tis he ! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George ! 'tis my husband. [*She faints.*

Tin. Now wou'd I give ten thousand pound that

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 81

that I were in Town.

[*Fantome advances
to him drumming.*

Tin. I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more.

[*Fantome still advances drumming.*

Tin. By my Soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest [*Falls on his knees*] have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a Coxcomb [*Fantome points to the door.*] But see he waves me off -- ay with all my heart -- What a devil had I to do with a white sheet? [*He steals off the Stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

Fan. The Scoundrel is gone, and has left his Mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the Conjuror to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his Reverence scamper as fast as the Lover. And then the day's my own. But the servants are coming, I must get into my cup-board. [*He goes in.*

Enter Abigail and Servants.

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! This wicked drum has frightened Mr. *Tinsel* out of his Wits, and my Lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my Lady, but 't is all for her good: and I know her so well, that she wou'd not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her Friends shou'd blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em;
'Twas for a thousand, Pound and Mr. Vellum.



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Sir George, in his Conjuror's habit, the Butler marching before him with two large candles, & the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, & another a chair.

Butler.

AN't please your Worship, Mr. *Conjuror*, the Steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect, as if you were our Master.

Sir G. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your Conjurorship's Worship, shall I set the table down here?

Sir G. Here, *Peter*.

Gard. Peter! --- He knows my name by his learning. *[Aside.]*

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largest elbow chair in the house; 'tis that the Steward sits in when he holds a Court.

Sir G. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

Sir G. Paper, and a pen and ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! My Lady's mourning paper, that is black'd

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 83

black'd at the edges--- Wou'd you chuse to write with a crow quill?

Sir G. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

Coach, [*To Gard.*] *Peter*, prithee do thou go along with me --- I'm afraid --- You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the Conjuror by my self!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants*

Sir G. solus. There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These Fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy against the Ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple-alliance. Who cou'd have thought these three rogues cou'd have found each of'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink!

Enter Gardiner with a sheet of paper, Coachman with a standish, and Butler with a pen.

Gard. Sir, there is your paper.

Coach Sir, there is your standish.

But. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen --- I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

Gard. [*Aside.*] He forgets that he's to make a circle --- Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir G. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I shou'd you the spot where he's heard ofteneft, if your Worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room.--

Sir G. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, *John*. His Worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd

84 THE DRUMMER; Or,

have a bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

Sir G. I thank thee-- we shall do without it.

Gard. John, he seems a very good-natur'd man for a Conjuror.

But. I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my Lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

Sir G. What wouldst thou?

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

Sir G. Mark'd with a Swan's neck--

But. My Lady's crest! He knows every thing: (*Aside.*) How wou'd your Worship advise me to recover it again?

Sir G. Hum!

But. What must I do to come at it?

Sir G. Drink nothing but small-beer for a fortnight--

But. Small beer! Rot-gut?

Sir G. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expir'd -- it is as much -- as thy spoon -- is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. (*Aside.*)

Coach. D'ye mind how they whisper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about *Nell*--

Coach. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor *Dobbing*: I fancy he cou'd give me better counsel than the Farrier.

But. (*to Gard.*) A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

Coach.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 85

Coach. (*to Sir G.*) Sir, may a Man venture to ask you a question?

Sir G. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitch'd--

Sir G. A bay gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that?-- (*Aside.*

Sir G. Bought at *Banbury*.

Coach. Whew--so it was o' my conscience (*Whistles.*

Sir G. Six year old last *Lammas*.

Coach. To a day. (*Aside.*) Now, Sir, I wou'd know whether the poor beast is bewitch'd by *Goody Crouch* or *Goody Flye*?

Sir G. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be *Goody Gurton*! for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

Gard. Ha'st thou done, *Robin*?

Coach. [*to Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. (*to Sir G.*) Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing--

Sir G. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

Sir G. A woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that! [*Aside.*

Sir G. Go on.

Gard. This Woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir G. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside*

Sir G. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both---

Sir G. To thee.

Gard. What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside:*

86 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Sir G. Ha'st thou done?

Gard. I wou'd desire to know whether I am really Father to them both?

Sir G. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*]

Coach. Look yonder, *John*, the silly dog is turning about under the Conjuror's wand. If he has been faucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir G. Twins, do'st thou say? [*Still turning him.*]

Gard. Ay, are they both mine d'ye think?

Sir G. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. *Abigail* will have me take care of them both--- she's always for the Butler --- If my poor Master *Sir George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

Sir G. What, was *Sir George* a kind Master?

Gard. Was he! Ay, my fellow-Servants will bear me witness.

Sir G. Did ye love *Sir George*?

But. Every body lov'd him ---

Coach. There was not a dry eye in the Parish at the news of this death---

Gard. He was the best neighbour---

But. The kindest husband---

Coach. The truest friend to the poor ---

But. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it wou'd have been the death of her---

Sir G. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their Master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*]

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has occasion for? if so, --- you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sir

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 87

Sir G. I can as yet see no hurt in my Wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond Man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It wou'd neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make my self known to her till I am so [*Aside.*] Dear *Vellum*! I am impatient to hear some news of my Wife, how does she after her fright?

Vel. It is a saying somewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow ---

Sir G. I ask of my Wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord *Coke* --- prithee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd, Mrs. *Abigail* has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

Sir G. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of *Abigail*! But I could not have thought my Friend *Fantome* would have served me thus ---

Vel. You will still fancy you are a living Man --

Sir G. That he shou'd endeavour to ensnare my Wife ---

Vel. You have no right in her, after your demise: Death extinguishes all property, --- *Quoad hanc* --- It is a maxim in the Law.

Sir G. A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of *Tinsel*?

Vel. He rush'd out of the house, call'd for his Horse, clap'd spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time, than I---can---tell---ten.

Sir G. This is whimsical enough! my Wife will have a quick succession of Lovers, in one day --- *Fantome* has driven out *Tinsel*, and I shall drive out *Fantome*.

Vel. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another ---

88 THE DRUMMER; Or,

he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. Was there ever such a provoking block-head! but he means me well.--- Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitour *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.--- You must remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch--

Sir G. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the life of business--

Sir G. Hear me then, I say.

Vel. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First--

Sir G. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

Vel. But your Ho--nour will not give me the hearing--

Sir G. Thou wilt not give me the hearing. (*Angrily.*

Vel. I am still.

Sir G. In the first place, you are to lay my wigg, hat, and sword ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how *Abigail* has described the Ghost to you.

Vel. It shall be done.

Sir G. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this Ghost, you are to prepare my Wife for the reception of her real Husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are Master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

Vel. It shall be done--- But since her Ho---nour
has

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 89

has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue *Tinsel*. I hope thou hast not told *Abigail* any thing of the secret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is a Woman; there are many reasons why she shou'd not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention fix---

Sir G. Hush, here she comes! Oh my Heart!

Enter Lady and Abigail.

Sir G. Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to Lady.] O that lov'd Woman! How I long to take her in my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[Walks at a distance in a pensive posture waving his wand.]

Lady. [to Vellum.] This is surprizing indeed! So all the Servants tell me; They say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the family.

Ab. [Aside.] A parcel of credulous fools! They first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[Exit Vellum, exchanging fond looks with Abigail.]

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir G. Speak! But hold---first let me feel your pulse?

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir G. I have already learn'd a secret from it, that will astonish you.

Lady. Pray, what is it?

90 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Sir G. You will have a husband within this half hour.

Ab. [*Aside.*] I'm glad to hear that--- He must mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir *George's* apparition a second time.

Sir G. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* to be sure. [*Aside.*

Lady. Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir G. You cou'd not love the first better than you will love the second.

Ab. [*Aside.*] I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

Lady. Alas! you did not know Sir *George*.

Sir G. As well as I do my self---I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your Mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her return from *London*.

Lady. This is astonishing!

Sir G. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what extasy did Sir *George* kiss your hand, when you told him you shou'd always follow the advice of your *Mamma*!

Lady. Every circumstance to a tittle!

Sir G. Then, Lady! the wedding night! I saw you in your white sattin night-gown; you wou'd not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand-- You struggled---but he was too strong for you --- You blush'd, He---

Lady. Oh! stop there! go no farther! --- He knows every thing. *Aside.* *Ab.*

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 91

Ab. Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a wagg in your youth.

Sir G. Mrs. *Abigail*, you know what your good word cost Sir *George*, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. *Abigail*---

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G. 'Tis true child he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosome.

Ab. This Rogue will mention the thousand Pound, if I don't take care [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, tho' you are a *Conjurer*, methinks you need not be a Blab—

Lady. Sir, since, I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—It has the resemblance of my deceas'd Husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

Sir G. I must to that end be sincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another. Have not you receiv'd the addresses of many Lovers since his death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more visits, than have been agreeable.

Sir G. Was not *Tinsel* welcome? — I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir G. Racks! [*Aside*

Lady. Of a good family.

Sir G. Tortures! [*Aside.*

Lady. Heir to a considerable estate!

Sir G. Death! [*Aside*] And you still love him? — I'm distracted! [*Aside*

Lady No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and ey'ry thing that cou'd be expected from a Man
of

92 THE DRUMMER; Or,
of the vilest principles!—

Sir G. I'm recover'd. *Aside.*

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my Lady? says I. In an elbow-chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To Town, child, says he: For to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the Devil, says he.

Sir G. Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder *Sir George's* spirit from being at rest.

La. If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfy'd of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him, He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—tears will not let me go on—

Sir G. This quite o'erpowers me—I shall discover my self before my time. [*Aside*—Madam, you may now retire and leave me to me my self.

Lady. Success attend you.

Abig. I wish *Mr. Fantome* gets well off from this old Don.—I know he'll be with him immediately,

[*Exeunt Lady and Abigal.*

Sir George Solus.

Sir G. My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her—Now for my revenge upon *Fantome*.—I shall cut the ceremonies short—A few words will do his business.—Now let me seat my self in form.—A good easy chair for a Conjuror this!—Now for a few mathematical scratches—a good lucky scrawl, that—faith I think it looks very astrological—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjuror's scheme. [*Drum beats*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now must I pore upon my Paper.

Enter.

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 85

Enter Fantome, beating his Drum.

Sir G. Prithee don't make a noise, I'm busy.
[*Fantome beats.*]

Sir G. A pretty march! prithee beat that over again.
[*He beats and advances.*]

Sir G. [*Rising*] Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a Ghost. You stalk it majestically.

[*Fantome advances.*]

Sir G. How the Rogue stares, he acts it to admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. *Abigal's* wardrobe.

[*Fantome starts, gives a rap upon his Drum.*]

Sir G. Prithee don't play the Fool!

[*Fantome beats.*]

Sir G. Nay, nay, enough of this good Mr. *Fantome*.

Fan. [*Aside.*] Death! I'm discover'd. This Jade *Abigal* has betray'd me.

Sir G. Mr. *Fantome*, upon the word of an Astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman*.

Fan 'Tis plain, She has told him all. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my Art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his bones broke.

Fan. [*to Sir G.*] Look'ye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. *Abigal*.

Sir G. I have learn'd it from my art.

Fan. Thy art! prithee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces —

Sir G. I am not mercenary! Young Man, I scorn thy gold.

Fan. I'll make them up twenty:—

Sir G. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition; as shall—

Fan.

94 THE DRUMMER; Or,

Fan. An apparition, old Gentleman! you mistake your Man, I am not to be frighten'd with bugbears.—

Sir G. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my Art—

Fan. Why, if thou hast any *Hocus-pocus* tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir G. The raising of a Spirit, requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private.—

Fan. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

Sir G. I will—attend and tremble. [Exit.

Fantome Solus.

Fan. A very solemn old Afs! But I smoak him.—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I cou'd not think this Slut wou'd have us'd me thus.—I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinsel* for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my Mistress carry'd off by such a Rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this Old Fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George in his own habit.

Fan. Ha! what's that! *Sir George Truman!* This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [Runs off.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good *Sir George*—The Enemy has left me master of the field: Here are the marks of my victory. This Drum will

The HAUNTED HOUSE. 95

I hang up in my great Hall as the Trophy of the day.

Enter Abigal.

Sir George stands with his hand before his Face in a musing posture.

Ab. Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the Conjuror. Mr. *Fanteme*, Mr. *Fantome*! I give you joy; I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand Pounds now?

[Pulls him by the Sleeve.

Sir G. Ha! *[Taking his hand from his face.*

Ab. Oh! 'tis my Master! *[Shrieks.*

[Running away he catches her.

Sir G. Good Mrs. *Abigal* not so fast.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir? He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

Sir G. What do'st think?

Ab. Think, Sir? Think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how—

Sir G. No questions, good *Abigal*. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm so frightened—and so glad!—

Sir G. Where's your Lady, I ask you—

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am my self—I can't forbear weeping for joy—

Sir G. Your Lady! I say your Lady! I must bring you to your self with one pinch more—

Ab. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir G. Then he has open'd the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter

Enter Lady follow'd by Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! my Life! my Soul! my Husband!

Sir G. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here? I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir G. My heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robb'd my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in't.

Sir G. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixt. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfy'd that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

Sir G. And I am satisfy'd that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

Lady. Was ever Woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only Man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir G. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already?

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam!

Coach. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange Gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not see Master before me, I shou'd have sworn it had been his Honour.

Gard. Ha'ft given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir G. [*to Lady.*] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor Neighbours and my Servants shall rejoyce with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bless your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The same good Man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir G. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lov'st *Abigal*, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there shou'd be one sad heart in my house to-night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigal*, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

G

Ab.

98 THE DRUMMER; &c.

Ab. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken Man :
Pray do you thank my Master and my Lady.

Sir G. Vellum, I hope you are not displeas'd with
the gift I make you.

*Vel. The gift is twofold : I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too ;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the Donors :
And so we bid good-night to both your Ho--nours.*



T H E
E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

TO-night, the Poet's Advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage, their cause debating,
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the first shou'd from their duty swerve,
There's one behind the Wainscot in reserve.
In his next Play, if I wou'd take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For tho' 'tis simple, yet it shews good-nature.

My help thus ask'd, I cou'd not chuse but grant it.]
And really I thought the Play wou'd want it;
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No Court-Intrigue, nor City-Cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Musick-- but a Drum--
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase exprest;
And, Gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
When we wou'd raise your mirth, you hardly know,
Whether in strictness you shou'd laugh or no,
But turn upon the Ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.

Pro:

EPILOGUE.

Protect him then, ye Fair ones; for the Fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a Widow, who of blameless carriage
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous Wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights;
Nay, to oblige the Sex in every state,
A Nymph of five and forty finds her mate.

Too long has Marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage;
No little Scribler is of wit so bare,
But has his sling at the poor wedded pair;
Our Author deals not in conceits so stale:
For shou'd th' examples of his Play prevail,
No Man need blush, tho' true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jest tho' he shou'd love his Spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose Husbands, shou'd they pry like mine to-night,
Wou'd never find you in your conduct slipping,
Tho' they turn'd Conjurers to take you tripping.

F I N I S.

CATALOGUE

OF ENGLISH PLAYS

Neatly & correctly printed, in small volumes fit
for the pocket, & sold by T. Johnson,
Bookseller in the Hague.

PLAYS.

	Authors.	prices.
Julius Cæsar.	- -	6
Macbeth.	- -	6
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.	- -	8
Othello, Moor of Venice.	- -	8
King Henry IV. with the humours of Sr. John Falstaff	Shakespear.	6
The Merry Wives of Windsor, & Amours of Sr. John Falstaff.	- -	6
Timon of Athens, altered by Shadwell.	- -	8
The Tempest, or Enchanted Island: altered by Davenant & Dryden.	- -	8
Aurenge-Zebe, or the Great Mogul	- -	6
All for Love, or the World well lost	- -	8
Oedipus (by Dryden & Lee)	- -	8
The Spanish Fryar, or double disco- very.	Dryden.	8
The Indian Emperor, or Conquest of Mexico	- -	6
The State of Innocence, or Fall of Man	- -	6
Amphitryon, or the two Sosias	- -	6
Volpone, or the Fox.	B. Johnson.	8
The Orphan.	Otway.	6
Venice preserved.	- -	8
Oroonoko.	Southerne.	8
Abra-Mule.	Trappe.	6
The Rehearsal, with a Key.	D. of Buc-	8
The Chances, altered by	kingham.	6
She wou'd if she cou'd.	- -	6
The Man of Mode, or Sr. Fop, Flutter.	Etherege.	8

P L A Y S.	Authors. prices.
The Old Batchelor.	6
The Double Dealer.	8
Love for Love.	Congreve. 8
The Way of the World.	3
The Mourning Bride.	6
Phædra & Hippolitus.	Smith. 6
The Adventures of Five Hours.	Tuke. 8
The Plain Dealer.	Wicherley. 8
Loves last shift, or The Fool in fashion.	8
The Careless Husband.	Cibber. 8
The Non-Juror.	8
The Provoked Wife.	8
The Relapse.	Vanburg. 8
Æsop, with a Second part.	8
The Funeral, or Grief à la mode.	Steel. 6
The Conscious Lovers.	6
The Drummer, or Haunted house.	Harrison 8
Chit-Chat.	Killegrew. 6
The Constant Couple.	6
The Recruiting Officer.	Farquhar. 6
The Beaux Stratagem.	6
Cato.	Addison. 8
The Distrest Mother.	A. Phillips. 6
Tamerlane.	6
The ambitious Stepmother	6
Jane Shore	Rowe. 6
The Lady Jane Gray.	6
Theodosius, or the force of Love.	N. Lee. 6
Sophonisha, or Hannibals overthrow.	6
Mariamne	Fenton. 6
Bufiris King of Egypt.	Young. 6
The Siege of Damascus.	Hughes. 6
The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.	Duke of 6
The Death of Marcus Brutus.	Buckingham. 6

These Plays are sold together in volumes, bound or stiched: most of them are also sold apart, at the prices here mark'd.

NB. Several other Plays are now printing.

ENGLISH BOOKS,

Neatly printed in pocket volumes, and sold
by *T. Johnson*, Bookseller in the Hague.

	<i>gild.</i>	<i>st.</i>
Mr. <i>Pope's</i> Translation of Homer's <i>Iliad</i> . 6 vol.	6	— 0
- - Poems & Miscellanies compleat	1	— 0
The same on fine paper. 7 vol.	9	— 0
Mr. <i>Pope's</i> Homer, without Notes. 2 vol.	3	— 0
- - - <i>Odyssey</i> of <i>Homer</i> , in the press.		
Mr. <i>Addison's</i> Poems, Translations, Dialogues on Medals &c. in 2. vol.	2	— 4
The same on fine paper.	2	— 15
Mr. <i>Prior's</i> Poems compleat, printed from the <i>folio</i> edition, with Additions.	1	— 13
The same on fine paper.	2	— 0
The Duke of <i>Buckingham's</i> Works, 2 vol:	2	— 8
The same on fine paper.	3	— 0
<i>Lucan's</i> <i>Pharsalia</i> , translated by Mr. <i>Rowe</i> . 2 vol.	1	— 16
The same on fine paper.	2	— 4
Miscellaneous Works comical and diverting, by D. S—ft. Containing I. the <i>Tale of a Tub</i> , with Notes & Additions. II. Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by the Author of the first part.	1	— 10
Bp. Burnet's History of his own time. 3 vol:	4	— 0
The same on large paper. 3 vol.	6	— 0
The Scheme of Literal prophecy, &c. in defense of a Discourse of the Grounds & reasons of the Christian Religion, 2 vol.	1	— 16

Most of the English Poets: as *Waller*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Congreve*, *Lansdown*, *Dorset*, *Rocheſter*, *Roscommon*, *Butler*, *Denham*, *Suckling*, &c. The *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, *Guardians*; and all forts of English, French, & Latin Books, are sold at reasonable rates by the ſaid *T. Johnson*.

ENGLISH BOOKS

By T. Johnson, Bookbinder in the Hague.
Recently printed in pocket volumes, and for

Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer's Iliad. 6 vol. 6

— 4 —

The same on the paper 7 vol.

Mr Peter Hemmer, without Notes: 2 vol.

Obituary of Howard, in the press.

Mr. John's Translations, 1

Journal de Médecine, in 2. vol.

the 17th & 18th centuries, printed in

the following edition, with Additions.

The Discarded Books of the World, 2 vols.

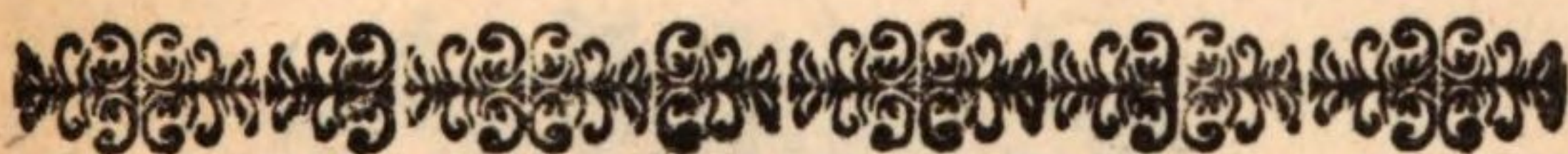
1875

Book of the British Poets: as follows

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE
ROMAN FATHER.
A
TRAGEDY.



THE ROMAN FATHER

THE

ROMAN FATHER

A

TRAGEDY

BY JAMES HEATON

THE
ROMAN FATHER,
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. *W. WHITEHEAD*.

—— — *Utcunque ferent ea facta Minores,
Vincet Amor Patriæ, Laudumque immensa Cupido!*
VIRG.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N.

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-head*, *Pall-mall*;
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*.

M DCC L.

THE
ROMAN FATHER.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

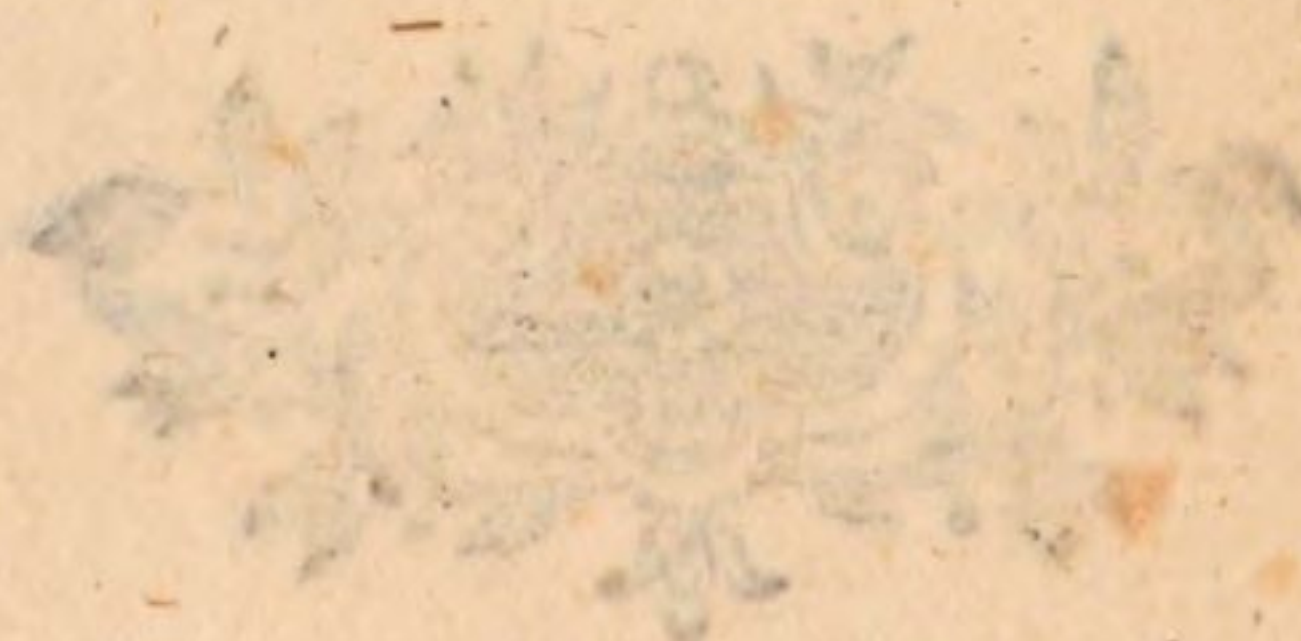
THEATRE ROYAL in Drury-Lane,

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

— — — — —
Printed and Sold by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal.
Viz.

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N.

Printed for J. DODD, in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal.

and sold by Mr. Cooper in Pall-mall, near the Theatre-Royal.

M DCC L.

T O

The HONOURABLE

THOMAS VILLIERS,

One of the LORDS COMMISSIONERS for
executing the Office of Lord High
Admiral of *Great Britain*,

The following **TRAGEDY** is in-
scribed by

His most obliged,

and most obedient

humble Servant,

W. WHITEHEAD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Think it necessary to acquaint the Publick, that I should never have thought of writing a Play on the following Subject, if I had not first read the justly celebrated *Horace* of Mr. *Corneille*, and admired his Management of some Parts of the Story. They will find me tracing him very closely (with some few Alterations) in the latter End of the Third Act, and in the Beginning of the Fourth. In the other Acts I am hardly conscious to myself of having borrowed even a Thought from him; tho' I might have been proud to have translated whole Scenes, if my Plan and Characters would have admitted of it.

I must beg leave to add, that I was induced, for the Sake of the Action, to put several Speeches at the latter End of the Play into the Mouth of *Publius*, which more properly belong to the Father. The Reader will accordingly find them restored here to their first Situation.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

BRITONS, To-night in native Pomp we come,
True Heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;
In those far distant Times when Romans knew
The Sweets of guarded Liberty, like You;
And, safe from Ills which Force or Faction brings,
Saw Freedom reign beneath the Smile of Kings.

Yet from such Times, and such plain Chiefs as these,
What can we frame a polish'd Age to please?
Say, can you listen to the artless Woes
Of an old Tale, which every School-boy knows?
Where to your Hearts alone the Scenes apply,
No Merit their's but pure Simplicity.

Our Bard has play'd a most adventurous Part,
And turn'd upon himself the Critic's Art:
Stripp'd each luxuriant Plume from Fancy's Wings,
And torn up Similies like vulgar Things.
Nay even each Moral, Sentimental, Stroke,
Where not the Character but Poet spoke,
He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaste Design;
Nor spar'd an useless tho' a golden Line.

These are his Arts; if these cannot atone
For all those nameless Errors yet unknown,
If shunning Faults which nobler Bards commit,
He wants their Force to strike th' attentive Pit,
Be just and tell him so; he asks Advice,
Willing to learn, and would not ask it twice.
Your kind Applause may bid him write—beware!
Or kinder Censure teach him to forbear

Persons

PERSONS Represented.

M E N:

TULLUS HOSTILIUS, King of *Rome*, Mr. Sowdon.

HORATIUS, A *Roman* Senator, Mr. Garrick.

PUBLIUS HORATIUS, His Son, Mr. Barry.

VALERIUS, A young *Patrician*, Mr. King.

W O M E N.

HORATIA, { Daughter to Ho- } Mrs Pritchard.
RATIUS, }

VALERIA, { Sister to VALE- } Mrs. Ward.
RIUS, }

Citizens, Guards, and Attendants.

The Musick composed by Dr. BOYCE.

The vocal Parts performed

By Mr. BEARD, Miss NORRIS, Miss COLE, &c.

SCENE *Rome.*



THE
ROMAN FATHER,
A
TRAGEDY.



ACT. I.

SCENE I.

A Room in HORATIUS's House.

A Soldier crosses the Stage, HORATIA following.

HORATIA.

TAY Soldier.—As you parted from my
Father,
Something I overheard of near Con-
cern,
But all imperfectly. Said you not *Alla*
Was on the Brink of Fate, and *Rome* determin'd
This Day to crush her haughty Rival's Power,
Or perish in th' Attempt?

SOLDIER.

'T was so resolv'd
This Morning, Lady, ere I left the Camp.
Our Heroes are tir'd out with ling'ring War,
And half-unmeaning Fights.

A 5

HORA-

The ROMAN FATHER,

HORATIA.

Alas! I hop'd

The kind Remorse which touch'd the kindred
States,

And made their Swords fall lightly on the Breasts
Of Foes they could not hate, might have produc'd
A milder Resolution!—Then this Day
Is fix'd for Death or Conquest?—— [He bows.

——To me Death

Whoever conquers!—I detain you Sir;
Commend me to my Brothers, say, I wish—
But wherefore should I wish; the Gods wil crown
Their Virtues with the just Success they merit.
—Yet let me ask you, Sir——

SOLDIER.

My Duty, Lady,

Commands me hence; ere this they have engag'd;
And Conquest's self would lose its Charms to me,
Should I not share the Danger.

As the Soldier goes out, enter VALERIA.

VALERIA. [looking first on the Soldier and then on
Horatia]

My dear HORATIA, wherefore wilt thou court
The means to be unhappy, still enquiring
Still to be more undone? I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal News
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have
learnt it
From a Friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler
Terms.

HORATIA

O I am lost, VALERIA, lost to Virtue.
Ev'n while my Country's Fate the fate of Rome
Hangs on the Conqueror's Sword, this Breast
can feel
A softer Passion, and divide its Cares.

Alba

A TRAGEDY.

3

Alba to me is *Rome*. Would'st thou believe it,
I would have sent by him thou saw'st departing
Kind Wishes to my Brothers, but my Tongue
Denied its Office, and this Rebel Heart
Ev'n dreaded their Success. O *CURIATIUS*,
Why art thou there, or why an Enemy!

VALERIA

Forbear this self-reproach, he is thy Husband,
And who can blame thy Fears? if Fortune make
him,

Awhile thy Country's Foe, she cannot cancel
Vows register'd above. What though the Priest
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred Altar;
Yet were your Hearts united, and that Union
Approv'd by each consenting Parent's Choice.
Your Brothers lov'd him as a Friend, a Brother;
And all the Ties of Kindred pleaded for him;
And still must plead, whate'er our Heroes teach us
Of Patriot-strength: Our Country may demand
We should be wretched, and we must obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miserable; Nature there
Will give the Lie to Virtue.

HORATIA.

True; yet sure

A *Roman* Virgin should be more than Woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at Pain,
And look on Danger with undaunted Eyes?
But what are Dangers? what the ghastliest Form
Of Death itself?——O were I only bid
To rush into the *Tiber's* foaming Wave.
Swollen with uncommon Floods, or from the
Height

Of yon *Tarpeian* Rock, whose giddy Steep
Has turn'd me pale with Horror at the Sight,

I'd

4 *The* ROMAN FATHER,

I'd think the Task were nothing; but to bear
These strange Vicissitudes of torturing Pain,
To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do?—

VALERIA.

And why despair? have we so idly learned.
The noblest Lessons of our Infant Days,
Our Trust above? Does there not still remain
The Wretch's last Retreat, the Gods, HORATIA?
'Tis from their awful Wills our Evils spring,
And at their Altars may we find Relief.
Say, shall we thither?—look not thus dejected,
But answer me. A Confidence in them,
Even in this Crisis of thy Fate, will calm
Thy troubled Soul, and fill thy Breast with Hope.

HORATIA.

Talk not of Hope; the Wretch on yonder Plain
Who hears the Victor's Threats, and sees his
Sword

Impending o'er him, feels no surer Fate,
Tho' less delay'd than mine.—What shou'd I hope?
That *Alba* conquer?—Curst be every Thought
Which looks that Way, the Shrieks of captive
Matrons
Sound in my Ears!

VALERIA.

Forbear, forbear, HORATIA;
Nor fright me with the Thought. *Rome* cannot
fall,
Think of the glorious Battles she has fought;
Has she once fail'd, tho' oft expos'd to Danger;
And has not her immortal Founder promis'd
That she should rise the Mistress of the World?

HORATIA.

And if *Rome* conquers, then HORATIA dies,

VAL-

A TRAGEDY.

5

VALERIA.

Why wilt thou form vain Images of Horror,
 Industrious to be wretched? Is it then
 Become impossible that *Rome* should triumph,
 And CURIATIUS live? He must, he shall;
 Protecting Gods shall spread their Shields around
 him,
 And Love shall combat in HORATIA's Cause.

HORATIA.

Think'st thou so meanly of him?—No, VALERIA,
 His Soul's too great to give me such a Trial;
 Or could it ever come, I think. myself,
 Thus lost in Love, thus abject as I am,
 I should despise the Slave who dar'd survive
 His Country's Ruin. Ye immortal Powers!
 I love his Fame too well, his spotless Honour,
 At least I hope I do, to wish him mine
 On any Terms which he must blush to own.
 —What means that Shout?—might we not
 ask VALERIA?

Didst thou not wish me to the Temple;—Come,
 I will attend thee thither; the kind Gods
 Perhaps may ease this throbbing Heart, and
 spread
 At least a temporary Calm within.

VALERIA.

Alas, HORATIA, 'tis not to the Temple
 That thou would'st fly; the Shout alone alarms
 thee.

But do not thus anticipate thy Fate;
 Why should'st thou learn each Chance of va-
 rying Way,
 Which takes a thousand Turns, and shifts the
 Scene
 From Bad to Good, as Fortune smiles or frowns?
 Stay

Stay but an Hour perhaps, and thou shalt know
The whole at once.—I'll send—I'll fly myself
To ease thy Doubts, and bring thee News of Joy.

HORATIA.

Again, and nearer too—I must attend thee.

VALERIA.

Hark! 'tis thy Father's Voice, he comes to
cheer thee

Enter HORATIUS, and VALERIUS.

HORATIUS. [*entering.*]

News from the Champ my Child!—[*seeing*
VALERIA.]

Save you, sweet Maid!

Your Brother brings the Tidings, for alas
I am no Warrior now; my useless Age
Far from the Paths of Honour loiters here
In sluggish Inactivity at home.
Yet I remember——

HORATIA.

You'll forgive us, Sir,
If with Impatience we expect the Tidings.

HORATIUS.

I had forgot; the Thoughts of what I was
Engross'd my whole Attention.—Pray, young
Soldier,

Relate it for me; you beheld the Scene,
And can report it justly.

VALERIUS.

Gentle Lady,

The Scene was piteous, tho' its end be Peace,

HORATIA.

Peace? O my flutt'ring Heart! by what kind
Means?

VALE.

A TRAGEDY.

7

VALERIUS.

'Twere tedious, Lady. and unnecessary
To paint the Disposition of the Field;
Suffice it we were arm'd, and Front to Front
The adverse Legions heard the Trumpet's Sound:
But vain was the Alarm, for motionless
And wrapt in Thought they stood, the kindred
Ranks

Had caught each others Eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The fault'ring Spear against the Breast they lov'd.
Again th' Alarm was given, and now they seem'd
Preparing to engage, when once again
They hung their drooping Heads, and inward
mourn'd.

Then nearer drew, and at the third Alarm
Casting their Swords and useless Shields aside
Rush'd to each others Arms.

HORATIUS.

'T was so, just so,
(Tho' I was then a Child, yet I have heard
My Mother weeping oft relate the Story)
Soft Pity touch'd the Breasts of mighty Chiefs
Romans and *Sabines*, when the Matrons rush'd
Between their meeting Armies, and oppos'd
Their helpless Infants, and their heaving Breasts
To their advancing Swords, and bade them there
Sheath all their Vengeance.—But I interrupt
you,—

Proceed, VALERIUS, they would hear th' Event.
—And yet methinks the *Albans*—pray go on.

VALERIUS.

Our King HOSTILIUS from a rising Mound.
Beheld the tender Interview, and join'd
His friendly Tears with theirs; then swift advanc'd
Ev'n to the thickest Press, and cried, My Friends,
If

If thus we love, why are we Enemies?
 Shall stern Ambition, Rivalship of Power,
 Subdue the soft Humanity within us?
 Are we not join'd by every Tie of Kindred,
 And can we find no Method to compose
 These Jars of Honour, these nice Principles
 Of Virtue, which infest the noble Mind?

HORATIA.

There spoke his Country's Father! this transcends
 The Flight of Earth-born Kings, whose low Ambition

But tends to lay the Face of Nature waste,
 And blast Creation!—how was it receiv'd?

VALERIUS.

As he himself could wish, with eager Transport.
 In short, the *Roman* and the *Alban* Chiefs
 In Council have determin'd, that since Glory
 Must have her Victims, and each rival State
 Aspiring to Dominion scorns to yield,
 From either Army shall be chose three Champions
 To fight the Cause alone, and whate'er State
 Shall prove superior, there acknowledg'd Power
 Shall fix th' imperial Seat, and both unite
 Beneath one common Head.

HORATIA.

Kind Heaven, I thank thee!
 Blest be the friendly Grief that touch'd their
 Souls!

Blest be Hostilius for the generous Counsel!
 Blest be the meeting Chiefs! and blest the Tongue,
 Which brings the gentle Tidings!

VALERIA.

Now, HORATIA,
 Your idle Fears are o'er.

HORA-

A TRAGEDY.

9

HORATIA.

Yet one remains.

Who are the Champions, are they yet elected?
Has Rome—

VALERIA.

—The Roman Chiefs now meet in Council,
And ask the Presence of the Sage Horatius.

HORATIUS [*after having seem'd some time in Thought.*]

Yet still methinks, I like not this, to trust
The Roman Cause to such a slender Hazard—
Three Combatants!—'tis dangerous—

HORATIA. [*in a Fright*]

My Father!

HORATIUS.

I might perhaps prevent it——

HORATIA.

Do not, Sir,
Oppose the kind Decree.

VALERIUS.

Rest satisfied,
Sweet Lady, 'tis so solemnly agreed to,
Not even HORATIUS's Advice can shake it.

HORATINS.

And yet 'twere well to end these civil Broils:
The neighb'ring States might take Advantage of
them.

—Would I were young again! how glorious.
Were Death in such a Cause!—and yet, who
knows,

Some of my Boys may be selected for it——
Perhaps may conquer—grant me that, kind Gods,
And close my Eyes in Transport!—Come, VA-

LERIUS.

B

I'll

I'll but dispatch some necessary Orders,
And strait attend thee.—Daughter, if thou lovest
Thy Brothers, let thy Prayers be pour'd to Hea-
ven,

That one at least may share the glorious Task!

[Exit.]

VALERIUS.

Rome cannot trust her Cause to worthier Hands.
They bid me greet you, Lady [To HORATIA]

Well, VALERIA,

This is your Home I find; your lovely Friend
And you, I doubt not, have indulg'd strange Fears,
And run o'er all the horrid Scenes of War.

VALERIA.

Tho' we are Women, Brother, we are Romans,
Not to be scared with Shadows, tho' not Proof
'Gainst all Allarms, when real Danger threatens.

HORATIA. [with some Hesitation]

My Brothers, gentle Sir, you said were well,
Saw you their noble Friends the CURIATII
The Truce perhaps permitted it.

VALERIUS.

Yes, Lady,

I left them jocund in your Brothers Tent,
Like Friends, whom envious Storms a-while
had parted,
Joying to meet again.

HORATIA.

Sent they no Message?

VALERIUS.

None, Fair-one, but such general Salutations,
As Friends would bring unbid.

HORATIA.

Said CAIUS nothing?

VALE-

A TRAGEDY.

II

VALERIUS.

CAIUS?

HORATIA.

Ay, CAIUS,—did he mention me?

VALERIUS.

'Twas slightly, if he did, and' escapes me now —
O yes, I do remember, when your Brother
Ask'd him in Jest, if he had ought to send,
A Sigh's soft Waftage. or the tender Token
Of Tresses bred to fantastick Forms
To sooth a love-sick Maid, (your Pardon, Lady,)
He smill'd, and cry'd, Glory's the Soldier's Mi-
strefs,

HORATIA.

Sir, you'll excuse me—something of Importance—
My Father may have Business—O VALERIA
[*Aside to VALERIA.*

Talk to thy Brother, know the fatal Truth
I dread to hear, and let me learn to die,
If CURIATIUS has indeed forgot me. [Exit.

VALERIUS.

She seems disorder'd!

VALERIA.

Has she not just Cause?

Can you administer the baneful Potion,
And wonder at th' Effect?

VALERIUS.

You talk in Riddles!

VALERIA.

They're Riddles, Brother, which your Heart
unfolds,

Tho' you affect Surprize. Was CURIATIUS.
Indeed so cold? poor, shallow Artifice,
The Trick of hopeless Love! I saw it plainly.
Yet what could you propose? An Hour's Unea-
siness

To Poor HORATIA; for be sure by that Time.
She sees him, and your deep-wrought Schemes
are Air.

VALERIUS.

What could I do? this Peace has ruin'd me;
While War continued, I had Gleams of Hope,
Some lucky Chance might rid me of my Rival,
And Time efface his Image in her Breast.
But now——

VALERIA.

Yes, now you must resolve to follow
Th' Advice I gave you first, and root this Passion
Entirely from your Heart; for know she doats,
Ev'n to Distraction doats on CURIATIUS;
And every Fear she felt, while Danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.

VALERIUS.

Cruel VALERIA,
You triumph in Pain!

VALERIA.

By Heaven I do not,
I only would extirpate every Thought.
Which gives you Pain, nor leave one foolish Wish
For Hope to dally with. When Friends are mad,
'Tis most unkind to humour their Distraction;
Harsh Means are necessary.

VALERIUS.

Yet we first
Should try the gentler.

VALERIA.

Did I not? ye Powers!
Did I not sooth your Grievs, indulge your Fond-
ness,

While the least Prospect of Success remain'd?
Did I not press you still to urge your Suit,
Intreat you daily to declare your Passion,

Seek

Seek out unnumber'd Opportunities,
And lay the Follies of my Sex before you?

VALERIUS.

Alas, thou know'st, VALERIA, Woman's Heart
Was never won by Tales of bleeding Love:
'Tis by Degrees the sly Enchanter works
Assuming Friendship's Name, and fits the Soul
For soft Impressions, ere the fault'ring Tongue,
And guilty-blushing Cheek, with many a Glance
Shot inadvertent, tells the secret Flame,

VALERIA.

True, these are Arts for those who love at leisure;
You had no Time for tedious stratagem;
A dang'rous Rival prest, and has succeeded.

VALERIUS.

I own my Error—yet once more assist me—
Nay, turn not from me; by my Soul I mean not
To interrupt their Loves—Yer should some Ac-
cident,

'Tis not impossible, divide their Hearts,
I might perhaps have Hope: Therefore 'till Mar-
rage

Cuts off all Commerce, and confirms me wretched,
Be it thy Task, my Sister, with fond Stories,
Such as our Ties of Blood may countenance,
To paint thy Brother's Worth, his Power in Arms,
His Favour with the King, but most of all
That certain Tenderness of Soul which steals
All Womens Hearts, then mention many a Fair,
No matter whom, that sighs to call you Sister.

VALERIA.

Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere you go,
How did this Lover talk of his HORATIA?

VALERIUS.

Why will you mention the ungrateful Subject?
Think what you've heard me breathe a thousand
Times

When my whole Soul dissolv'd in Tenderneſs;
 'T was Rapture all; what Lovers only feel,
 Or can expreſs when felt. He had been here,
 But ſudden Orders from their Camp detain'd him.
 Farewel, HORATIUS waits me—but remember,
 My Life, nay more than Life, depends on you.

VALERIA.

[*Exit.*

Poor Youth! he knows not how I feel his Anguiſh,
 Yet dare not ſeem to pity what I feel.
 How ſhall I act betwixt this Friend and Brother?
 Should ſhe ſuſpect his Paſſion, ſhe may doubt
 My Friendſhip too; and yet to tell it her
 Were to betray his Cauſe. No, let my Heart
 With the ſame blameleſs Caution ſtill proceed,
 To each inclining moſt as moſt diſtreſt,
 Be juſt to both, and leave to Heaven the reſt! [*Exit.*





ACT II.

SCENE I.

Scene continues.

Enter HORATIA and VALERIA.

HORATIA.

ALAS, how easily do we admit
The Thing we wish were true! yet sure,

VALERIA,

This seeming Negligence of CURIATIUS
Betrays a secret Coldness at the Heart.

May not long Absence, or the Charms of War
Have damp'd, at least, if not effac'd his Passion?
I know not what to think.

VALERIA.

Think, my HORATIA,
That you're a Lover, and have learn'd the Art
To raise vain Scruples, and torment yourself
With every distant Hit off fancied Ill.

Your CURIATIUS still remains the same.

My Brother idly trifled with your Passion,

Or might perhaps unheedingly relate

What you too nearly feel. But see, your Father.

HORATIA.

He seems transported; sure some happy News
Has brought him back thus early: O my Heart!
I long, yet dread to ask him; speak, VALERIA.

Enter HORATIUS.

VALERIA.

You're soon return'd, my Lord.

HORATIUS.

Return'd, VALERIA!

My Life, my Youth's return'd, I tread in Air.
— I cannot speak; my Joy's too great for Utterance.

—O I cou'd weep! —my Sons, my Sons are
chosen

Their Country's Combatants, not one, but all.

HORATIA.

My Brothers said you, Sir?

HORATIUS.

All three, my Child,
All three are Champions in the Cause of *Rome*.
O happy State of Fathers! thus to feel
New Warmth revive, and springing Life renew'd
Even on the Margin of the Grave!

VALERIA.

The Time

Of Combat, is it fix'd?

HORATIUS.

This Day, this Hour
Perhaps decides our Doom.

VALERIA.

And is it known
With whom they must engage?

HORATIUS.

Not yet, VALERIA;
But with Impatience we expect each Moment
The

The Resolutions of the *Alban* Senate.

And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit
Yon hostile Field, the Chiefs who dared oppose
Rome's rising Glories, may with Shame confess
The Gods protect the Empire they have rais'd.

Where are thy Similes, *HORATIA*? whence
proceeds

This fullen Silence, when my thronging Joys
Want Words to speak them? Prithee, talk of
Empire,

Talk of those Darlings of my Soul thy Brothers.
Call them whate'er wild Fancy can suggest,
Their Country's Pride, the Boast of future Times,
The dear Defence, the guardian Gods of *Rome*!

By Heaven thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels
thy Breast

The Charms of Glory, the extatick Warmth
Which beams new Life, and lifts us nearer
Heaven!

HORATIA.

My gracious Father, with Surprize and Transport
I heard the Tidings, as becomes your Daughter.
And like your Daughter, were our Sex allow'd
The noble Priviledge which Man usurps,
Could die with Pleasure in my Country's Cause.
But yet permit a Sister's Weakness, Sir,
To feel the Pangs of Nature, and to dread
The Fate of those she loves, however glorious.
And sure they cannot all survive a Conflict
So desperate as this.

HORATIUS.

Survive! by Heaven

I could not hope that they should all survive.
No, let them fall; if from their glorious Deaths
Rome's Freedom spring, I shall be nobly paid
For every sharpest Pang the Parent feels.
Had I a thousand Sons, in such a Cause

B 5

I could

I could behold them bleeding at my Feet,
And thank the Gods with Tears!

Enter PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

PUBLIUS.

My Father! [*Offering to kneel.*

HORATIUS.

Hence!

Kneel not to me—stand off; and let me view
At a Distance, and with reverential Awe,
The Champion of my Country!——O, my Boy,
That I should live to this—my Soul's too full;
Let this and this speak for me.—Bless thee, bless
thee!

[*Embracing him.*

But wherefore art thou absent from the Camp?
Where are thy Brothers? has the *Alban* State
Determin'd? is the Time of Combat fix'd?

PUBLIUS.

Think not, my Lord, that filial Reverence,
However due, had drawn me from the Field,
Where nobler Duty calls: a Patriot's Soul,
Can feel no humbler Ties, nor knows the Voice
Of Kindred, when his Country claims his Aid.
It was the King's Command I should attend you,
Else had I staid 'till Wreaths immortal grac'd
My Brows, and made thee proud indeed to see
Beneath thy Roof, and bending for thy Blessing,
Not thine, HORATIUS, but the Son of *Rome*!

HORATIUS.

O virtuous Pride!—'tis Bliss too exquisite
For human Sense! —thus, let me answer thee.

[*Embracing him again.*

Where are my other Boys?

PUB-

PUBLIUS.

They only wait
 'Till *Alba's* loit'ring Chiefs declare her Cham-
 pions,
 Our future Victims, Sir, and with the News
 Will greet their Father's Ear.

HORATIUS.

It shall not need,
 Myself will to the Field. Come, let us haste;
 My old Blood boils, and my tumultuous Spirits
 Pant for the Onset. O for one short Hour
 Of vigorous Youth, that I might share the Toil
 Now with my Boys, and be the next my last!

HORATIA.

My Brother!

PUBLIUS.

My HORATIA! ere the Dews
 Of Evening fall thou shalt with Transport own me;
 Shalt hold thy Country's Saviour in thy Arms,
 Or bathe his honest Bier with Tears of Joy.

Thy Lover greets thee, and complains of
 Absence

With many a Sigh, and many a longing Look
 Sent tow'rd the Towers of *Rome*.

HORATIA.

Methinks, a Lover
 Might take th' Advantage of the Truce, and bear
 His kind Complaints himself, not trust his Vows
 To other Tongues, or be oblig'd to tell
 The passing Winds his Passion.

PUBLIUS.

Dearest Sister,
 He with Impatience waits the lucky Moment
 That may with Honour bear him to your Arms.
 Didst

Didst thou but hear how tenderly he talks,
 How blames the dull Delay of *Alban* Councils,
 And chides the ling'ring Minutes as they pass,
 'Till Fate determines, and the tedious Chiefs
 Permit his Absence, thou would'st pity him.

But soon, my Sister, soon shall every Bar
 Which thwarts thy Happiness be far away.
 We are no longer Enemies to *Alba*,
 This Day unites us, and to-morrow's Sun
 May hear thy Vows, and make my Friend my
 Brother.

HORATIUS. [*Having talked apart with VALERIA.*
 Tis truly *Roman*.——Here's a Maid, HORATIA,
 Laments her Brother lost the glorious Proof
 Of dying for his Country.——Come, my Son,
 Her Softness will infect thee, prithee, leave her.

HORATIA. [*Looking first on her Father, and
 then tenderly on her Brother.*

Not 'till my Soul has pour'd its Wishes for him.
 Hear me, dread God of War, protect and save
 him!

[*Kneeling.*

For thee, and thy immortal *Rome* he fights!
 Dash the proud Spear from every hostile Hand
 That dares oppose him; may each *Alban* Chief
 Fly from his Presence, or his Vengeance feel!
 And when in Triumph he returns to *Rome*,

[*Rising.*

Hail him, ye Maids, with grateful Songs of Praise,
 And scatter all the blooming Spring before him.
 Curs'd be the envious Brow that smiles not then,
 Curs'd be the Wretch that wears one Mark of
 Sorrow,

Or flies not thus with open Arms to greet him.
Enter TULLUS HOSTILLUS, VALERIUS, and Guards.

VALERIUS.

The King, my Lord, approaches.

When-

HORATIUS.

Gracious Sir,
Whence comes this Condescension?

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Good old Man;
Could I have found a nobler Messenger,
I would have spared myself th' ungrateful Task
Of this Day's Embassy, for much I fear
My News will want a Welcome.

HORATIUS.

Mighty King!
Forgive an old Man's Warmth——They have
not sure
Made choice of other Combatants——My Sons,
Must they not fight for *Rome*?

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Too sure they must.

HORATIUS.

Then I am blest!

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

But that they must engage
Will hurt thee most, when thou shalt know
with whom.

HORATIUS.

I care not whom.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Suppose your nearest Friends
The *Curatii* were the *Alban* Choice,
Could you bear that? Could you, young Man,
support
A Conflict there?

PUBLIUS.

I could perform my Duty,
Great Sir, tho' even a Brother should oppose me.

TULLUS

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Thou art a *Roman*! Let thy King embrace thee.

HORATIUS.

And let thy Father catch thee from his Arms.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS. [*To* PUBLIUS.
 Know then that Trial must be thine. The *Albans*
 With Envy saw one Family produce
 Three Chiefs, to whom their Country dared
 entrust

The *Roman* Cause, and scorn'd to be outdone.

HORATIA.

Then I am lost indeed; was it for this,
 For this, I pray'd! [*Swoons.*

PUBLIUS.

My Sister!

VALERIA.

My HORATIA!

HORATIUS.

O foolish Girl, to shame thy Father thus!
 Here, bear her in.†—I am concern'd, my So-
 vereign,

That even the meanest Part of me should blast
 With impious Grief a Cause of so much Glory.
 But let the Virtue of my Boy excuse it.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

It does most amply. She has Cause for Sorrow.
 The Shock was sudden, and might well alarm
 A firmer Bosom. The weak Sex demand
 Our Pity, not our Anger; their soft Breasts
 Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to Sorrows
 Than Man's experter Sense. Nor let us blame
 That Tenderness which smoothes our rougher
 Natures, And

† HORATIA is carried in, VALERIUS and VALERIA follow.

And softens all the Joys of social Life.
 We leave her to her Tears. For you, young
 Soldier,
 You must prepare for Combat. Some few Hours
 Are all that are allow'd you. But I charge you
 Try well your Heart, and strengthen every
 Thought
 Of Patriot in you. Think how dreadful 'tis
 To plant a Dagger in the Breast you love;
 To spurn the Ties of Nature, and forget
 In one short Hour whole Years of virtuous
 Friendship.
 Think well on that.

P U B L I U S.

I do, my gracious Sovereign;
 And think the more I dare subdue Affection
 The more's my Glory.

T U L L U S H O S T I L I U S.

True; but yet consider,
 Is it an easy Task to change Affections?
 In the dread Onset can your meeting Eyes
 Forget their usual Intercourse, and wear
 At once the Frown of War, and stern Defiance
 Will not each Look recall the fond Remem-
 brance
 Of Childhood past, when the whole open Soul
 Breath'd cordial Love, and plighted many a Vow
 Of tend'rest import? Think on that, young Sol-
 dier,

And tell me if thy Breast be still unmov'd?

P U B L I U S.

Think not, O King, howe'er resolv'd on Combat,
 I sit so loosely to the Bonds of Nature,
 As not to feel their Force. I feel it strongly.
 I love the *Curatii*, and would serve them
 At Life's Expence: But here's a nobler Cause
 All

Demands my Sword: For all Connections else,
 All private Duties are subordinate
 To what we owe the Publick. Parties Ties
 Of Son, and Father, Husband, Friend, or Brother,
 Owe their Enjoyments to the publick Safety,
 And without that were vain.—Nor need we, Sir,
 Cast off Humanity, and to be Heroes
 Cease to be Men. As in our earliest Days,
 While yet we learn'd the Exercise of War,
 We strove together, not as Enemies,
 Yet conscious each of his peculiar Worth,
 And scorning each to yield: so will we now
 Engage with ardent not with hostile Minds,
 Not fired with Rage, but emulous of Fame.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Now I dare trust thee; go, and teach thy Brothers.
 To think like thee, and Conquest is your own.
 This is true Courage, not the brutal Force
 Of vulgar Heroes, but the firm Resolve
 Of Virtue, and of Reason. He who thinks
 Without their Aid to shine in Deeds of Arms,
 Builds on a sandy Basis his Renown;
 A Dream, a Vapour, or an Ague Fit
 May make a Coward of him.—Come, HORATIUS,
 Thy other Sons shall meet thee at the Camp,
 For now I do bethink me 'tis not fit
 They should behold their Sister thus alarm'd.
 Haste, Soldier, and detain them. [*To one of the*
Guards.]

HORATIUS.

Gracious Sir,

We'll follow on the instant.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

Then Farewel.

When next we meet, 'tis Rome and Liberty!

[*Exit with Guards.*]

Ho-

H O R A T I U S.

Come, let me arm thee for the glorious Toil.
 I have a Sword whose Light'ning oft has blaz'd
 Dreadfully fatal on my Country's Foes;
 Whose temper'd Edge has cleft their haughty
 Crests,

And stain'd with Life-blood many a reeking Plain.
 This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,
 And lead thee forth to Death or Victory. [*Going.*
 — And yet, my PUBLIUS, shall I own a
 Weakness;

Tho' I detest the Cause from whence they spring,
 I feel thy Sister's Sorrows like a Father.
 She was my Soul's delight.

P U B L I U S.

And may remain so.

This sudden Shock has but alarm'd her Virtue,
 Not quite subdued its Force. At least, my Father,
 Time's lenient Hand will teach her to endure
 The ills of Chance, and Reason conquer Love.

H O R A T I U S.

Should we not see her?

P U B L I U S.

By no means, my Lord;
 You heard the King's Command about my
 Brothers,

And we have Hearts as tender sure as they.
 Might I advise, you should confine her closely,
 Lest she infect the Matrons with her Grief,
 And bring a Stain we should not wish to fix
 On the *Horatian* Name.

H O R A T I U S.

It shall be so.

We'll think no more of her. 'T is Glory calls,
 And humbler Passions beat Alarms in vain. [*Exit.*

As HORATIUS goes off, HORATIA enters at another Door.

C

Ho-

HORATIA:

Where is my Brother?—O my dearest PUBLIUS,
 If e'er you lov'd HORATIA, ever felt
 That Tendernefs which you have seem'd to feel,
 O hear her now!

PUBLIUS.

What would'st thou, my HORATIA?

HORATIA.

I know not what I would—I'm on the Rack,
 Despair and Madnefs tear my lab'ring Soul.
 —And yet, my Brother; sure you might relieve me.

PUBLIUS.

How, by what means? By Heaven, I'd die to do it.

HORATIA.

You might decline the Combat.

PUBLIUS.

Ha!

HORATIA.

I do not

Expect it from thee. Prithee look more kindly.
 —And yet, is the Request so very hard?
 I only ask thee not to plunge thy Sword
 Into the Breast thou lov'st, not kill thy Friend,
 Is that so hard?—I might have said thy Brother.

PUBLIUS.

What canst thou mean? Beware, beware,

HORATIA.

Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay thou know'st
 I love the Man with whom I must engage.
 Yet hast thou faintly read thy Brother's Soul,
 If thou can'st think Entreaties have the Power,
 Tho' urg'd with all the Tendernefs of Tears,
 To shake his settled Purpose: They may make
 My

My Task more hard, and my Soul bleed within
me,

But cannot touch my Virtue.

H O R A T I A.

'T is not Virtue

Which contradicts our Nature, 'tis the Rage
Of over-weening Pride. Has *Rome* no Champions
She could oppose but you? Are there not thou-
sands

As warm for Glory, and as tried in Arms,
Who might without a Crime aspire to Conquest,
Or die with honest Fame?

P U B L I U S.

Away, away;

Talk to thy Lover thus. But 'tis not C A I U S
Thou would'st have infamous.

H O R A T I A.

O kill me not

With such unkind Reproaches. Yes, I own
I love him, more—

P U B L I U S.

Than a chaste *Roman* Maid
Should dare confess.

H O R A T I A.

Should dare! What means my Brother?
I had my Father's Sanction on my Love,
And Duty taught me first to feel it's Power.
—Should dare confess!—is that the dreadful Crime,
Alas but spare him, spare thy Friend, H O R A T I U S?
And I will cast him from my Breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee?—only let him die
By other Hands, and I will learn to hate him.

P U B L I U S.

Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him still:
And if we fall the Victims of our Country
(Which Heaven avert!) wed, and enjoy him
freely.

HORATIA.

O never, What, my Country's Bane!
 The Murderer of my Brothers! may the Gods
 First tear me, blast me, scatter me on Winds,
 And pour out each unheard-of Vengeance on me!

PUBLIUS.

Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,
 Compose thyself, and be again my Sister.

Re-enter HORATIUS [with the Sword]

HORATIUS.

This Sword in *Veii's* Field—What dost thou here?
 Leave him I charge thee, Girl—Come come,
 my PUBLIUS,
 Let's haste where Duty calls.

HORATIA.

What, to the Field?

He must not, shall not go; here will I hang—
 O if you have not quite cast off Affection,
 If you detest not your distracted Sister—

HORATIUS.

Shame of thy Race, why dost thou hang
 upon him?

Would'st thou entail eternal Infamy
 On him, on me, on all?

HORATIA.

Indeed I would not.

I know I ask Impossibilities;
 Yet pity me, my Father!

PUBLIUS.

Pity thee?

Be gone, fond Wretch, nor urge my Temper thus.
 By Heaven I love thee as a Brother ought.
 Then hear my last Resolve! if Fate, averse
 To *Rome*, and us, determine my Destruction,
 I charge thee wed thy Lover; he will then
 Deserve

Deserve thee nobly. Or if kinder Gods
 Propitious hear the Prayers of suppliant *Rome*,
 And he should fall by me: I then expect
 No weak Upbraidings for a Lover's Death,
 But such Returns as shall become thy Birth,
 A Sister's Thanks for having sav'd her Coun-
 try. [*Exit.*]

H O R A T I A.

Yet stay—Yet hear me, PUBLIUS—But one Word—

H O R A T I U S.

Let go thy hold, rash Girl; thou'l't tempt thy
 Father

To do an Outrage might perhaps distract him.—

H O R A T I A.

Alas, forgive me, Sir—I'm very wretched,
 Indeed I am—Yet I will strive to stop
 This swelling Grief, and bear it like your
 Daughter.

Do but forgive me, Sir.

H O R A T I U S.

I do, I do——

Go in, my Child, the Gods may find a Way
 To make thee happy yet. But on thy Duty,
 Whate'er Reports may reach, or Fears alarm
 thee,

H O R A T I A.

I will not,

If you command it, Sir. But will you then,
 As far as cruel Honour may permit,
 Remember that your poor H O R A T I A's Life
 Hangs on this dreadful Contest?

H O R A T I U S.

Lead her in.

[*Exit* H O R A T I A.

HORATIUS. [*Looking after her*
Spite of my boasted Strength, her Griefs un-
man me.

--But let her from my Thoughts. The Patriot's
Breast

No Hopes, no Fears, but for his Country knows,
And in her Danger loses private Woes. [*Exit.*

The END of the Second Act.



ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Scene continues.

VALERIUS and VALERIA meeting.

VALERIUS.

NOW, my VALERIA, where's the charming she
That calls me to her? with a Lover's Haste
I fly to execute the dear Command.

VALERIA.

'T is not the Lover, but the Friend she wants,
If thou dar'st own that Name.

VALERIUS.

The Friend, my Sister!
There's more than Friendship in a Lover's Breast,
More warm, more tender is the Flame he feels—

VALERIA.

Alas, these Raptures suit not her Distress,
She seeks th' indulgent Friend, whose sober Sense
Free from the Mists of Passion might direct
Her jarring Thoughts, and plead her doubtful
Cause.

VALERIUS.

Am I that Friend? O did she turn her Thought
On me for that kind Office?

C 4

Va-

VALERIA.

Yes, VALERIUS.

She chose you out to be her Advocate
 To CURIATIUS; 'tis the only Hope
 She now dares cherish; her relentless Brother
 With Scorn rejects her Tears, her Father flies her,
 And only you remain to sooth her Cares,
 And save her ere she sinks.

VALERIUS.

Her Advocate

To CURIATIUS!

VALERIA.

'T is to him she sends you,
 To urge her Suit, and win him from the Field.
 But come; her Sorrows will more strongly plead
 Than all my Grief can utter.

VALERIUS.

To my Rival!

To CURIATIUS plead her Cause, and teach
 My Tongue a Lesson which my Heart abhors!
 Impossible! VALERIA, prithee say
 Thou saw'st me not; the Business of the Camp
 Confin'd me there; Farewel. [Going.

VALERIA.

What means my Brother?

You cannot leave her now; for shame turn back;
 Is this the Virtue of a Roman Youth?
 O by these Tears!

VALERIUS.

They flow in vain, VALERIA:

Nay, and thou knowest they do. O Earth and
 Heaven!

This

This Combat was the Means my happier Stars
Found out, to save me on the Brink of Ruin;
And can I plead against it, turn Assassin
On my own Life?

VALERIA.

Yet thou can'st murder her
Thou dost pretend to love; away, Deceiver;
I'll seek some worthier Messenger to plead
In Beauty's Cause; but first inform HORATIA,
How much VALERIUS is the Friend she thought
him.

[Going.

VALERIUS.

O Heav'ns! stay, Sister; 'tis an arduous Task

VALERIA.

I know the Task is hard, and thought I knew
Thy Virtue too.

VALERIUS.

I must, I will obey thee.

Lead on.—Yet, prithee, for a Moment leave
me,

'Till I can recollect my scatter'd Thoughts,
And dare to be unhappy.

VALERIA.

My VALERIUS!

I fly to tell her you only wait her Pleasure. [Exit.

VALERIUS.

Yes, I will undertake this hateful Office;
It never can succeed.—Yet at this Instant
It may be dangerous, while the People melt
With fond Compassion.—No, it cannot be;
His Resolution's fix'd, and virtuous Pride
Forbids an Alteration. To attempt it
Makes her my Friend, and may afford her teaer

34 *The ROMAN FATHER,*
A thousand tender Hours to move my Suit.
That Hope determines all. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *Another Apartment.*

HORATIA and VALERIA. HORATIA with a
Scarf in her Hand.

HORATIA.

Where is thy Brother? Wherefore flays he thus?
Did you conjure him, did he say he'd come?
I have no Brothers now, and fly to him
As my last Refuge. Did he seem averse
To thy Intreaties? Are all Brothers so!

Alas, thou told'st me he spake kindly to thee;
'T is me, 'tis me he shuns; I am the Wretch
Whom Virtue dares not make Acquaintance with.

Yet fly to him again, intreat him hither,
Tell him for thy Sake to have Pity on me,
Thou art no Enemy to Rome, thou hast
No Alban Husband to claim half thy Tears,
And make Humanity a Crime.

VALERIA.

Dear Maid,
Restrain your Sorrows, I've already told you
My Brother will with Transport execute
Whatever you command.

HORATIA.

O wherefore then
Is he away? each Moment now is precious,
If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,

Long

Long Scenes of lasting Peace, and smiling Years
Of Happiness unhop'd-for wait upon it.

V A L E R I A.

I will again go seek him; pray be calm;
Success is thine if it depends on him. [*Exit.*

H O R A T I A.

Success! alas, perhaps ev'n now too late
I labour to preserve him; the dread Arm
Of Vengeance it already stretch'd against him,
And he must fall. Yet let me strive to save him.
Yes, thou dear Pledge, design'd for happier
Hours,

[*To the Scarf.*

The Gift of nuptial Love, thou shalt at least
Essay thy Power.

Oft as I fram'd the Web,
He sat beside me, and would say in Sport,
This Present, which thy Love designs for me,
Shall be the future Bond of Peace betwixt us.
By this we'll swear a lasting Love, by this,
Thro' the sweet Round of all our Days to come,
Ask what thou wilt, and CURIATIUS grants it.

O I shall try thee nearly now, dear Youth;
Glory and I are Rivals for thy Heart,
And one must conquer.

Enter VALERIUS and VALERIA.

V A L E R I U S.

Save you, gracious Lady;
On the first Message which my Sister sent me
I had been here, but was oblig'd by Office,
Ere to their Champions each resign'd her Charge,
To rarify the League 'twixt Rome and Alba.

Ho-

HORATIA.

Are they engag'd then?

VALERIUS.

No, not yet engag'd;
 Soft Pity for a while suspends the Onset;
 The Sight of near Relations, arm'd in Fight
 Against each other, touch'd the Gazers Hearts;
 And Senators on each Side have propos'd
 To change the Combatants.

HORATIA.

My Blessings on them!
 Think you they will succeed?

VALERIUS.

The Chiefs themselves
 Are resolute to fight.

HORATIA.

Insatiate Virtue!
 I must not go to the Field; I am confin'd
 A Prisoner here; or sure these Tears would move
 Their flinty Breasts.—Is CURIATIUS too
 Resolv'd on Death?—O Sir, forgive a Maid,
 Who dares in spite of Modesty confess
 Too soft a Passion. Will you pardon me.
 If I intreat you to the Field again
 An humble Suitor from the vilest Wretch,
 That ever knew Distress.

VALERIUS.

Dear Lady speak;
 What would you I should do?

HORATIA.

O bear this to him.

VALERIUS,

To whom?

He-

HORATIA.

To CURIATIUS bear this Scarf;
 And tell him if he ever truly lov'd;
 If all the Vows he breath'd were not false Lures
 To catch th' unwary Mind,—and sure they
 were not!

O tell him now he may with Honour cease
 To urge his cruel Right; the Senators
 Of *Rome* and *Alba* will approve such Mildness.
 Tell him his Wife, if he will own that Name,
 Intreats him from the Field; his lost HORATIA
 Begg on her trembling Knees he would not tempt
 A certain Fate, and murder her he loves.
 Tell him if he consents, she fondly swears
 By every God the varying World adores,
 By this dear Pledge of vow'd Affection swears,
 To know no Brothers and no Sire but him;
 With him, if Honour's harsh Commands re-
 quire it,
 She'll wander forth, and seek some distant Home,
 Nor ever think of *Rome* or *Alba* more.

VALERIA.

Well, well, he will; do not torment thyself.

HORATIA. [*Catching hold of the Scarf, which
 she looked upon attentively while Valeria spoke.*]
 Look here, VALERIA, where my Needle's Art
 Has drawn a *Sabine* Virgin, drown'd in Tears
 For her lost Country, and forsaken Friends;
 While by her Side the youthful Ravisher
 Looks ardent Love, and charms her Griefs away.

I am that Maid distress'd, divided so
 'Twixt Love and Duty.—But why rave I thus!
 Haste, haste, to CURIATIUS; and yet stay,
 Sure I had something more to say to him;
 I know not what it was.

VA-

VALERIUS.

Could I, sweet Lady,
But paint your Grief with half the Force I feel it,
I need but tell it him, and he must yield.

HORATIA.

It may be so. Stay, before you tell him,
If he rejects my Suit, no Power on Earth
Shall force me to his Arms; I will devise——
I'll die and be reveng'd!

VALERIA.

Away, my Brother;
But oh for Pity, do your Office justly; [*Aside*
to VALERIUS.

Let not your Passion blind your Reason now,
But urge her Cause with Ardor.

VALERIUS.

By my Soul
I will VALERIA; her Distress alarms me;
And I have now no Interest but hers. [*Exit.*

VALERIA.

Come, dearest Maid, indulge not thus your
Sorrows:

Hope smiles again, and the sad Prospect clears.
Who knows th'Effect your Message may produce;
The milder Senators ere this perhaps
Have mov'd your Lover's Mind; and if he doubts,
He's yours.

HORATIA.

He's gone.—I had a thousand Things;
And yet I'm glad he's gone. Think you, VALERIA,
Your Brother will delay? they may engage
Before he reaches them.

VALERIA.

The Field's so near,
That a few Minutes bring him to the Place:
And 'tis not probable the Senators
So soon should yield a Cause of so much Justice.
Ho-

HORATIA.

Alas, they should have thought on that before,
 'T is now too late. The Lion when he's rous'd
 Must have his Prey, whose Den we might have past
 In Safety while he slept. To draw the Sword,
 And fire the youthful Warrior's Breast to Arms
 With awful Visions of immortal Fame,
 And then to bid him sheath it. and forget
 He ever hop'd for Conquest and Renown;
 Vain, vain Attempt!

VALERIA.

Yet when that just Attempt
 Is seconded by Love, and Beauty's Tears
 Lend their soft Aid to melt the Hero down;
 What may we not expect?

HORATIA.

My dear VALERIA,
 Fain wou'd I hope I had the Power to move him.

VALERIA.

You have, you must; Success is yours already.

HORATIA.

And yet should I succeed, the hard-gain'd Strife
 May chance to rob me of my future Peace.
 He may not always with the Eyes of Love
 Look on that Fondness which has stab'd his Fame.
 He may regret too late the Sacrifice
 He made to Love, and a fond Woman's Weakness
 And think the milder Joys of social Life
 But ill repay him for the mighty Loss
 Of Patriot-reputation!

VALERIA.

Pray forbear,
 And search not thus into eventful Time

For

For Ills to come. This fatal Temper, Friend,
 Alive to feel, and curious to explore
 Each distant Object of refin'd Distress,
 Shuts out all Means of Happiness, nor leaves it
 In Fortune's Power to save you from Destruction.
 Like some distemper'd Wretch, your wayward
 Mind

Rejects all Nourishment, or turns to Gall
 The very Balm that should relieve its Anguish.
 He will admire thy Love, which could perswa-
 de him,

To give up Glory for the milder Triumph
 Of heart-felt Ease and soft Humanity.

H O R A T I A.

I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not of him.
 Your Brother, much I fear, has sued in vain.
 Could we not send to urge his slow Express?
 This dread Uncertainty! I long to know
 My Life or Death at once.

V A L E R I A.

The Wings of Love
 Cannot fly faster than my Brother's Zeal
 Will bear him for your Service.

H O R A T I A.

I believe it,
 Yet doubt it too. My sickly Mind unites
 Strange Contradictions.

V A L E R I A.

Shall I to the Walls?
 I may from thence with Ease survey the Field,
 And can dispatch a Messenger each Moment
 To tell thee all goes well.

H O R A T I A.

My best V A L E R I A!
 Fly then. I know thy Heart is there already.
 Thou

Thou art a *Roman* Maid, and tho' thy Friendship
Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves
That sacred Name, art anxious for thy Country.
But yet for Charity think kindly of me;
For thou shalt find by the Event, VALERIA,
I am a *Roman* too, however wretched.

[Exit VALERIA.

Am I a *Roman* then? Ye Powers, I dare not
Resolve the fatal Question I propose.
If dying would suffice, I were a *Roman*;
But to stand up against this Storm of Passions
Transcends a Woman's Weakness. Hark, what
Noise!—

'Tis News from CURIATIUS; Love, I thank thee!

Enter a Servant.

Well, does he yield? distract me not with Silence:
Say in one Word.—

SERVANT.

Your Father—

HORATIA.

What of him?

Would he not let him yield? O cruel Father!

SERVANT.

Madam, he's here—

HORATIA.

Who!

SERVANT.

Borne by his Attendants.

HORATIA.

What mean'st thou?

HORATIUS is led in by his Servants.

HORATIUS.

Lead me yet a little onward;
I shall recover straight.

D

HORA-

The ROMAN FATHER,

HORATIA.

My gracious Sire!

HORATIUS.

Lend me thy Arm, HORATIA.—So—my Child,
Be not surpriz'd; an old Man must expect
These little Shocks of Nature, they are Hints
To warn us of our End.

HORATIA.

How are you, Sir!

HORATIUS.

Better, much better. My frail Body could not
Support the swelling Tumult of my Soul.

HORATIA.

No Accident I hope alarm'd you, Sir,
My Brothers——

HORATIUS.

Here, go to the Field again,
You CAUTUS and VINDICIUS; and observe
Each Circumstance; I shall be glad to hear
The manner of the Fight.

HORATIA.

Are they engag'd?

HORATIUS.

They are, HORATIA; but first let me thank thee
[*During this Speech a Servant gives a Paper to*
HORATIA.

For staying from the Field; I would have seen
The Fight myself, but this unlucky Illness
Has forc'd me to retire. Where is thy Friend?
What Paper's that? Why dost thou tremble so?
Here let me open it.—From CURIATIUS!

HORATIA.

O keep me not in this Suspence, my Father;
Relieve me from the Rack.

Ho-

HORATIUS.

He tells thee here,
He dare not do an Action that would make him
Unworthy of thy Love, and therefore—

HORATIA.

Dies!

Well, I am satisfied.

HORATIUS.

I see by this
Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy Lover
To quit the Combat. Could'st thou think,

HORATIA,

He'd sacrifice his Country to a Woman?

HORATIA.

I know not what I thought; he proves too plainly
Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him
Whom I applied to.

HORATIUS.

Do not think so, Daughter;
Could he with Honour have declin'd the Fight,
I should myself have join'd in thy Request,
And forc'd him from the Field. But think, my
Child,

Had he consented, and had *Alba's* Cause,
Supported by another Arm, been baffled,
What then could'st thou expect? Would he not
curse

His foolish Love, and hate thee for thy Fondness?
Nay think, perhaps, 'twas Artifice in thee
To aggrandize thy Race, and lift their Fame
Triumphant o'er his Ruin and his Country's.
Think well on that, and Reason must convin-
ce thee.

HORATIA. [*Wildly.*

Alas, had Reason ever yet the Power
To talk down Grief, or bid the tortur'd Wretch
Not feel his Anguish? 'tis impossible.

Could Reason govern, I should now rejoice
They were engag'd, and count the tedious
Moments

'Till Conquest smil'd, and *Rome* again was free.
Could Reason govern, I should beg of Heaven
To guide my Brother's Sword, and plunge it deep
Ev'n in the Bosom of the Man I love.

I should forget he ever won my Soul;
Forget 'twas your Command that bade me love
him;

Nay fly perhaps to yon detested Field,
And spurn with Scorn his mangled Carcase
from me.

HORATIUS.

Why wilt thou talk thus? Prithee be more calm:
I can forgive thy Tears, they flow from Nature,
And could have gladly wish'd the *Alban* State
Had found us other Enemies to vanquish.
But Heaven has will'd it, and Heaven's Will
be done!

The glorious Expectation of Success
Buys up my Soul, nor lets a Thought intrude
To dash my promis'd Joys.—What steady Valour
Beam'd from their Eyes! Just so, if Fancy's Power
May form Conjecture from his After-age,
Rome's Founder must have look'd, when warm
in Youth

And flush'd with future Conquest forth he march'd
Against proud *Acron*, with whose bleeding Spoils
He grac'd the Altar of *Feretrian* Jove.
—Methinks I feel recover'd; I might venture
Forth to the Field again. What ho! VOLSCINIUS,
Attend me to the Camp.

HORATIA.

My dearest Father,
Let me intreat you stay; the Tumult there
Will

Will discompose you, and a quick Relapse
May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my Tears,
If they offend you.

H O R A T I U S.

Well, I'll be advis'd.

'T were now too late, ere this they must have
conquer'd.

—And here's the happy Messenger of Glory!

Enter V A L E R I A.

V A L E R I A.

All's lost, all's ruin'd, Freedom is no more!

H O R A T I U S.

What dost thou say?

V A L E R I A.

That *Rome's* subdued by *Alba*.

H O R A T I U S.

It cannot be; where are my Sons? all dead?

V A L E R I A.

PUBLIUS is still alive, the other Two
Have paid the fatal Debt they owed their Country.

H O R A T I U S.

PUBLIUS alive? you must mistake, V A L E R I A;
He knows his Duty better.

He must be dead, or *Rome* victorious.

V A L E R I A.

Thousands as well as I beheld the Combat;
After his Brother's Deaths he stood alone,
And acted Wonders against three Assailants;
'Till forc'd at last to save himself by Flight.

H O R A T I U S.

By Flight? and did the Soldiers let him pass?
O I am ill again!—the Cowardly Villain!

[*Throwing himself into his Chair.*

HORATIA.

Alas, my Brothers!

HORATIUS.

Weep not for them, Girl;
 They've died a Death which Kings themselves
 might envy,
 And whilst they liv'd they saw their Country free.
 O had I perish'd with them! But for him
 Whose impious Flight dishonours all his Race,
 Teers fond Father's Heart, and tamely barter
 For poor precarious Life his Country's Glory,
 Weep, weep for him, and let me join my Tears!

VALERIA.

What could he do, my Lord, when three op-
 pos'd him?

HORATIUS.

He might have died!—O Villain, Villain, Villain!
 —And he shall die; this Arm shall sacrifice
 The Life he dared preserve with Infamy.

[*Endeavouring to rise.*

What means this Weakness? 'tis untimely now,
 When I should punish an ungrateful Boy.
 Was this his boasted Virtue which could charm
 His cheated Sovereign, and brought Tears of Joy
 To my old Eyes?—so young a Hypocrite!
 O Shame, Shame, Shame!

VALERIA.

Have patience Sir, all Rome
 Beheld his Valour, and approv'd his Flight
 Against such Opposition.

HORATIUS.

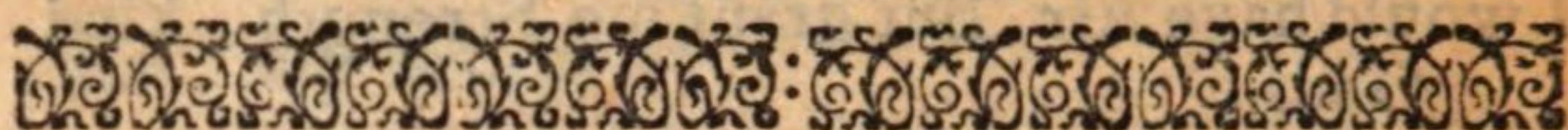
Tell not me,
 What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her Traitor;
 But I'm the Guardian of my House's Honour,

And

And I will punish. Pray ye lead me forth,
 I would have Air. But grant me Strength, kind
 Gods,
 To do this Act of Justice, and I'll own,
 Whate'er 'gainst *Rome* your awful Wills decree,
 Ye still are just, and merciful to me! *Exeunt.*

The END of the Third Act.





A C T E IV.

S C E N E I.

A Room in HORATIUS's House.

Enter HORATIUS, VALERIA following.

H O R A T I U S.

A W A Y , away,——I feel my strength
 renew'd,
 And I will hunt the Villain thro' the World;
 No Desarts shall conceal, nor Darkness hide him.
 He is well skill'd in Flight, but he shall find
 'T is not so easy to elude the Vengeance
 Of a wrong'd Father's Arm, as to escape
 His Adversary's Sword.

V A L E R I A.

Restrain your Rage
 But for a Moment Sir; when you shall hear
 The whole unravel'd, you will find he's innocent.

H O R A T I U S.

It cannot be.

V A L E R I A.

And see my Brother comes,
 He may perhaps relate——

Ho-

HORATIUS.

I will not hear him:
I will not listen to my Shame again.

Enter VALERIUS.

VALERIUS.

I come with kind condolance from the King
To sooth a Father's Grief, and to express—

HORATIUS.

I've heard it all; I pray you spare my Blushes.
I want not Consolation, 'tis enough
They perish'd for their Country. But the third—

VALERIUS.

True, he indeed may well supply their Loss,
And calls for all your Fondness.

HORATIUS.

All my Vengeance;
And he shall have it, Sir.

VALERIUS.

What means my Lord?
Are you alone displeas'd with what he has done

HORATIUS.

'T is I alone, I find, must punish it.

VALERIUS.

Punish, my Lord? What Fault has he committed?

HORATIUS.

Why will you double my Confusion thus?
Is Flight no Fault?

VALERIUS.

In such a Cause as his
'T was glorious.

HORATIUS.

Glorious! O rare Sophistry,
To find a Way through Infamy to Glory!

VALERIUS.

I scarce can trust my Senses!——Infamy!
What, was it infamous to save his Country?
Is Art a Crime? Is it the Name of Flight
We can 't forgive, though its ador'd Effect
Restor'd us all to Freedom, Fame, and Empire?

HORATIUS.

What Fame, what Freedom, who has saved
his Country?

VALERIUS.

Your Son, my Lord, has done it.

HORATIUS.

How, when, where?

VALERIUS.

Is 't possible? Did you not say you knew?

HORATIUS.

I care not what I knew; O tell me all,
Is *Rome* still free? has *Alba*? has my Son?
Tell me.

VALERIUS.

Your Son, my Lord, has slain her Champions.

HORATIUS.

What, PUBLIUS?

VALERIUS.

He.

HORATIUS.

O let me clasp thee to me——
Were there not three remaining?

VALERIUS.

True, there were;

But wounded all.

Ho-

HORATIUS.

Your Sister here had told us
That *Rome* was vanquish'd, that my Son was
fled——

VALERIUS.

And he did fly, but 't was that Flight preserv'd us.
All *Rome* as well as she has been deceiv'd.

HORATIUS.

Let me again embrace thee.—Come, relate it.
Did I not say, VALERIA, that my Boy
Must need be dead, or *Rome* victorious?
I long to hear the Manner.——Well,

VALERIUS.

VALERIUS.

Your other Sons, my Lord, had paid the Debt
They owed to *Rome*, and he alone remain'd
'Gainst three Opponents, whose united Strength,
Tho' wounded each, and robb'd of half their
Force,

Was still too great for his. Awhile he stood
Their fierce Assaults, and then pretended Flight
Only to tire his wounded Adversaries.

HORATIUS.

Pretended Flight, and this succeeded, ha!
O glorious Boy!

VALERIUS.

'T was better still, my Lord;
For all pursued, but not with equal Speed.
Each eager for the Conquest press'd to reach him,
Nor did the first 'till 'twas too late, perceive
His fainter Brothers panting far behind.

HORATIUS.

He took them singly then? an easy Conquest,
'Twas Boy's Play only.

VA-

VALERIUS.

Never did I see
Such universal Joy, as when the last
Sunk on the Ground beneath HORATIUS' Sword;
Who seem'd awhile to parley as a Friend,
And would have given him Life, but Caius
scorn'd it.

VALERIA.

Caius! O poor HORATIA!

HORATIUS.

Peace, I charge thee.
Go, dress thy Face in Smiles, and bid thy Friend
Wake to new Transports; let Ambition fire her;
What is a Lover lost? There's not a Youth
In *Rome* but will adore her; Kings will seek
For her Alliance now, and mightiest Chiefs
Be honour'd by her Smiles. Will they not, Youth?

[Exit VALERIA.]

VALERIUS.

Most sure, my Lord, this Day has added Worth
To her, whose Merit was before unequall'd.

HORATIUS.

How could I doubt his Virtue!—Mighty Gods,
This is true Glory, to preserve his Country,
And bid by one brave Act th' *Horatian* Name
In Fame's eternal Volumes be enroll'd.
Methinks already I behold his Triumph.
Rome gazes on him like a second Founder,
The wond'ring Eye of Childhood views with Awe
The new Divinity, and trembling Age
Crowds eager on'to bless him ere it dies!
Ere long, perhaps, they will raise Altars to him,
And even with Hymns and Sacrifice adore

The

The Virtue I suspected!——Gracious Heav'n!
Where is he? Let me fly, and at his Feet
Forget the Father, and implore a Pardon
For such Injustice.

VALERIUS.

You may soon, my Lord,
In his Embraces lose the fond Remembrance
Of your mistaken Rage. The King ere this
Has from the Field dispatch'd him; he but stay'd
'Till he could send him home with some slight
Honours

Of scatter'd Wreaths, and grateful Songs of Praise.
For 'till to-morrow he postpones the Pomp
Of solemn Thanks, and Sacrifice to Heaven
For Liberty restor'd. But hark! that Shout,
Which sounds from far, and seems the mingled
Voice

Of Thousands, speaks him onward on his Way.

HORATIUS.

How my Heart dances!——Yet I blush to meet him.
But I will on. Come, come HORATIA, leave

[*Calling at the Door,*

Thy Sorrow far behind, and, let us fly
With open Arms to greet our common Glory.

[*Exit HORATIUS.*

Enter HORATIA and VALERIA, to VALERIUS.

HORATIA.

Yes, I will go; this Father's hard Command
Shall be obey'd, and I will meet the Conqueror;
But not in Smiles.

VALERIUS.

O go not, gentle Lady;
Might I advise——

VA-

VALERIA.

Your Griefs are yet too fresh.
And may offend him; do not, my HORATIA.

VALERIUS.

Indeed 'twere better to avoid his Prefence,
It will revive your Sorrows, and recall—

HORATIA.

Sir, when I saw you last I was a Woman,
The fool of Nature, a fond Prey to Grief,
Made up of Sighs and Tears. But now, my Soul
Disdains the very Thought of what I was;
'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with Toys.
Observe me well; am I not nobly chang'd?
Flow my sad Eyes, or heaves my Breast one
Groan?

No, for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not Grief,
'Tis Resolution now, and fix'd Despair.

VALERIA.

My dear HORATIA, you strike Terrors thro' me!
What dreadful Purpose hast thou form'd? O speak;

VALERIUS.

Talk gently to her.—Hear me yet, sweet Lady;
You must not go; whatever you resolve
There is a Sight will pierce you to the Soul.

HORATIA.

What Sight?

VALERIUS.

Alas, I should be glad to hide it;
But it is—

HORATIA.

What?

VALERIUS.

Your Brothers wears in Triumph
The very Scarf I bore to CURIATIUS.

HORATIA. [*Wildly.*

Ye Gods, I thank ye! 'tis with Joy I hear it.
If I should falter now, that Sight would rouse
My drooping Rage, and swell the Tempest louder.
—But soft; they may prevent me; my wild
Passion

Betrays my Purpose.—I'll dissemble with them.
She sits down.

VALERIUS.

She softens now.

VALERIA.

How do you, my HORATIA?

HORATIA.

Alas, my Friend, 'tis Madness which I utter—
Since you persuade me then, I will not go.
But leave me to myself; I would sit here,
Alone in silent Sadness pour my Tears,
And meditate on my unheard-of Woes.

VALERIUS to VALERIA.

'Twere well to humour this. But may she not
If left alone do Outrage on herself?

VALERIA.

I have prevented that; she has not near her
One Instrument of Death.

VALERIUS.

Retire we then.

But oh not far, for now I feel my Soul
Still more perplex'd with Love. Who knows,

VALERIA,

But,

But, when this Storm of Grief has blown its Fill,
She may grow calm, and listen to my Vows.

[*Exeunt VALERIUS and VALERIA.*

After a short Silence HORATIA rises, and comes forward.

HORATIA.

Yes, they are gone; and now be firm my Soul!
This Way I can elude their Search. The Heart,
Which doats like mine, must break to be at Ease.

Just now I thought, had CURIATIUS lived,
I could have driven him from my Breast for ever.
But Death has cancell'd all my Wrongs at once.

—They were not Wrongs; 't was Virtue which
undid us,

And Virtue shall unite us in the Grave.

I heard them say, as they departed hence,
That they had robb'd me of all Means of Death.
Vain Thought; they knew not half HORATIA's
Purpose.

Be resolute, my Brother, let no weak
Unmanly Fondness mingle with thy Virtue,
And I will touch thee nearly. O come on
Tis thou alone can'st give HORATIA Peace, [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street of Rome.

CHORUS of *Youths and Virgins* singing and scattering Branches of Oak, Flowers &c. Then enters **HORATIUS** leaning on the Arm of **PUBLIUS HORATIUS**.

CHORUS.

Thus, for Freedom nobly won,
Rome her hasty Tribute pours;
 And on one victorious Son
 Half exhausts her blooming Stores.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the Laurel Crown,
 Emblem of immortal Praise!
 Wond'rous Youth! to thy Renown
 Future Times shall Altars raise.

A VIRGIN.

Scatter here the Myrtle Wreath,
 Tho' the bloodless Victor's Due;
 Grateful Thousands sav'd from Death
 Shall devote that Wreath to you.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the Oaken Bough;
 Ev'n for one averted Fate
 We that Civic Meed bestow—
 He sav'd all, who sav'd the State

E**CHO-**

The ROMAN FATHER,
CHORUS.

Thus for Freedom, &c.

HORATIUS.

Thou do'st forgive me then, my dearest Boy,
I cannot tell thee half my Extacy.

The Day which gave thee first to my glad Hopes
Was Misery to this——I'm mad with Transport!

Why are ye silent there? again renew
Your Songs of Praise, and in a louder Strain
Pour forth your Joy, and tell the list'ning Spheres
That *Rome* is freed by *my* HORATIUS' Hand.

PUBLIUS.

No more, my Friends.——You must permit
me, Sir,

To contradict you here. Not but my Soul,
Like yours, is open to the Charms of Praise:
There is no Joy beyond it, when the Mind
Of him who hears it can with honest Pride
Confess it just, and listen to its Musick
But now the Toils I have sustain'd require
Their Interval of rest, and every Sense
Is deaf to Pleasure.——Let me leave you, Friends;
We're near our Home, and would be private now:
To-morrow we'll expect your kind Attendance
To share our Joys, and waft our Thanks to Heaven.

[*As they are going off* HORATIA *rushes in.*

HORATIA.

Where is this mighty Chief?

HORATIUS

My Daughter's Voice!

I bade her come; she has forgot her Sorrows,
And is again my Child

HORATIA.

Is this the Hero
That

That tramples Nature's Ties, and nobly soars
Above the Dictates of Humanity?
Let me observe him well.

PUBLIUS.

What means my Sister?

HORATIA.

Thy Sister! I disclaim the impious Title?
Base and inhuman! Give me back my Husband,
My Life, my Soul, my murdered CURIATIUS!

PUBLIUS.

He perish'd for his Country.

HORATIA.

Gracious Gods,
Was't not enough that thou had'st murdered him,
But thou must triumph in thy Guilt, and wear
His bleeding Spoils?—O let me tear them from
thee,

Drink the dear Drops that issued from his Wounds,
More dear to me than the whole Tide that swells
With impious Pride a hostile Brother's Heart.

HORATIUS.

Am I awake, or is 't all Illusion!
Was it for this thou cam'st?

PUBLIUS.

HORATIA, hear me.

Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy Folly;
Would I could call it by no harsher Name.
But do not tempt me farther.—Go, my Sister,
Go hide thee from the world, nor let a *Roman*
Know with what Insolence thou dar'st avow
Thy Infamy, or what is more my Shame
How tamely I forgave it.—Go, HORATIA.

HORATIA.

I will not go.—What, have I touch'd the then?
 And can'st thou feel?—O think not thou shalt lose
 Thy share of Anguish. I'll pursue thee still,
 Urge thee all Day with thy unnatural Crimes,
 Tear, harrow up thy Breast: and then at Night
 I'll be the Fury that shall haunt thy Dreams;
 Wake thee with Shrieks, and place before thy Sight
 Thy mangled Friends in all their Pomp of Horror.

PUBLIUS.

Away with her; 't is womanish Complaining.
 Think'st thou such Trifles can alarm the Man
 Whose noblest Passion is his Country's Love?
 —Let it be thine, and learn to bear Affliction.

HORATIA.

Curse on my Country's Love, the Trick ye
 teach us
 To make us Slaves beneath the Mask of Virtue;
 To rob us of each soft endearing Sense,
 And violate the first, great Law within us.
 I scorn the impious Passion.

PUBLIUS.

Have a Care;
 Thou'lt touch'd a String which may awake my
 Vengeance.

HORATIA.

[*Aside.*]

Then it shall do it.

PUBLIUS.

O, of thou dar'st prophane
 That sacred Tie which wines about my Heart,
 By Heaven I swear, by the great Gods who rule
 The Fate of Empires, 't is not this fond Weakness
 Which

A T R A G E D Y. 61

Which hangs upon me, and retards my Justice,
Nor even thy Sex, which shall protect thee
from me.

[Clapping his Hand on his Sword.]

H O R A T I U S.

Drag her away—thou'lt make me curse thee,
Girl—

Indeed she's mad. [To PUBLIUS.]

H O R A T I U S.

Stand off, I am not mad—
Nay, draw thy Sword; I do defy thee, Murderer,
Barbarian, *Roman*!—Mad; the Name of *Rome*
Makes Madmen of you all; my Curses on it.
I do detest its impious Policy.

Rise, rise, ye States (O that my Voice could fire
Your tardy Wrath!) confound its selfish Greatness,
Rase it's proud Walls, and lay its Towers in
Ashes!

P U B L I U S.

I'll bear no more— [Drawing his Sword.]

H O R A T I U S

Distraction!—Force her off—

H O R A T I A. [Struggling.]

Could I but prove the *Helen* to destroy
This curs'd unsocial State, I'd die with Transport:
Gaze on the spreading Fires—'till the last Pile
Sunk in the Blaze—then mingle with its Ruins.

P U B L I U S.

Thou shalt not live to that.

H O R A T I U S

Assist me, Friends—

Drag—tear her off.—O PUBLIUS—O my Son—
Spare, spare a Father! [They force her off.]

PUBLIUS. *[After a Pause.]*

Let her avoid me then.—My whole Soul's mov'd,
And *Rome's* immortal Genius stirs within me!
Yes, ye dread Powers, whose everlasting Fires
Blaze on our Altars, and whose sacred Shields
From Heaven descending guard imperial *Rome*,
I feel, I feel your Wrongs—for you I fought
For you I bear the Sword.—Lead on my Friends.
[Exit.]

HORATIUS. *[Looking at him as he goes out.]*
How dreadful, yet how lovely is his Virtue!
[Going after him.]

Enter VALERIUS and two or three Servants.

VALERIUS. *[Stopping HORATIUS]*
Saw you your Daughter, Sir?

HORATIUS.
Alas, VALERIUS,
I yet stand trembling on the Brink of Fate,
And scarce can think the dreadful Moment past.
She has been here, and with such impious Out-
trage
Assail'd her Brother, that our utmost Force
Scarce sav'd her from his Sword.

VALERIUS.
He could not sure
Attempt her Life!

HORATIUS
He did.

VALERIUS
And could you bear
That Sight, my Lord?

Ho-

HORATIUS.

VALERIUS, ask me not
What I could bear. I feel the Torment still.
And dread to think what Mischiefs had ensued
Had I like him been warm'd and deaf to Nature.

VALERIUS.

But she is safe?

HORATIUS

Yes, from the Sword she is;
But mad as the *Cumæan* Maid she raves,
And pours incessant Curses on her Country.
Misguided Girl!
But I can bear my Fate; the Hand of Heaven
Chastises thus my Insolence of Joy,
I were too happy else!—Yet Art perhaps
May give her Ease, your Sister will attend her.
I must not see her now; PUBLIUS will think
That I neglect him; every Pang I feel
Affronts his Virtue, and each idle Doubt
Is Treason to the State his Arm has saved.
O my divided Heart! [Exit.

VALERIUS.

PUBLIUS will think!

Then 'tis in *Rome*, it seems, become a Crime
Ev'n for the softer Sex to let their Anguish
Transport their Souls beyond the Bounds of Reason.

Our Heroes would new-mold Humanity;
And tie down Madness tho' the pedant Rules
Of dull Discretion.—Dar'd attempt her Life?
Let me not think on that. I will avoid him,
'Till I am calm again.—Go some of you
This Way, some that, and search my Sister out.

Say, If I meet her not, I shall return.
 And wait her here.—This Violence of Grief
 Cannot last long and such a Heart as hers
 So form'd for Passion, so accessible
 To tender Pains, may learn once more to prove
 The pleasing Transports of reviving Love.

The END of the Fourth ACT.



ACT



ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter VALERIA and a Servant.

VALERIA. [in Disorder.]

REgard not me.—Did you not say, my Brother
Was here? Where is he?—Yet I know
not why

I wish him here, but that my bursting Heart
May vent its Grievs, and find a Refuge for them

SERVANT.

Madam, my Lord approaches.

Enter VALERIUS.

VALERIA.

O VALERIUS,

HORATIA, poor HORATIA's lost for ever;
Her unrelenting Brother—

VALERIUS.

Dearest Sister,

Compose your Fears. She has escap'd his Rage.
But now I saw her Father, and his Care
Has sav'd her from the Blow, and begs your Aid
To sooth her tortur'd Mind.

VALERIA.

What says my Brother?
 How fav'd? alas, too sure she dies this Moment.
 She had no Father there; these Eyes beheld
 The fatal Stroke, and these sad Arms receiv'd her.
 Nor had I left her now but to obey
 Her own Command, and by Intreaties force
 Her cruel Brother to her.

VALERIUS. [*With Amazement.*

When was this?

Where was it?——Say, VALERIA——

VALERIA.

When I left you
 To seek some diff'rent Way our hapless Charge,
 Led by the Noise from Street to Street I ran,
 And came at last where through the gather'd
 Crowd
 I saw but could not reach her. Wild she seem'd,
 Struggling with all that would oppose her Passage,
 And trying every Method to provoke
 Her Brother's Fury: With dire Blasphemies,
 Which shock'd my trembling Soul, her Tongue
 profan'd
 Each awful Name, and not a God escap'd
 Her imprecating Rage.

VALERIUS.

Well, well enough;
 But come to him.

VALERIA.

Silent awhile he stood,
 As the dead Calm before the Thunder rolls,
 Nor answer'd to her Rage: Then, rous'd at once,
 As if some Inspiration touch'd his Soul,
 His Bosom heav'd, he rais'd his Eyes to Heav'n,
 Then burst in Tears, and whilst he wept he drove
 The

The Poiniard to her Heart, and thus, he cried,
Thus perish all the Enemies of *Rome*!

VALERIUS.

Thou seem'st to plead his Cause.

VALERIA.

Alas, my Brother,
I speak but what I saw.

VALERIUS.

Where was her Father?

VALERIA.

I know not, but some Chance, they said, detain'd him;
He scarce had left the Crowd, and thought her safe.

VALERIUS.

Scarce left the Crowd, and thought her safe?—

O Gods,

'Twas I, 'twas I detain'd him; in that Moment
The horrid Deed was done.—Where are they now?

VALERIA.

I hope with her. She fear'd some fatal Violence,
And therefore beg'd me to intreat them to her.

VALERIUS.

And have you seen them? Are they Friends?

VALERIA.

O no,

I found them high in Wrath: The poor old Man
Torn with contending Passions threaten'd oft
Destruction on his Son, who with Disdain
Laid bare his Breast, and bade him strike the Blow.
The Patriot then took Place, and he would wish
He never had a Daughter. My Approach
Alarm'd them both; but PUBLIUS soon resum'd
His wonted Firmness, bade her Father go
And mingle Tears with hers, he would not see her,
Nor

Nor dared pollute his Conquests with her Presence.

Hast thou no Heart, the Father cried, and look'd Unutterable Sorrow; at which Sight He yielded, and obey'd. I left them then To seek you out — My Brother, you regard not What I have said.—You hear me not.

VALERIUS.

VALERIA,

Revenge is busy here. Yes, thou proud Chief, In spite of all the Glories which surround thee, I yet may crush thy Pride!

VALERIA.

You will not kill him?

VALERIUS.

Kill him, VALERIA!—'Tis no common Death Which he shall die: I will have noble Vengeance. The Thought delights my Soul! [Going.

VALERIA.

What Thought, my Brother?

Nay tell me, or you go not.—Stay at least 'Till you hear more.—I feel HORATIA's Wrongs As strong as you.— [Exit VALERIUS.

He's gone. Tho' my Heart bleeds For my poor dying Friend, I must pursue him. His fatal Rashness may distress her more, And bring fresh Sorrows on an aged Sire Oppress'd too much already. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E the last.

A Room in HORATIUS's House.

HORATIA on a Couch, and Attendants.

HORATIA.

Cease, cease your cruel Aid, ye shall not save me.
My utmost Wish is Death, and I will have it.

Enter HORATIUS and PUBLIUS.

Yet, let me thank you for this little Life
Your Art prolongs, 'till I have made my Peace,
And ask'd Forgiveness here,

HORATIUS.

My Child, my Child!

HORATIA.

What means this Tendernefs?—I thought to
see you

Inflamed with Rage against a worthless Wretch,
Who has dishonour'd your illustrious Race,
And stain'd its brightest Fame. In Pity look not
Thus kindly on me. O behold me, Sir,
With that stern Aspect my wrong'd Brother wears,
And I may then support this dreadful Parting:
For I have injur'd you.

HORATIUS.

Thou has not, Girl;
I said, 'twas Madnefs; but he would not hear me.

HORATIA.

O wrong him not, his Act was noble Justice.
I forc'd him to the Deed: For know, my Father,
It was not Madnefs, but the firm Result
Of settled Reason, and deliberate Thought.

I was

I was resolv'd on Death, and witness Heaven,
I'd not have died by any Hand but his
For the whole round of Fame his Worth shall
boast

Thro' future Ages. Nought but this, my Father,
Could reconcile us; I forgive him now
The Death of CURIATIUS; this last Blow
Has cancel'd that, and he's once more my
Brother.

HORATIUS.

What hast thou said? Were't thou so bent on
Death?

Was all thy Rage dissembled?

HORATIA.

All, my Father,
All but my Love was false; what that inspired
I utter'd freely, and still hate the Cause
Which has undone us, tho' I know 'twas Virtue,
But for the rest, the Curfes which I pour'd
On Heav'n-defended *Rome*, were merely Lures
To tempt his Rage, and perfect my Destruction.
Heav'n! with what Transport I beheld him mov'd,
How my Heart leap'd to meet the welcome Point,
And leave its Sorrows there!

HORATIUS.

Unkind HORATIA!

Had'st thou no Pity on thy Father's Age?
Could'st thou to ease thy Grievs abandon his,
And leave him Childless.

HORATIA.

Childless? gracious Powers,
Can he be Childless from whose happy Loins
Rome's great Deliverer sprung, and still survives
To bless and cherish him.

Ho-

HORATIUS.

He does indeed,
 And I'm ashamed to think how I neglect him.—
 Forgive me Boy; she has unman'd my Virtue.
 Yet can I see her thus, and not remember
 Her thousand little tender Arts, which sooth'd
 The Cares of Age, and led me gently through
 The Evening of my Days?

HORATIA.

Forget them, Sir,
 They all are nothing now; this last dire Act
 May justly shut me from your Breast for ever.
 Turn, turn to him; there blooms the kind Support
 Of your remaining Life. What tho' he bends
 His stern Regards on me, who have deserv'd them?
 He is by Nature gentle, mild, and loving
 Will greatly pity your deserted State,
 And pay a double Duty.

HORATIUS.

Wherefore then
 Would'st thou provoke his Rage, and make me
 look
 With Horror on him?

HORATIA.

'Tis on me, not him,
 That thou should'st look with Horror; 'twas
 my Act,
 Not his.—

HORATIUS.

O foolish Nature, how it struggles here
 Against the force of Reason!—Save me, Boy,
 From the dire Conflict: when I look this way, [To
 'Tis Reason's Triumph; Justice sanctifies *his* Son.
 Paternal Love, and Glory crowns the whole.

But

But when I turn to her, I feel my Strength
Again relapse, and scarce can bless the Hand
Which sav'd my Country.

HORATIA.

Then, there's nought remains,
But thus to rid you of the only Clog, [*Tearing
off her Bandages.*

Which keeps Affection from its proper Sphere,
And shackles Coward Virtue.—But forgive me!

PUBLIUS.

My Sister, stay; I charge thee live, HORATIA.
O thou hast planted Daggers here!

HORATIA.

My Brother!

Can you forgive me too? then I am happy.
I dared not hope for that. Ye gentle Ghosts
That rove Elysium, hear the sacred Sound!
My Father and My Brother both forgive me!
I have again their Sanction on my Love.
O let me hasten to those happier Climes
Where unmolested we may share our Joys,
Nor Rome, nor Alba, shall disturb us more!

Enter VALERIA. [*In a Fright.*

O Sir, O my HORATIA—yet thou livest,
And may'st recover all.

HORATIUS.

What mean you, Lady?

VALERIA.

All Rome, my Lord, has taken th' Alarm, and
Crowds
Of Citizens enrag'd are posting hither
To call for Justice on HORATIUS' Head.

HORATIA.

For what?

VA-

VALERIA.

For thee.

HORATIA.

O Heavens! why Numbers of them
Beheld his Provocation.

VALERIA.

True they did;
But my unhappy Brother—

HORATIUS.

What of him?

VALERIA.

Alas he loved HORATIA, and her Loss
Has urg'd him to this Frenzy.

HORATIUS.

What of him?

Does he arraign my Son?

VALERIA.

He leads the Crowd,
And, as he pleases, sways their giddy Minds:
Paints the dire Tale in all its Pomp of Sadness,
And wakes Compassion by each varied Art
Of winning Eloquence. Around the King
They press in thousands; his Authority,
Tho' aided with strict Promises of Justice,
Can scarcely calm their agitated Minds.
—But she shall live, and all be well again.

[Turning tenderly toward HORATIA.]

HORATIA.

O no, it cannot be—detested Parricide!
Could'st thou not die without the added Guilt
Of murdering all thy Race?—O Sir—O Brother!

F

Can

Can ye behold me now, and not recall
Your kind Forgiveness? —Can ye—will ye?
—Speak

—But do not curse me, Sir?

—Yet why, my Father,
Why stand you thus amaz'd? The Laws are
yours;

What Right can they pretend, ungrateful Men?
Has not a *Roman* Father Power to take
The Lives of all his Children?—He but acted
By your Command—O take the Deed on you!

PUBLIUS.

My Sister stay, and you, my Father, hear me.
I'll end this Strife, and die since they require it.
Heaven knows how willingly!
But let not Ignominy stain my Wreaths,
Let me not fall a publick Spectacle
Dragg'd like a Criminal to Justice. No,
My Father, save me from that dreadful Scene,
Assume the generous Right the Laws allow you,
And take this forfeit Life with Honour from me.

[*Offering him his Sword.*

HORATIUS.

True, and it shall be so. Yes, yes, my Children,
We'll die together.

HORATIA. [*Rising from the Couch.*

O forbear, forbear!—

Was this Pang wanting to compleat my Fate!
In Pity to yourselves, to the dear Honour
Of your unspotted Names!—O blind old Man
Darest thou lift up thy sacrilegious Hand
Against the Chief, the God that saved thy
Country.

[*A Noise without.*

Alas they're here—help me, I die—O now
My Father, now exert thy utmost Force

With

With them, and shew thyself indeed a *Roman*;
Not with thy Sword.

1st CITIZEN. *Without.*

We must not be denied.

2d CITIZEN.

We will have Justice.

VALERIUS.

We demand HORATIUS.

HORATIA.

Would I could live! —it will not be—

HORATIUS.

My Daughter!

HORATIA.

Regard not me—There, there employ thy
Power.

'Tis my last Prayer—VALERIA, I adjure thee
By the just Gods, proclaim him innocent—
They'll think my Father partial—O remember
Remember, dear VALERIA—Brother—Father!

[*Dies.*

VALERIA.

She's gone, she's dead!

PUBLIUS.

Then Fate has done it's worst.

Where are these Citizens?

HORATIUS.

—VALERIA,

PUBLIUS, look there—look yonder—what a
Sight!

Is it for this we wish for Length of Days!—
O my poor bleeding Boys, how much I envy
Your happier Lot! [*Noise without.*

Enter TULLUS, VALERIUS, and CITIZENS.

VALERIUS.

See! Fellow Citizens, see where she lies
The bleeding Victim—

TULLUS.

Stop, unmanner'd Youth!

Think'st thou we know not wherefore we are
here?—

Seest thou yon drooping Sire?

HORATIUS. [*Turning hastily towards them.*]

Permit them, Sir.

TULLUS.

What can he mean? Some other time; HORATIUS.

HORATIUS.

O no, this Instant.

1st CITIZEN.

He seems eager for it.

He sides with us.

TULLUS.

Well, be it so. I know not
What he intends? but if he meets my Wishes.
His strong unlabour'd Eloquence of Grief
May move them more than Reason's subtlest
Force.What would ye, *Romans*?

VALERIUS.

We are come, dread Sir,
In the behalf of murdered Innocence
Murdered by him, the Man—

HORATIUS.

Whose conquering Arm
Has saved you all from Ruin. O Shame, Shame!
Has *Rome* no Gratitude? Do ye not blush
To think whom your insatiate Rage pursues?
Down, down, and worship him.

1st CITIZEN.

Does he plead for him?

2d CITIZEN.

Does he forgive his Daughter's Death?

HORATIUS.

He does.

And glories in it, glories in the Thought
 That there's one *Roman* left who dares be grateful.
 If you are wrong'd, then what am I? Must I
 Be taught my Duty by th' affected Tears
 Of Strangers to my Blood? Had I been wrong'd
 I know a Father's Right, and had not ask'd
 This ready talking Sir to bellow for me,
 And mouth my Wrongs in *Rome*.

VALERIUS.

Friends, Countrymen,
 Regard him not, his Grievs have hurt his Reason.
 'Tis true that *PUBLIUS* has preserv'd his Country;
 But must one glorious Act exalt him quite
 Beyond all Laws, and give a boundless Scope
 To his o'erweening Cruelty? ere long
 He'll claim a privilege to murder all
 Who dare oppose his Will; and when his Sword
 Has spread with mangled Carcases your Streets,
 He'll tell you 'twas that Sword which saved his
 Country.

HORATIUS.

Injurious Youth: That Sword which saved his
 Country
 Was never drawn but in his Country's Service.
 Some of you must remember, you I'm sure
SERVILIUS you were there, and must remember
 With what dire Curses this unhappy Girl—
 I will not call her mine—pursu'd us all,
 And dar'd insult the Majesty of *Rome*.

Yes, yes we all remember.

HORATIUS.

'Twas for that,
For that he kill'd her; 'twas not him she injur'd
'Twas in your Cause he kill'd her, not his own;
And must he die for that? if 't is a Crime
To vindicate your Honour, he indeed
Has been most guilty; 'twas for that he Fought,
For that he kill'd his Friends the *Curatii*;
If that's a Crime, O let him die for that,
Not for his Justice on a guilty Girl,
And he shall fall contented.

VALERIUS.

Guilty Girl,
How guilty? Madness has a Privilege
To talk unpunsh'd, and was ne'er till now
Arraing'd severely.

HORATIUS.

Mad? She was not mad;
Believe me, Friends, she own'd it ere she died,
Confess'd she did it to provoke his Vengeance
Deliberately guilty.

VALERIUS.

Citizens,

Friends, Countrymen, regard not what he says.
Stop, stop your Ears, nor hear a frantick Father
Thus plead against his Child.

HORATIUS.

He does belie me,
What Child have I?—Alas, I have but One
And him ye would tear from me.

All CITIZENS.

Hear him, hear him!

No,

PUBLIUS.

No, let me speak. Think'st thou, ungenerous
Youth,
To hurt my Quiet?—I am hurt beyond
Thy Power to harm me. Death's extremest
Tortures

Were Happiness to what I feel.—Yet know
My injur'd Honour bids me live, nay more,
It bids me even descend to plead for Life.

—But wherefore waste I Words. 'Tis not to him
But you, my Countrymen, to you I speak,
He lov'd the Maid.

CITIZENS.

How, loved her?

HORATIUS.

Fondly loved her,
And under Show of publick Justice screens
A private Passion, and a mean Revenge.

[VALERIUS *seems confounded and goes to his Sister.*
Think ye I loved her not? high Heaven's my
Witness

How tenderly I loved her, and the Pangs
I feel this Moment, could you see my Heart,
Would prove too plainly I am still her Father.

You'll say I love him too. I glory in it.
But 'tis not for myself, my Dregs of Life
Will soon be spent, 'tis for my Country's Service
I would preserve her Champion. 'Tis not me
Whom you should pity, 'tis yourselves, your
Wives,

Your tender little Ones;—for most of you
Are Fathers too.—O think, the Time may come,
When you again shall want his Sword, and find
Perhaps an hostile Ear as deaf to Mercy
As I have found——But I forget myself,
You are all *Romans*, and what you decree
However hard is just.

1st CITIZEN.

He shall be saved.

VALERIUS has misled us.

ALL.

Save him, save him!

HORATIUS.

I thank you, Friends.

VALERIUS.

What mean ye, would ye save
A Murderer from Death?—I'll not be held, [*To
his Sister.*]

It was no Crime to love her, I will speak.
—If Justice moves you not, yet dread th' Event.
Fear ye not Heaven and the avenging Gods
Who gave him up to Shame, and urg'd him on
To stain his Conquests with a Sister's Blood.——

HORATIUS.

Away, away; is he the first whose Arm
Was stained with Kindred Blood? and dar'st
thou talk

In *Rome* thus idly? What's our Founder then,
If he's a Murderer? Heaven approved the Death
Of *Remus*, as deliberate as this.——

TULLUS,

Enough, enough!

With Reverence speak we of those mighty
Names

Which stand enroll'd above. All Acts of Blood
Must not be deem'd as Murders. 'T is the Intent
And not the Action constitutes the Crime.
My Friends, and Fellow Citizens, I praise
That Zeal for Justice in you, which permits not
The Blaze of Fame, or Gratitude itself

For

For Actions which might move inferior Minds,
 To blind or weaken its determin'd Force.
 Tho' here perchance it err. Behold this Youth
 So late your Glory, with what conscious Shame
 He sees himself reduced for one rash Act,
 The Crime of Virtue, to solicit here
 A Life which he contemns. He loved the Maid
 With a fond Brother's Love; and had he felt
 No nobler Passion, she had still survived.
 That nobler Passion was his Love of you.
 Say, shall he die for that? For 'tis to you
 He makes his last Appeal.

Or grant it were a Crime, the worst of Crimes,
 You might with Ardor Seize the happy Power
 Which Fortune now allows you. Could you else
 Have rais'd your Gratitude to his Desert?
 Fate seems to have found out this only Means
 By which you could reward him. Life for Life
 You may return him now, for Freedom, Free-
 dom.

1st CITIZEN.

We did declare him free, but this VALERIUS
 Would interrupt our Will.

2d CITIZEN.

Rome glories in him!

TULLUS.

Or turn this Way, if yet a Doubt remains.
 Behold that virtuous Father, who could boast
 This very Morn a numerous Progeny,
 The dear Supports of his declining Age.
 Then read the sad Reverse with pitying Eyes,
 And tell your conscious Hearts they fell for you.

HORATIUS.

I am am o'erpaid by that, nor claim I ought
On their Accounts; for by high Heaven I swear
I'd rather see him added to the Heap
Than *Rome* enslaved.

1st CITIZEN.

O excellent HORATIUS.

2d CITIZEN

HORATIUS.

O worthy Father!

3d CITIZEN.

Were he ten Times guilty,
The Son of such a Sire might pass unpunish'd,

TULLUS.

Then I pronounce him free. And now, HORATIUS,
The Evening of thy stormy Day at last
Shall close in Peace. Here, take him to thy Breast.

HORATIUS.

My Son, my Conqueror!—'Twas a fatal Stroke,
But shall not wound our Peace. This kind
Embrace

Shall spread a sweet Oblivion o'er our Sorrows:
Of if in After-times, tho' 'tis not long
That I shall trouble you, some sad Remembrance
Should steal a Sigh, and peevish Age forget
Its Resolution, only boldly say
Thou saved'st the State, and I'll intreat Forgi-
veness.

TULLUS.

VALERIUS too must be your Friend again.
But that we leave to Time. The present Hour
Must be employ'd to expiate his Offence.
Be that thy Care, HORATIUS; that the Gods
May bless To-morrow's Rites, and gracious hear
Our Hymns of Praise for Liberty restor'd.

Learn

Learn hence, ye *Romans*, on how sure a Base
 The Patriot builds his Happiness; no Stroke,
 No keenest, deadliest, Shaft of adverse Fate
 Can make his generous Bosom quite despair,
 But that alone by which his Country falls.
 Grief may to Grief in endless Round succeed,
 And Nature suffer when our Children bleed:
 Yet still superior must that Hero prove,
 Whose first, best Passion is his COUNTRY's
 LOVE.



EPILOGUE, spoken by Mrs. Pritchard

LADIES, by me our courteous Author sends
 His Compliments to all his Female Friends:
 And thanks them from his Soul for every bright
 Indulgent Tear, which they have shed To-night.
 Sorrow in Virtue's Cause proclaims a MIND,
 And gives to Beauty Graces more refin'd.
 O who could bear the loveliest Form of Art,
 A Cherub's Face, without a feeling Heart!
 'Tis there alone, whatever Charms we boast,
 Tho' Men may flatter, and tho' Men will toast,
 'Tis there alone they find the Joy sincere,
 The Wife, the Parent, and the Friend are there.
 All else, the veriest Rakes themselves must own,
 Are but the paltry Play-things of the Town;
 The painted Clouds, which glittering tempt the Chace,
 Then melt in Air, and mock the vain Embrace.
 Well then; the private Virtues, 'tis confess,
 Are the soft Inmates of the Female Breast.
 But then, they fill so full that croud'd Space,
 That the poor Publick seldom finds a Place.

And

*And I suspect there's many a Fair one here,
Who pour'd her Sorrows on HORATIA's Bier,
That still retains so much of Flesh and Blood,
She'd fairly hang the Brother, if she could.*

*Why, Ladies, to be sure, if that be all,
At your Tribunal he must stand or fall.*

*Whate'er his Country, or his Sire decreed,
You are his Judges now, and he must plead.*

*Like other Culprit Youths, he wanted Grace;
But could have no Self-interest in the Case.*

*Had she been Wife, or Mistress, or a Friend,
It might have answered some convenient End:*

But a mere Sister, whom he lov'd,—to take

Her Life away,—and for his Country's Sake!

Faith, Ladies, you may pardon him; indeed

There's very little Fear the Crime should spread.

True Patriots are but rare among the Men,

And really might be useful, now and then.

Then do not check, by your Disapprobation,

A Spirit which once rul'd the British Nation,

And still might rule—would you but set the Fashion.

The E N D.







Granville, George / Fenton, Elijah / Addison, Joseph,

The British Stage In Six Volumes. Being A Collection Of The Best Modern
English Acting Plays: Selected from the Works of Addisson, Dryden, Rowe,
Farquhar, Banks, Thomson, Shakespeare, Howard, Smith, Van Brugh, Cibber,
Whitehead
Bd.: 6

London 1752

P.o.angl. 395-6

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10750294-2